THE LIBRARY
ST. MARY'S COLLEGE OF MARYLAND
ST. MARY'S CITY, MARYLAND 20686

LIFE OF

ABBY HOPPER GIBBONS

TOLD CHIEFLY THROUGH
HER CORRESPONDENCE

EDITED BY HER DAUGHTER

SARAH HOPPER EMERSON

VOLUME II.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK
27 West Twenty-third Street

LONDON
24 Bedford Street, Strand

The Knickerbocker Press
1896

Copyright, 1897
by
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXII.	—Point Lookout (Journal), *Continued* .	1
XXIII.	—Riots of '63. Marriage of Eldest Daughter.	43
XXIV.	—Return to Point Lookout. Correspondence with Miss Sedgwick. Letters from Washington. Death of William Sidney Thayer	70
XXV.	—Belle Plain and Fredericksburg . .	88
XXVI.	—Death of John Hopper	102
XXVII.	—Beverly Hospital. Deaths of Major Patten, Martha Sever, and Mrs. Sedgwick. Letters. Peggy. Return Home . . .	108
XXVIII.	—After the War. Infant Asylum. Visits to Point Lookout and Boston. Mr. Gibbons goes to Europe	133
XXIX.	—Horace Greeley. Alice and Phœbe Cary. Marriage of Youngest Daughter. Diet Kitchens. Loss of *Ville du Havre*. Visit to Cambridge	157
XXX.	—Trip to Albany. Infant Asylum. Illness. Visit to Tombs. Gov. Tilden . . .	179
XXXI.	—Diet Kitchens. Infant Asylum. Phillips Brooks. Change of Residence. Visit to Cotuit	196
XXXII.	—President Garfield	212

CHAPTER PAGE

XXXIII.—Eightieth Birthday. Reference to Disownment. Separate Conveyances for Women Prisoners 219

XXXIV.—Home Life. The Blaine Campaign. Death of Sister Sarah. Summer at Marion . . 233

XXXV.—Police Matrons. Death of Sister Rachel. 262

XXXVI.—Reformatory for Women. School Commissioners. Death of Daughter Julia . . 270

XXXVII.—Closing Years. Reformatory. Death of Mr. Gibbons. Last Illness. Conclusion . 292

Appendix 351

Index 355

LIFE OF ABBY HOPPER GIBBONS

LIFE OF
ABBY HOPPER GIBBONS.

CHAPTER XXII. (*Continued*).

1862–1863.

POINT LOOKOUT (JOURNAL).

March, 1863.—Yesterday, while in one of the cottage rooms with a contraband who was cleaning paint, and a nurse who was instructing her, a man, in citizen's dress, put his head in at the door and said :

" Charlotte, don't you want to go home ? "

" No," was her emphatic answer. I looked at the fellow and said : " Who are you ? "

" That girl is my slave."

" Slave ! " said I. " By whose authority are you here ? "

" The Colonel's."

" It is very strange that you should be allowed here. Enough ! There is but one Union man in St. Mary's County, and his name is Jones. I 'm posted on affairs of this County, and the sooner you are out of this Hospital, the better it will be for you. Boys, this man wants Charlotte."

He was frightened and disappeared instantly. The men had gathered round and he found him-

self in a tight place. I went straightway to the Colonel and told him of what passed. He answered with great kindness, "I have no right to return a slave to his master."

I returned to find twelve of our convalescents in an animated discussion as to what the rights of these poor people are. A sensible man had the floor, and was arguing in favor of the negro being educated, and of placing him "on even ground with the whites," adding that "God knows no distinction of color. The more a man is educated, the more use he is to the world."

I listened awhile and then said: "I should like to know how you stand. Who is on the side of the negro, and who is willing to fight by him?"

The vote was unanimous in the negro's favor.

I must add that some of Brown's people stole Harriet's hen yesterday and put it on the Major's table. The poor woman is in grief about it and I should like to make charges. These soldiers who have never seen a day's service, are constantly thieving. They broke into the contrabands' cook-house on Christmas Eve, and stole their choice articles for next day, which they had provided for themselves. This is the third offence of the kind and the Major even refuses to investigate. They ought to be shown up.

FROM SALLY.

"*Point Lookout, March, 1863.*

"The Parson is very funny and a recital of his performances will give you a sample of Point Lookout life.

"The other day, a colored woman died, and mother, forgetting they had not been on speaking terms for months, said: 'Mr. S. a colored woman is to be buried this afternoon. Will you perform the service?'

"'When there is a funeral, I generally officiate,' delivered in icy tones.

"'Well,' said mother, 'I suppose all that is necessary is to say a few words and sing a hymn—' meaning to save him the trouble of going through the long Episcopal service.

"This was only a beginning. Not long after, Dr. Stearns came along, saying, 'What is this about Parson S.? He has been to Dr. Wagner to complain that you want him to preach a sermon over a colored woman—a thing which is only customary in the case of distinguished individuals.' The matter was explained and the Doctor went off with the true story.

"In the afternoon, Mr. S. walked to the grave in company with three of our nurses, who came home quite exultant, boasting that they had 'a fine compliment' for mother. It seemed that Mr. S. had said to them: 'We shall have order on the Point now that some one has arrived to take command. A person is here who will keep all our affairs in order, and see that the rights of the contrabands are not wrested away from them. She has authority to act, and she *will* act. I mean Mrs. Gibbons.'

"The girls, not knowing of their deadly enmity, took it seriously and reported it to their General. The fact is, Mr. S. has refused to hold service for

five months—simply because there is no building consecrated to the purpose.

"The petty jealousies are amusing. Captain L. is indignant because his name did not head the list in the *Gazette*, and ordered it struck out altogether. Then came the Parson to say that he received the pay of a Captain of Cavalry, and *he* was entitled to be first; and so it goes. If it is not one thing, it is another just as childish; and we, being outside, enjoy it all immensely. We have a little world of our own and find it as interesting as the larger one you live in.

"Grace Sedgwick gave the Doctor's boy, William, a knife, saying, 'William, will you use the amount of friction necessary to cleanse that knife from all impurities?'

"'Make it shine like any star, Miss,' was the answer, and he was christened 'Shiny William' on the spot.

"Emma Seaman has a cold. Dr. Stearns prescribed a dose of medicine and a *carpet*, both 'to be well shaken before taken.'

"We have been revelling in a few sweet potatoes, a present from the Quartermaster, and this morning Dr. Stearns sent loaf-sugar and butter. If any one wants to send a firkin of butter, it will be most acceptable. Condensed milk, we *always* want; and we are out of oatmeal. Some barrels of onions would be fine. We are not suffering for them, although the regular fare is beef, bread, potatoes, tea and coffee, *with milk*. Once, we have had oysters and butter."

LETTER TO WILLIAM GIBBONS HOPPER.

"*March, 1863.*

"My dear little Willie,

"I wonder if any one told thee what I wrote the other day about Tom Plater and Joe Mason. Tom and Joe were slaves and ran away from their master last summer. Tom's master came for him, but he hid away, and a friend made his master believe that he died of small-pox. The old fellow re-appeared the other day, and, this time, wanted both Tom and Joe. He did not get them, for they hid away and where does thee think they stowed themselves?

"The first day, they were under the floor of the laundry, but, after that, for several days, they were both between the ceiling and roof of the Hospital Building, and they had to keep very quiet, I can tell thee. One night, when it was very dark and stormy, Dr. Stearns brought them down and put them underneath one of our cottages. There was a tugboat at the wharf, with a Connecticut Captain, who, moved by the story of the poor fellows, told the Doctor he would take them away with him. But there were guards at the wharf, and it was not safe to pass too near; so a man with a row-boat of his own, got some of his coloured brothers to help him carry it to the shore and Joe and Tom were put into it—so frightened that they scarcely looked like themselves; but not so much as to forget to shake hands with the Doctor, and thank him for his kindness.

"The owner of the boat rowed them out, which was a very brave thing for him to do, for if he had been caught, it would have got him into a great deal of trouble. They went straight out from the shore for a mile, and then turned back to the Tug. The Captain had promised to keep a light burning all night and he did not forget, but waited for Tom and Joe and hid them himself in the fire-room. Then the row-boat was carried to its old place, where it was found in the morning."

FROM SALLY TO JULIA.

"*March 26th, 1863.*

"To think of mother not having made her appearance yet! Grace and I are indignant, dumpish, resigned, and expectant, by turns. When is the *Sparks* ever coming? We have a deep laid plan for getting off some of these poor Marylanders.

"General Lockwood has published a proclamation, promising to return fugitives to their Maryland masters. We hope to start a school soon and shall be glad of some spelling-books &c. We expect to move to-morrow from 'Chesapeake Avenue' to 'Bayview' and are being whitewashed.

"I was interrupted to go to see two boatloads of 'Contras' from the gunboat *Hercules*. A wife found her husband and great was their joy. Six more prisoners have been brought in, in addition to the eight of yesterday and ever so many who came before. Fifty thousand dollars have been found among these Jews. They have been running the

blockade and no one took steps to stop it until General Lockwood came. Now, we have enough to fill a synagogue."

JOURNAL.

Dr. Heger is successor to Wagner and I must have the Hospital thoroughly organized before leaving it. He gives me every privilege, never interfering with my plans, but, on the contrary, regarding us all with great respect. In fact, he finds us a necessity and is in and out of our reception room many times a day.

I take pleasure in announcing the departure of Rev. J. A. S. The War Department learned that he had not held service for several months ; sent for facts, and on receiving them, ordered his withdrawal.

Last evening, the Steamer *General Meigs* arrived at the wharf, bringing a new Chaplain and General Lockwood's staff, as well as a Medical Director from the War Department. Dr. Heger called at our cottage to say that said Director would thoroughly inspect our Division. It was kind to give us notice, and all things were well ordered.

I have been constantly busy ever since I came and was surprised to find how much there was to do. We are sending patients home continually and making ready for more, who will assuredly come. I am more than satisfied with my nurses ; I take pride in them.

April 16th.—This has been a day of unusual ex-

citement. Thirteen steamers have arrived, laden with troops. The rumor is that something is going on at Suffolk. Refugees are coming in almost daily. I talked with a man and his wife just from Richmond, who say they had to pay well for getting off. They give a terrible account of the suffering there. Things are in a very bad condition.

Last night we gave our first Reception in the Mess-Room, which was filled to overflowing by convalescents and others. The entertainment consisted of a variety of games, in which nearly all joined. Our nurses were present and looked very neat and pretty. There was good singing, which brought tears from our poor boys' eyes. They had a jolly time, for all, and said it gave them a home feeling. They behaved beautifully, expressed their gratitude, ate a slice of cake which we had made, and left at the sound of the last bugle. Wednesday evenings are to be so appropriated ; it does them a world of good. The soldiers came in their best clothes and with hair carefully arranged, and we decided with one voice that it was a great success and good for body and soul.

A good-looking contraband accosted me thus a few minutes since : " Missis, Margaret wants me to ask you if I may take her."

" What for ? " said I.

" To marry her, if you please ma'am."

" Well, James, I will talk with Margaret and see if it is best ; and you must be married according to law. You must do in all things as a free man would do, for you are a slave no longer."

"Oh yes, Missis, it shall be just as you say."

The Parson having gone, we must see if there is any way of bringing it about.

We have had a tremendous rain-storm—cold and windy. To-day is lovely and our patients are mostly out. We have very few sick. I see Charles R. Lowell has shot a soldier. It seems a terrible thing to do and yet I suppose he was justified.

Does anyone want contraband help? A fine set of house hands came a few days since, picked up by one of the gunboats.

They are the best looking and most capable I have seen in this region. What deplorable specimens we have here! Poor, dejected creatures! they look as if they had never had a comfort in this world. We have "old Amy" in our kitchen. I look upon her as one of the saints. She works even on, from morning till night, with kindly voice and happy face. Last Sunday, in their prayers, they thanked God for all He had done for them. I declare, I was puzzled to know how they made it out. All their lives, they have been scantily clad and fed, and look like a half-starved race. They regard their present misery as Paradise, and are thankful for the crumbs that fall from our table, and the tattered garments they pick up by the way. If ever there was an abused, despised, neglected race of human beings, here they are. And now "*Freedom*" is God's best blessing, for which they offer thanks on bended knees. I can't see it, but rejoice that they can. The little children come in their old torn dresses and bare feet, and make me

wish I had houses and lands, that I might give them a home.

Say to Uncle John that I am trying my best to get John Perry Bisco and wife for him. He is called a good, honest, faithful fellow, black as the "ace of spades,"—and is the man against whom five pistols were pointed outside the lines, where he was sent for wood. His master succeeded in getting him into his clutches again, kept him locked up a week, on short allowance, whipped him severely, (he says he gave him more than 39,) and made him swear never to leave him again; his mistress and daughter standing by and begging to have him beaten longer. Of course, when slaves so swear, they believe God will forgive them if they break the oath. So Perry—sensible man that he is—submitting until they ceased to watch him, made his way into the lines again. Ever since, he has been with us, and I have had his name taken off the roll, that he may be forgotten. Perry will go to Uncle John as *Daniel Lury;* he will prove faithful, for he has suffered much, and his wife will be with him. They have no children and are valuable.

. . . . . .

April 25th.—Many a poor fellow has, for the winter, laid on bare boards, without cover; and, besides, they have been treated very harshly. Withal, they rejoice in liberty, and their forbearance is wonderful. I hope their last days will be their best.

Last night, we were startled by the tramping of

horses, and thought surely the rebels were coming. Dr. Heger came in to say that two of the Regiment went on a spree and happened upon the cavalry troops. It was rather funny. One fell upon the ground and the other declared he was so drunk it was impossible to raise him. After several vain attempts, he begged the cavalrymen to help him. A kindhearted fellow alighted, and the two lifted him up, the one who called for help springing upon the horse and riding off at full speed. A general howl was the consequence and the cavalry went in hot pursuit, caught the runaway and gave him a trial in the guard-house, where he now remains.

. . . . . .

The Colonel's wife, with two sweet little children, came last evening. It delights me to behold a clean child. How I long to look upon your dear faces, and to hear the voices of each and all!

SALLY TO HER FATHER.

"*Point Lookout, April 25, 1863.*

". . . In Baltimore, Sarah Blunt took me to pass the night at the house of her cousin, Jerry Wheelwright. He is a first-rate Union man although his wife and children are rebels; or 'Southern,' as they call it there. Mr. W. is rich and knows how to put his money to a good use. Feeling great sympathy for the men who receive no pay for months, he has lent money in the Hospitals and says he has never lost a cent, although

most of the soldiers were entire strangers to him. Mrs. Norris has also been very kind and sent to mother seven nice rocking chairs, one to rock her own bones in and the others for hospital use. So we came back laden with riches.

"The ball thee made for the soldiers already needs a new cover and old shoes are in great demand. My finger ends are sore from having scrubbed shelves, tables, mantelpieces, window ledges etc. all day yesterday, and I 'm all but used up. . . .

"We are going to send our 'shiny William' to Mr. Shaw as a recruit for Bob's regiment. He has fight in him and is anxious to enter the army and so are many men here. Those who have been slaves are the ones who will fight with a will, and they ought to be encouraged. . . . All the Marylanders are safe now except two, and mother hopes to get them off soon.

"I must confess to belonging to the 'zealous and impulsive minority' who would have had General Burnside's order in regard to rebel newspapers sustained. Mother ordered a man to take a barrel of parsnips to the *general* kitchen yesterday. Imagine our surprise on hearing that they had gone to the *General's* kitchen.

"The wounded are here—320 of them, and the boat goes back for more. We shall be busy enough now. What terrible news the Boat brings! That Lee is marching on Washington with 150,000 men, a day and a half in advance of Hooker! women and children ordered out of Alexandria and every-

thing as bad as can be! These are terrible cases which have come; not very new ones. They are from Aquia. One man seized Mother by the hand; he had seen her at Winchester.

"Mrs. General Lander has had trouble with officials at Washington and sends to mother for her 'conquering recipe, for *immediate use*.'

. . . . . .

"'Uncle Willoughby' prays that 'the Lord may mount his charger, take the spirit of fire in one hand and the avenging sword in the other and ride round P'int Lookout sometimes.'"

JOURNAL.

This afternoon, I have been through the Contraband camp and sat awhile with a poor little skeleton of eight years. As soon as she sees me, she says "fruit." I take her oranges and currant jelly. She is almost gone with consumption. If a boat comes to the wharf, they flock round, hoping for a chance to go where they can sleep without fear of being stolen.

All classes bear with me and my sentiments, and are respectful and kind. They come to me for everything and, of course, I am happy to lend.

The whole Point is excitement. The Band has just escorted General Lockwood and the balance of his staff to Headquarters, playing "Red, White, and Blue," "Yankee Doodle," and "John Brown." After he entered his Quarters, they gave him "Hail Columbia." The music is called very fine.

I tremble for the poor contrabands and cannot tell what General Lockwood will do. His loyalty is doubted.

The very day the *Planet* left, I was told that my *charge* was in danger, and, the next day, George's master was after him. He may be in New York now. The "Freedman's Association," or Friends, *must* take care of them. He is quiet, honest, and faithful. It is a strange life here, and terrible.

I went into the woods a few days since, to see a boy thirteen years old, whose master had struck him on the head with the brass end of a carpet bag, and injured his skull. He then shaved his head and covered it with tar. This he repeated several times. The boy's mother finally concluded she must get him away. She left three younger children, and, accompanied by her son, set out on her toilsome journey. They walked by day and were concealed in the woods by night, until, finally, they were taken on board of a Lighter, which put them on a gunboat and they were brought here.

The poor, suffering child died the third day after they came. He was a light mulatto, handsome, and I never saw a more despairing face than his mother's. Poor soul, she was thankful when death put an end to their misery. He was lying on the floor of the Tent, wrapped in a sheet, ready to be taken away.

I should like to say more than I dare say here. See Francis G. Shaw and tell him, if his Association will send a steamer here, the Colonel will allow it to take the poor creatures off. They are so

hemmed in that they cannot run, and they have very small rations—hardly enough to hold body and soul together. I save the tea and coffee grounds, and every crust I have, and each day feed them, literally, with the crumbs that fall from the table.

I am indebted for the *N. Y. Tribune*, which is a great treat to all. Pray say I am grateful, and the men, especially so.

Two spies were in the Camp last night, one looking for a man named Grinnell, who, being entered on the books as Gunnell, was, of course, not to be found. It was very exciting before we knew they were safe. Now, we enjoy the joke. All the Maryland people must leave, however, as they are not safe here. They have a right to get on any boat, though no one can give them passes. The next time the *Sparks* is found at the wharf, Dr. Stearns will try to put some of them on.

I leave Sally in charge while I go to Washington.

The next few pages are her record :

April 19th.—Colonel Blakiston and others came down for their slaves. One of them, catching a glimpse of his master, said : " Good God, there 's the Colonel ! " and disappeared.

A charge of theft had been brought against the men, and General Schenck had sent an order to the effect that his camp should not be a harbor for thieves of any kind. Otherwise, no search would have been allowed.

Yesterday, the Guard were ordered out and you

may believe the excitement was great. The search lasted most of the day, but neither of the men being found and a boat missing, it was thought they got away in the night. The truth is, they are still on the Point. We have been requested to "furnish two rations and ask no questions." We obey orders.

The colored people are almost frightened to death, and, this morning, when they found "Ole Missis gone," they thought the last day had come. Grace Hall stays in our shed, overcome with terror, —most of the time lying on the woodpile with her face concealed. Although they belong to the Second Maryland Regiment, the soldiers consider "nigger hunting not very respectable business;" and one of the Captains has gone so far as to say that, if he were set on their track, he would run very fast, but would make sure they were running faster.

We had a call from General Burnside last evening.

A little fellow who earns his half pay, is as complete a little darkey as you ever saw. When asked how his mistress felt at having him leave, he said he "did n't know, but just went." "Shiny William" has "dun gone fotch de wood." A poor fellow has just brought home a pretty story. Nine contrabands have been scowing wood half a mile from here. They were in charge of a white man named Daly, and had got almost a cord into the scow, when five men with pistols sprang out of the thicket and ordered them to stop. In vain they tried to push off the scow, the brutes all the time

threatening to fire upon them if they did not yield. It ended in one of their number being carried off and the others have come back terribly frightened. Captain Edwards feels very badly about it, and is now ill from cold and excitement. He thinks that *Marylanders* ought not to have been sent beyond the lines.

First day morning.—We have had a lively time. Yesterday afternoon, Doctor Stearns and Captain Collins, of the mortar boat, took some of us out to walk. When we returned at six o'clock, we found our shed black with contrabands, and, as we stood at the door, men and women with babies came flocking in, some declaring their masters were on the Point, and the others so terrified as to imagine every kind of horror. They had the door fastened, only opening it when the applicant for admission gave his name, and speaking in sepulchral whispers when they spoke at all.

Grace and I were soon as nervous as they, and sent for Doctor Stearns to advise us what to do. He thought it best to send them home, saying there would be no danger for the night; but, when it came to the point, we had not the courage to put them out, and finally it was arranged that the women and children should occupy a vacant room next to the nurses, and the men remain in our shed. We had fifteen of them. At first we thought we should have Frank Nichols sleep in one of our rooms, but, as the evening passed, our courage rose and we sent him off.

We could not help thinking it was a strange ex-

perience for us to be passing through in mother's absence, and unless she returns successful, it was a pity she went ; but, after lying awake to hear all kinds of noises, we went to sleep as quietly as if nothing unusual had happened.

The colonel is a good man, although a Marylander, and declares that no master shall be allowed to carry off his slaves ; but the trouble is, the court is sitting this month just above here and they get out civil processes which cannot be resisted, Maryland being called a loyal State. There is no loyalty this end of her, however, and it ought to be made an exception.

Two years this day since the Baltimore Riot, in which one of our surgeons took an active part. I sport my Union ribbon, which, for some reason, looks prettier than ever before.

The *Planet* has arrived, bringing a splendid lot of goods. We never had a better supply of clothing—a good assortment—and the contrabands fare *well.* We have been meting out to them this morning, and it is an interesting duty, although the children have never learned the use of handkerchiefs, and crowd around so close as nearly to suffocate us. . . . It is funny to watch their expectant little faces.

Yesterday a poor fellow came in a state of great excitement, saying his young master was on the ground. He said his " heart did ache and it went right solid, it did." He had a wife and two children and dreaded parting with them. He asked mother several times if she would send them after

him if he succeeded in escaping, which mother promised to do. Yesterday we got off Grace, George, Perry and his wife, and feel as if a heavy weight had fallen from our shoulders. They were safe on board the boat, and the whistle had blown, when the officer of the day came to detain the captain, and, to use an elegant phrase, we thought "the jig was up." But they got off, and it is a relief to feel that we sha' n't be wakened out of a sound sleep to hear: "Ole Missis, there 's a boat at the wharf."

One of Clara Thomas' men told her to-day that he thought he "should return to the army very soon and go on General McClellan's staff." To which she answered: "that if impudence would get him there she thought he would."

"Impudence!" he replied; "well, we must have impudence, or fresh meat, or something, in the army."

George Hall got off just in time. He left in the *Planet* on Seventh day morning, and to-day his master and a sheriff came with a *warrant* against him. The quartermaster was summoned, and asked if George Hall's name was on the list.

"No, sir."

"When was it taken off?"

"On Saturday morning, sir."

"When did George leave?"

"On Saturday morning, on the *Planet*."

"Where are his wife and child?"

"His child is buried in the sand, and his wife is with him."

"Damn it! there are $2500 gone."

Another master came, but fortunately the colonel's last orders are to "restore no one to his master *unless he wants to go*," and Aloysius Smith preferred remaining here. About fifty must be got away, and we wish the *Virginia* would stop and take them. Grace Sedgwick wants to return in her.

Miss Dix might rightfully accuse us of belonging to a contraband society, for they flock round us "like tomtits on a round of beef," as the soldiers say.

The reading-room for our Division will open tomorrow, and we have carried over what books and games we had on hand, as we wish our side to be self-supporting. Doctor Stearns transferred one of his boxes to us, and we have the pleasure of giving a number of games in his name. We are obliged to have a large supply for the use of the men on Reception evenings. We roll out the cookies with the table leg. You cannot know how we live without seeing with your own eyes.

JOURNAL.

Two of our men have died this week. In the Testament of one was found written: "If I die on the field, or in hospital, for love of humanity, write home." A lock of his hair was placed between the leaves to send to his friends.

There is a fine young man here—Paul Williams by name; he is in consumption. He has a great

heart, is gentlemanly and intelligent, and has perilled his life to save Charlotte from her master, going out at midnight in the rain wrapped in Sally's waterproof, to help her to run the guard. Seven brothers enlisted in the beginning of the war ; four have been killed and, in all probability, Paul will be the next to go.

May 3d.—General Lockwood and staff re-appeared to-night. He captured a rebel schooner to-day, with several prisoners on board. Almost daily the captured from some quarter are brought in.

We are very busy cleaning and whitewashing, to be in readiness for the wounded, who must come soon. They are up to some game about the contrabands, but what it is, I cannot tell. Several Marylanders went off in the *Balloon* yesterday, and we suspect they were put off at Pawtuxent. Three spies were stationed on the boat and we shall know before long. Four masters were here yesterday.

May 4th.—I wrote to Adams S. Hill, and, among other things, told of two slaves being sent outside the lines. He has notified me that my letter has gone to the War Department, whence it was referred to General Schenck, thence to General Lockwood, to Dr. Heger, and from him to *me*. I made out my case, the Doctor said it was well done and that I had the best of it. I wrote in advance to Assistant Secretary of War Watson, as I was not disposed to submit my case to the Commander of this Post.

One of his men said the other day : "Why, Mrs.

Gibbons, one half of our Regiment are Secessionists. If we were to go to Richmond *to-day*, they would shake hands with us, and say they were glad to see us."

I have had a call of two hours from General Lockwood and Colonel Rogers. The former apologized for not having called before; said he had not been well. The coolness with which the two conversed in my presence, was surprising. General Lockwood said he was called "John Brown" at his home.

"Ah, General," said I, "I fear I could not honor you with that title, I knew John Brown. He was one of the great men of the age."

They *imagined* I was persuaded they would do justice only, to the slave. I let them talk; the interview was entertaining and *meant* to create kind feeling; I did not *believe* in the Colonel who would tie a man to a tree. General Lockwood is a pleasant, genial man. Colonel Rogers said the men of his own State would, after the war was over, come down upon him with lawsuits for keeping their slaves from them. He was so blind he did not see that when the war is over there will be no slavery.

Many of the Regiment are good men; I know of but one (and that is Lieutenant Chance) who would not be glad to do us a favor. Last night, as we were going into the cottage, the guard said: "Good night, ladies, you may go to sleep; we will take good care of you."

A young girl of fourteen years made her way

to our room between ten and eleven o'clock last night, hungry and tired. I was glad to have some crackers and cheese for her. She wrapped a blanket about her and went to sleep on the floor. In the morning, I got up and dressed, but she slept through it all; the previous night she passed in the bushes.

A young boy, a mulatto of fourteen years, paddled himself in a canoe a distance of twelve miles. He gives an interesting account of his thoughts and actions; is far-seeing, worthy of 40 years.

Tell me if I am *needed* at home now. I have made up my mind that a visit at home is ill-advised and costs too much wear and tear of human feeling. Therefore, I desire to finish my work before I see you again. I look forward to a season at home with great satisfaction, and hope there is settled happiness in store for us, after the long and often trying separation. I am satisfied we have done well in giving service to the sick and suffering, and shall look back upon these days with peace of mind.

FROM COL. ROGERS.

"*Point Lookout, May 9th, 1863.*

"General,

"This afternoon, Captain A. Edwards, A. Q. M. of this Post, reported to me that a negro cook employed in his Department, was insolent and insubordinate, and requested that he be punished and sent off the Post. I caused him to be arrested, and, as the Guard House was occupied, I directed

him to be tied to a tree in front of the Guard-House. He was kept there about four hours.

"The Officer of the Day, Lieutenant Chance, reports that while he was confined, Mrs. Gibbons, Chief Nurse of the Hospital, approached him and enquired his offence, expressed in warm language her sympathy, and her opinion of the justice of the punishment, in the presence of the Sentinel and the guard on duty. She afterwards upbraided the officer of the day himself, said a change ought to be made in the Military Administration of the Post, and threatened to publish such an account of the affair, as would make all concerned regret it.

"I have been informed since by Captain Edwards, that after the arrest of the cook, whose name is Moses Thompson, he instituted a search of his quarters, as he suspected him of theft, and discovered concealed two barrels of pork and bacon and about 50 lbs. of coffee, which, no doubt, he intended clandestinely to dispose of.

"You will perceive from this statement that the punishment was lighter than a soldier would receive for a like offence; and, in conclusion, I must report Mrs. Gibbons for interfering with the discipline of my command.

"I do justice to the activity and benevolence of Mrs. Gibbons, and have no doubt, if she could be persuaded to confine her energies to her legitimate duties of nursing the sick and wounded, her services would be highly beneficial: but I must say, that, as Protectress-General of all who get themselves into trouble, and censor of affairs military, relig-

ious, and moral, she goes beyond her proper sphere, and might be disposed of.

"Very Respectfully,
"your obt. servant
"Robert S. Rogers.
"Colonel 2d Regiment, Md."

Headquarters, Hammond General Hospital,
"Point Lookout, May 11, 1863.

"Mrs. Gibbons,

"Enclosed you will find a communication referred to me by Brigadier General Lockwood. Your attention is respectfully called to it, and an early reply to the within accusations will be sent to Head-Quarters in writing, so as to enable me to make a Report.

"Very respectfully yours,
"A. Heger,
"Surgeon U. S. A.
"In charge of General Hospital."

"To Mrs. Gibbons, Chief of Female Nurses."

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

"Point Lookout, May 11th, 1863.

"Dr. Heger, U.S.A.

"In answer to your communication touching the charges preferred by Lieutenant Chance, concerning the punishment inflicted upon Moses Thompson, I have to say,—

"That I should not have known of the offence or the offender, but for an accidental call from the

Camp, for its comfort. That I was startled at beholding what I have often heard of, but had never witnessed, is true; and that I inquired into the cause of such punishment, is likewise true. That I expressed 'sympathy for the man' is positively and unqualifiedly false. On the contrary, I said distinctly that he ought to be punished and had no right to be impudent, (as was alleged,) and it was the only charge then made against him. The word 'injustice' is not my language.

"I did say the representation of such a scene would not look well in print. Lieutenant Chance replied, 'It would depend upon what paper it appeared in.' He likewise said, 'Would you have come here if it had been a white man?' I answered, 'The complexion would make no difference to *me*.' Other words were spoken which were not treasured, but they were in reply to Lieutenant Chance, who was uncivil, to say the least.

"It is a singular fact that the theft was reported after the punishment. Captain Edwards told me of the charge and said Moses had sold stores to a man not many miles distant, and was evidently posted as to whom. As the receiver (in the eye of the law) is as bad as the thief, there is yet an opportunity to prove if Moses Thompson is guilty. As regards 'the punishment being lighter than a soldier would receive,' I have nothing to say—being wholly and absolutely ignorant of all military rules.

"The latter part of your communication from Colonel Rogers, I do not comprehend and am

therefore unable to answer—excepting the closing paragraph with regard to my '*proper sphere.*' I have always held it to be wherever there is sickness or suffering in any form. Thus, I was led to the Camp by Mrs. Rogers and at her special request, and, with great pleasure, contributed stores which were my own personal property, for the comfort of General Lockwood's Post Hospital.

"I was solicited at various times by the Post Surgeon, orders were repeatedly sent to our kitchen, and they were cheerfully and promptly obeyed. Allow me to say, that such a letter from one high in authority, after our friendly, and, as I supposed, well-understood relations, is to me a matter of surprise, and undeserved.

"You will see by my statement that I did not, voluntarily, step out of my 'proper sphere,' but by solicitation, and in answer to the calls of humanity, which it is the business of my life to regard.

"Very respectfully,

"A. H. Gibbons."

May 21st.—By the papers, we hear of the fearful death of another of Mrs. Dwight's sons. Alas! there are none to comfort her. In silence and alone, she must bear her burden. I shall write to her that she may know she is in my thoughts.

One of my nurses, a lovely young woman from Cleveland, Ohio, had a brother in an Ohio Regiment. His death was in the list of yesterday. She will not know it until the tidings come by way of letter, as it is barely possible it may be contradicted.

It seems our patients are to be exchanged prisoners, who will come by way of City Point. Seven transports passed on but have not yet returned. Yesterday, a Steamer passed laden with troops on their way to Washington. If I fail to write details, it is because they are of small importance and relate to the things of Point Lookout life. When there is anything startling or interesting, you shall know it.

While I was changing my dress this afternoon, I heard a tap at the door, and on opening it a crack, saw the face of Sandy Dorsey, who said: "Oh Missis, let me in!" I made way and he sat down, crying bitterly. He pulled up his trousers and there were his heavy anklets with about a foot of heavy chain. It appeared that his master had gone from home for a few hours, leaving him chained to a tree. With a pair of pincers, he had broken the chain, and tying the end round his leg, had so arranged it as to escape the notice of passers by. He had not been many minutes in my room before one of "our boys" came and offered to file them off.

Every few days, men are prowling round in search of their slaves. Sandy Dorsey and Charlotte Bennett were returned to their masters recently. Sandy, I think they will never see again, and "Rose Terry" (Charlotte) is where the South ern dogs will never bark at her.

May 28th, 1863.—William H. Seward's official despatch to Mr. Adams:

The Army and the Negro.

"Everywhere, the American General receives his most useful and reliable information from the negro, who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom."

Dr. Stearns says: I am now at the office in a state of mind which unfits me for everything. News of Sedgwick's repulse just in. Although Hooker has had the advantage, and probably holds it yet, there is an agonizing uncertainty about the condition of the army, and this is increased by the prohibition of telegraphic despatches by the Government. So far as the general result is concerned, my faith is not in any degree shaken. Several thousand rebel prisoners have been taken and some brought to Washington; among them, a Major-General or two, who are allowed their liberty in the streets, attended only by an unarmed corporal. They are beginning to treat rebels with distinguished honor; but perhaps all this is a part of the programme by which we are to be brought to re-enact the Declaration of Independence, and pronounce "all men free."

FROM J. S. G.

"The *Decatur* is probably about reaching the Point, if not blockaded somewhere by the storm.

"A gloomy morning and the end of our hopes for Hooker's campaign. Of course, everybody feels miserable. Ten thousand more sacrificed and the Rebellion again jubilant. Precisely the fate Provi-

dence would send us, if Providence took part in the broils of the earth. When a single broad and holy principle is announced, and justice to all men and races becomes the rule, then we shall deserve success, and not before ; and while the Government treats the negro as a slave, he can never be a soldier. It is doubtless right that we shall be humiliated, until we do justice to the negro. If Hooker had won a great victory, the chains of slavery had been already reclamped on the limbs of the black race.

"J. S. G."

TO HER SISTER SUSAN.

Hammond General Hospital,
Point Lookout, Md., 6 mo. 6th, 1863.

"When I take up the pen, it seems natural to talk with my husband and children and I am too apt to neglect others to whom I owe a debt. I ought to write to mother, and why I do not, may seem strange *where you are*, but if on this ground, it would be matter of surprise that I accomplish anything in the letter-writing way.

"I rise at six o'clock, and, generally, before I get my clothes on, there is a tap at the door. I open it and a voice says : 'Missis, may I speak to you?' It is soon followed by another and another ; one wants to offer his or her services to work ; the next, some medicine for her sick child ; a third, some warm tea for a case of Measles ; and so it goes.

"After breakfast, a train comes to the kitchen to gather the crumbs that fall from our table.

The tea and coffee pot is filled up and boiled again, and we gather the cans which have been emptied of fruit, fill them with hot tea or coffee, and send them to the sick.

"Poor creatures, how they have suffered! they bear their sorrow patiently and no voice of complaint escapes them. There are Christian men and women among them, too. They trust marvellously 'in the Lord.' There is a great deal of sickness among them, and they are greatly comforted by what we can do. The presence of myself and nurses is their greatest happiness.

"Little black Charity delights in her new dress as much as if she were white, and it is a great pleasure to see them dressed. Ellen Pratt, one of my nurses and a lovely girl, is as kind as she can be, and is ever ready to go with a great kettle of tea, or a bundle, or basket, to the contraband camp. They never engage to work for anybody, nor will they believe Colonel or Quarter-Master, unless they come first to me to know if all is right.

"Some of General Lockwood's men are good fellows, and very kind to the contrabands in their camp. The fact is, they are in advance of their officers. They often steal upon us to have a little talk about matters in general, and, if they are sick, come to us direct. Soldiers have great faith in women. One came to me the other day and said he had not spoken with a woman for four long months before, and it made him think of home. He said: 'Soldiers are better men when women are about.'

"Betty Cone, a contraband, is black as the ace

of spades. She has a little baby a week old, as white as any baby that ever was born; it has straight hair, and is a little beauty. One of her friends (they were owned by the same master) said the other day, that Betty was a good girl; 'Indeed Missis, she has a beautiful principle.'

". . . Tell John, I am obliged for the *Commonwealth*. 'A night in the Hospital' is well written, and brings many recollections of sick and dying men to mind. The few we have could illy spare us, even now. This day two weeks, one who left us to return to his parents, broken down in health, was accompanied to the boat by my nurses and self. The last I saw of him, as he stood upon the upper deck, the tears of gratitude were streaming from his eyes—he was a fine fellow, intelligent and interesting.

"Last evening, I was sitting outside the door, when Sergeant Blye took his seat by my side and said: 'Nothing does me so much good as to sit down beside you. I feel as if I were near my mother.' They all cling to *us*, although there are twenty-five '*Sisters*, but *they* never enter into conversation with a soldier, and are, in consequence, but little comfort to the sick, while they work their machinery very well. All the sick are on our side.

". . . As to looking to this place for wages, it is all in vain. Two shillings per day is paid here, in all cases—of course, it is not what is earned, but all that is paid under any circumstances—therefore, George and Perry must not turn back, but forward, for success in life. . . .

"I have just had a pleasant call from General Lockwood. He came in to say good-bye and to tell me he was to be away a couple of days—begged I would call on Mrs. Lockwood in his absence and manifested cordial, kind feeling.

"thy loving sister
"A. H. Gibbons."

JOURNAL.

June 15, 1863.—The Steamer *Mary Washington* arrived this morning, having on board 320 sick and wounded. They were lying side by side. One seized my hand and said: "I saw you at Winchester and I am glad to come to you again." Another said, "I 'm happy. It is you I want, not a Doctor; mine is a case wanting time." I bathed every face with Bay-Rum, which seemed to revive them, and said what I could to cheer and comfort. They were of all ages over sixteen, and some so pale and ghastly.

I turned down a sheet and found one poor fellow gone. He looked very peaceful, but I thought of the sad hearts left. Many are very badly wounded and some will never reach their homes. A man of about forty years cried piteously. I told him he was now with friends who would help him. "Oh madam," said he, "I am thinking of my poor wife and three little children."

As I passed from one to another, it made me glad to be here, for all seemed overjoyed at the sight of a woman. The Captain of the steamer pointed to several, begging me to take special in-

terest in their cases. Alas! there was not one in whom I did not feel a deep interest. I have not seen a better class of men since I have been in the army.

The Boat was ordered to return immediately and will come again to-morrow. It reported a Transport on the way from Aquia, laden with wounded.

William H. Johnson, of Manlius, N. Y., was pointed out by a Surgeon who accompanied the wounded from Potomac Creek. He looks young and intelligent, has a wife and three children, and is terribly suffering and despondent. The Doctor told me Johnson did not like to have me out of his sight, and that anything I brought him was better than anybody else could furnish. It was Dr. Liebold, a kindly man, who said: "Give him from your own private kitchen." Poor fellow! the Doctor says pieces of his trousers will be found in his wound; there have been several such cases. It will soon be opened, when I fear his strength will go and we shall lose him.

June 16th.—Some of the Second Maryland Regiment, went to the contraband camp at midnight, turned over their tents and beat several in a shocking manner, cutting two severely, with a knife. The next morning, the poor creatures flocked to our quarters, saying they were ordered off and wanted to go—that they could not sleep at night for constant fear. I went to the General and told him that at least fifty were unable to leave; *some infants a week or two old, many having measles.*

He said promptly: "Mrs Gibbons, I never was

so incensed in my life. I have ordered Colonel Rogers and all his men off this day. Not one shall remain."

I said, "Will you order that the sick may remain, and will you protect them? It is not right to drive them from post to pillar; their lives are in danger."

"Certainly," said the General, "they shall be protected. My advice is, that as many as *can* shall go, but it shall be optional with *them*. The sick shall remain and I am bound to see that they are kept from harm."

I went at once and calmed them down, decided which should remain, and assured them of perfect safety. Between seventy and eighty left in the *Balloon*.

Colonel Rogers was humiliated, as he deserved to be. He left with his Regiment and family. They were ordered to the Eastern shore and the "First Maryland" sent in their places—whether an improvement, we have yet to learn. I believe General Lockwood aims to do right and the colored people respect him. I had a pressing invitation to call upon his wife and went a few days after, at ten A.M. I found the General with a baby on his knee and three little children in a row before him. He was having a spelling lesson. It was a pleasant picture of home life. Their little daughter of six years sometimes accompanies me through the wards, her presence giving life and light to wounded men, who always give her a cordial greeting. As we go from one couch to another,

she has a word to say, and to one she said cheerily, as the Surgeon approached him, "And where are *you* chopped?"

Major John Carter Brown has resigned. A letter has been received from one of his men, saying that he had his choice—to resign or be dismissed from the service a month hence. He and many of his men have disgraced themselves, but there are others who had so much self-respect as to be ashamed to be known as belonging to the "Lost children."

I have been through the wards to-day with Mrs. General Lockwood, and can say truly that I have seen no such cases since I first entered a Southern Hospital. So mutilated, so many limbs gone, and, in some cases, so neglected. Think of those terrible wounds *alive* for want of care! Why were they not sent to us six weeks ago? Many would have been saved that now can be scarcely hoped for.

The moving from Potomac Creek was very severe. It is a pitiful sight to board a Steamer and make one's way between beds closely laden with suffering, groaning men, butchered to the last degree. Some of the limbs were amputated by Rebel surgeons—perhaps not with intent, but badly done—and the patients are now too much reduced to bear a second amputation, the bones protruding in such manner as to make such cases nearly hopeless.

When they were being carried from the boat, one poor fellow kept saying all sorts of funny

things to keep up their spirits. They were moved on stretchers. It would have done your hearts good to see the brave boys take the suffering ones in their arms. Frank Nichols helped to carry a great many, and did not find out how tired he was till all was over.

The oranges and lemons are a first rate blessing. To-day, they have been liberally used for the wounded, to whom they are so grateful, for we have no ice yet. We shall be sorry enough when we reach the end of the generous supply. The Elderberry and Blackberry, as well as the other wines that came from Flushing, happened just in time and we give it as prescribed by the Surgeons and as the patients require it.

The Surgeons are devoted ; four were with one man as many hours, last night. He motioned that he wished to write ; a Diary was given in which he wrote : " Dear wife and children, good-bye. Trust in God. I think I shall never see you again, and my dear little children." He was greatly pleased with " Three Hundred Thousand More," which was repeated for his benefit.

June.—The *Planet* left our stores but did not wait. Sixteen packages in all arrived in good condition. The cheese was missing but I gave a clear receipt because the Captain took the fugitives, who would have been seized by their master, if they had not left that day. There was nothing broken, nothing spoiled. I wish the lint might be scraped ; it is so much more useful than when ravelled. We

have among our patients a number of Friends. A majority require constant attention, they are so helpless."

TO JOHN HOPPER.

"*Point Lookout, 6 mo. 24th, '63.*

"Never did a more acceptable gift reach this ill-provided Point, than the Lemons and Oranges. 'Ill-provided,' as far as such things go, and having no ice, they seemed a special gift from Heaven to the suffering soldiers. Such wounds eyes never beheld, and *how* they live through it, is wonderful. But for the blessed chloroform, they *would* die. I saw the other day an operation upon which I never could have cast my eyes, but for the quiet sleep under the effects of the drug.

"Such brave boys! so young! so uncomplaining! and so interesting! They are the nearest to our hearts of any we have ever had, and cling to us as if we were the same flesh and blood. Poor fellows, cripples for life, and many must die; while others long to shoulder a musket and do double duty. They are so helpless, that a nurse to every one would not be too much. A young man said, to-day, he would gladly give two months' pay to have the flies kept away.

"Dr. Stearns is here and we are glad. He is a great acquisition in many ways; he commands respect and is so thoughtful of the men and all their needs.

". . . General Lockwood is ordered to Balti-

more; his family remain. He called before he left and also sent a very kind note."

ANONYMOUS.

(*Probably written by the Rebel Lighthouse Keeper.*)

"*Point Lookout, 1863.*

"Head quarters
"Niger Brigate
"Mrs. Gibins Serg. in charge,
"Dear Sir.

"As you have taken charge of this place with out any athority and a gainst the will of all the souldiers I Here by Notify you to leave this point in as short time as possible And never make your aperiance a gain in this place I in form you in tim for what ever soldiers say they generly do and if you dont leave you must not be suprised to see the roof of your little palace taken off some of these dark kingts (nights)

"Yours Many Soldiers"

In another hand—

"Old Lady you are not needed at this place and you had better leave double quick or else the soldiers will give you an introduction to the bay you never came here for any good to soldiers as they have found it out you old nigger lover yea worse an old hypocrit the devel has his house full of better people than ever you were you old H—l hound you must know that you cant rule this whole point now hum yourself away pretty soon."

The above letter was doubtless written by the rebel Lighthouse keeper who had pursued and whipped a slave woman on Mrs. Gibbons's door-step, the poor creature having run to her for protection. Afterwards, when his little hump-backed boy was ill unto death, he went to Mrs. Gibbons for help, which she gladly rendered.

JOURNAL.

July 4.—One hundred and fifty patients were brought from Baltimore to-day by the *George Washington.* They are from New England. We have two Taunton boys. It is refreshing to talk with them. There is not one, so far as I can learn, afflicted with the McClellan malady. They say, generally, that they were for him until the last five weeks. There is a great change among the men now. They are reasonable and wish for a good commanding officer. One of our men said a few days since : "I am ready to fight under any General, and shall not wait to examine his complexion."

There has been a great excitement here about the rebels. We are protected by Gunboats and provision is made to carry us off at any moment. They have tried their best to get up an alarm, but without any success. Our mail comes regularly, which is the best possible evidence that Point Lookout is safe.

The steamer *Massachusetts*, with rebel Captain, refused to "come to" when signalled. Three cannon were fired and made a tremendous whizz-

ing. The steamer went on and a gunboat was sent in hot pursuit ; if they do not overtake her, she will be reported. We will keep our eyes open, and be off at the right time.

Point Lookout, *July 20, 1863.*—Four gunboats are here. They take prizes quite often. Yesterday, they took a schooner which had the hardihood to come quite near. Several prisoners were brought in last evening. It takes loyalty to put down rebellion and precious little is to be found in this State.

We were truly sorry to lose General Lockwood. He is a *loyal man*—to be trusted to the utmost. His wife and Captain Smith (now Commandant of this Post) passed last evening with us. As proof that friendly relations exist and that Protestant service is fully appreciated, I copy a letter received from the General on the eve of his departure.

"*Point Lookout, June 21st, 1863.*

"Mrs. Gibbons,

"Dear Madam :

"I desire to express my thanks to you for your present and past kindnesses, and to put on paper my high appreciation of the excellence of your character. May you long live to enjoy the reward of your philanthropic efforts to lessen the ills of suffering humanity !

"I remain, dear Madam, very truly and respectfully your friend and obd. Serv't,

"Henry H. Lockwood,

"Brig.-General."

Mrs. Gibbons and her daughter left for home immediately on hearing of the sacking of their house.

FROM CAPTAIN EDWARDS.

"*Point Lookout, July 20, 1863.*

"Mrs. A. H. Gibbons,

"Respected Madam,

"Yesterday, I had cause to regret your sudden departure from the Point. We were visited by Secretaries Chase and Stanton, with Generals Halleck, Meigs, and Hitchcock. I accompanied them round and they were evidently pleased—very much —and did not hesitate to express themselves. They remained about three hours. I have not time to write particulars. Suffice it to say, S. was foiled and thwarted outright.

"Very Respectfully

"A. Edwards.

"Captain and A. Q. M."

CHAPTER XXIII.

1863.

RIOTS OF '63.

FROM MR. GIBBONS TO GEO. E. BAKER.

"*New-York, July 15, '63.*

"Dear Baker,

"You will see by the papers that our house has been sacked. Our daughters saved most of their best clothing by previous removal. Everything taken. If you have any means of communication with Mrs. Gibbons, please say we are all well and in jovial spirits. It is our contribution to the war.

"J. S. G."

FROM JULIA.

"*New-York, July 15, 1863.*

"Father, Lucy, and I are staying with the Choates (Joseph H. Choate). That is, we came here last night, but shall probably go to Uncle John's or to Milton eventually.

"The rioters yesterday gutted our house completely. We had time to save most of our valuable clothing, the pictures and bust of Willie, and a few other valuables, but the furniture is all gone and most of the pictures, *all* the books &c. We

had only a few hours to scratch together what we did save, and to put through the scuttle into Uncle Samuel's house ; and then Mr. Choate and Mr. Carter came up and took us through the scuttle of Number 1, to a carriage round the corner. Mr. Choate and father have now gone up to Uncle John's.

" I can't help feeling sorry that we have lost so many things of value, but, on looking back now, we cannot regret that we did not act differently. We knew we could not save the furniture, and so packed up little valuables—Sally's jewelry drawer and new underclothes, all our best dresses, the two drawers in Sally's room, Mr. Emerson's German books, a few letters and papers from thy drawers, winter cloaks &c.—and let the rest go.

"We had scarcely been out of the house fifteen minutes when the rabble came. Father had, five minutes before, left the front door key at Uncle Samuel's and had gone over to the Fifth Avenue House (which was also threatened) to get a newspaper. The reason why our house was attacked was that Mr. Greeley was thought to live there. I don't think we ourselves need be in the least fear of danger. We shall keep out of harm's way. Father is disposed to be cautious, and it is thought that another day or two will quell the rioters. Uncle Samuel is this morning having the windows and doors boarded up so that we may have an opportunity of going down through the roof and seeing if there is anything left.

" Now, about thy coming home ! Thee had *very*

decidedly, better *not* come. The Railroads are liable to be torn up—several of the most important ones are already broken—thee cannot do a thing if thee does come. There is not the slightest possibility of personal danger to us, and until the disturbance is over, and the communications are again established, thee had better stay where thee is.

"The Milton Boat runs daily, as do all the Steamboats, and we shall go there if it is thought best. Father is in excellent spirits—so are we all. We are so glad to get off with our lives and dearest possessions, that we can only be satisfied with the result. Many lives have been endangered, and our just having left the house, and father having been out of the neighborhood, are such fortunate circumstances that we can regret nothing. I will write again as soon as I see Uncle John, and don't come home until you hear from us.

"Business is suspended, everything is being done for defence, and the only thing left for us to do is to *wait*."

J. S. G. TO EDWARD HOPPER.

"*New-York, July 16, 1863.*

"I suppose Abby and Sally may conclude to come home—that is, if we can be said to have a home—to N. Y., at all events. If any opportunity occur to advise them to come to our friends, the Choate's, No. 93 West 21st St., please do so. The first information they get will be by the papers, and they may leave before receiving my letters,

written on the 14th and 15th, in which case, their movements will be entirely unknown to me.

"Since writing that '*if*' above, I feel what a mistake it was. Heretofore, I have contemplated our leaving that house some day—but now that it is 'made desolate,' it appeals to me with a thousand glad and sad remembrances, that make it as holy as a certain spot in Greenwood. The inanimate objects were all historical to us—memorials of thirty years. It is grievous to have them no longer, but they sanctified the house with their associations, and, to the house itself, we can now turn with renewed and refreshed and dear recollections. We have saved enough of the dearest of our goods to keep alive the old histories when they shall be reinstated in their places.

"I shall go up to-day and begin to clear up the library floor, and, in a short time, trust to feel as much at home as ever, among the ruins—broken banisters and doors, burnt panels, and a few half-destroyed pieces of furniture; gas fixtures wrenched off, the marble mantle broken down with a pickaxe, fragments of Lucy's piano scattered over the floor, papers and books torn to atoms, &c. Not a whole book left of perhaps two thousand—many dear volumes which have been a solace in sorrow, and a joy in the family.

"The girls bear up wonderfully. Julia, at times, in her intensity, comes to a breakdown point. I had fully determined to defend the house. We did not know with any certainty, of course, that we were to be attacked. I had a revolver in my

desk. Left the house only thirty minutes to get a paper, and, on my return, the mob had possession. I went in among them and up to my desk, making room, as I entered towards the library, for the villain who had our mattress; but seeing that the place was fully in possession of the mob, with my pistol in hand, I could go no further. They did not know me as the owner of the house, and I passed, unharmed, down stairs again, and into Samuel's, where the girls were in distress, supposing I had been killed. That is the whole. It is already over. Those grand widowed mothers, Dwight, Sedgwick, Putnam, Lowell, who sent their only, or *all* their sons, to the war, have mortal and incurable wounds—we, only a scratch. I am ashamed to have deserved no more."

FROM LUCY GIBBONS TO HER AUNT ANNA.

"*At the Choate's, 21st St.*

"*New-York, July 17, '63.*

"We know you who are nearest are anxious to hear from us. Father has written, but what, we do not know.

"The very first day of the riot, Monday, we heard a faint rumor among the servant girls that 'Sinclair's house where Mr. Greeley lives,' and ours, were to be fired in the evening. Jule was at Milton. I asked Father if he did not think it as well,—as there was a chance of danger,—to move some of mother's precious things into Aunt Rachel's. He answered decidedly, 'yes.' So, after dark, I

took down our Willie's pictures, every one in the house. Father carried the marble bust, two drawers full of Willie's things, and our little brothers' baby clothes, the little keepsakes most associated with Willie, and some other little things. Aunt Rachel and family came in to help. They were very much disturbed, although not positively frightened. We took some of mother's dresses, all the jewelry, silver, letters, (not all the latter) and packed our clothes in clothes-baskets, but Father said it was not worth while taking them.

"The Browns went home. Father and I were not in the least disturbed. I kept saying: 'What a time we shall have putting to rights again!' I even undressed and went to bed, but Father called to me saying I had better dress myself again, and we slept in our clothes.

"The next morning, Jule came home just as I was locking every door in the house and preparing to go into Aunt Rachel's; for she was nervous and had sent for me. Father had gone down town, to return immediately. As for Bridget, the girl, it was impossible to alarm her. Her sole consideration was getting through with the washing. Jule set to work without taking off her bonnet, and packed all our valuable clothing, which was taken through the scuttle. The night before, I took some boxes containing Mother's valuable papers, such as the Railroad Deed belonging to the 'Home,' the Bank Account of the Industrial School &c.

"We moved through the roof about a hundred of Mr. Emerson's books. In fact, we were busy all

day, but so little alarmed, that, at about 5 o'clock, when we were going into Aunt R's, I proposed taking a bath. Fifteen minutes later, the mob appeared.

" You know what happened after the riot began. Our neighbors behaved nobly. Judge Robinson entered with the mob and saved what he could—a portrait of Willie, a drawer full of letters, and a few books &c. Another, Mr. Horn, stood in the parlor and threatened the mob with a pistol. He drove off the women (! ! !) who were trying to set fire to the house with torches, but was finally obliged to retreat through the back window. Mr. Grey rescued a sheet full of wet clothes which were being carried off ; and his wife had them re-washed and ironed. A little boy from somewhere, only about twelve years old, helped like a little soldier, bringing buckets of water to put out the fire. A Mr. Thompson behaved beautifully. The people in the house back of us pointed out to the police and military the thieves who were trying to escape through the back yards. A strange young man saved some things. Another came last night to tell us where we could find a chair which we valued. Our butcher went into the midst of the mob, and declared he would not have that house touched,—for which he was badly beaten, but will recover.

" Father was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel making a last appeal for military to protect the premises. In the midst of Jule's and my agony, Mr. Choate appeared like an angel at Aunt Rachel's. He did not leave us until Father's return and we then went

over the roofs to the end of the block, (by this time the mob was violent) out of a house there, procured a carriage which waited in 8th Ave., put us all into it, and brought us here.

"Uncle John came at once and takes us to his heart and home. Many people, dear friends, all of them, have called upon and written to him, offering us *any* assistance in their power. Although our own home is destroyed, many are anxious to shelter us. When we consider the precious things rescued, our timely escape &c., we feel grateful that it happened as it did. Had we been sure of its coming, we should have tried to save more and been surprised in the house. As it was, we went in to Aunt Rachel's, meaning to stay to tea and then return to sleep. . . .

"Our hearts bleed for our mother. Each one feels as if a life's devotion shall be hers. Dear Aunt, we have never forgotten thy sweet words in our time of greatest grief: 'We do not come to comfort, but to sorrow with you!' and we feel that so it has been and so it ever will be."

In the midst of the riot, a voice in the crowd was heard crying "Shame! don't you know what Mrs. Gibbons did for the 69th Regiment?" But nothing could restrain them. They destroyed and carried off everything, throwing bureaus and other pieces of furniture from the windows; setting fire to the house in many places; and leaving it completely stripped. The front door was broken in, marble mantle pieces broken down, gas and water

fixtures twisted off, (the leaders took the precaution to have the water and gas turned off in the cellar,) banisters, window sashes, closet shelves &c. carried away, and every scrap of oil-cloth torn from the floors. To those who entered afterwards to witness the destruction, there was nothing left to show that the house had been theirs. A heavy mahogany sofa, with one end burnt off and resting on the ground, and a large refrigerator were the only articles of furniture left to tell the tale.

A few articles, collected from different Station Houses, amounting in all to a half load of furniture, and consisting chiefly of chairs without seats, tables without tops, bureaus without drawers &c., formed a nucleus for the new housekeeping which was to follow, but the house was sad under its changed aspect, and after living in it a year, the family were glad to part with it, and establish another roof-tree, which, in the progress of years, came to feel once more like home.

FROM MRS. E. S. RACKEMANN.

"*Lenox, July 17, 1863.*

"If our deepest sympathy, indignation, and sorrow, could help you all in the smallest degree, you would certainly be helped. We read with perfect horror and dismay, the account of the atrocities committed in your house. . . . I fear there is no doubt about your having been the victims of the senseless rage, and love of plunder, of the crew whom the Devil, with Governor Seymour for his Prime Minister, seems to have let loose in New-

York. For mercy's sake, write a line and let us know how it is with you all : whether you escaped without personal injury—whether anything is rescued—above all, whether Willie's room, that peaceful, quiet room, where everything was sacred—everything dear—was invaded like the rest. The thought of the suffering *that* would be to you all, has haunted me ; and indeed, you are in our thoughts, in our hearts, and on our lips, constantly. Do come away and come here, where it is quiet and safe. Tell us how dear Lucy is, and your Father ; and remember that 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for Righteousness' sake."

FROM MRS. E. B. SEDGWICK.

"*The Hive, July 18, 1863.*

"Oh Julie, Julie, Julie ! is it so ? Is it the Gibbons house or is it the Sinclair house, or is it both, that have been entered by Governor Seymour's dear friends, the mob ? Can it be that your dear home, and my dear New-York home, has been desecrated and all its holy things defiled by wicked hands—its household gods defaced, demolished, or carried off ? Do let me know about it, and about you all. Did you get home from Milton just in time to see or know all this ? Where was your Father ? Where was Lucy ? Could nothing have been done to stop or disperse the mob ?

"Julie dear, I know not what to write, nor where to direct my letter when it is written. I imagine you all half brokenhearted, deeply grieved in spirit,

with a weight of sorrow and distress pressing upon you, which not even a righteous indignation relieves. I know that government is bound to make up your pecuniary loss; but that seems insignificant in comparison with the loss which cannot be estimated, or repaired—the loss of what constituted the identity and the sacredness of the dear home—all the dear and familiar objects with which it has been so long associated. I am afraid to ask whether all—all are gone—including those which were kept and cherished "In memoriam," the dearest and most sacred of all.

"Oh Julie, Julie, how did it happen and why was it permitted?"

FROM J. H. CHOATE TO JULIA.

"*New-York, 20 July, 1863.*

"Your mother and Sally arrived this morning at 5 o'clk. Your father and I met them at Jersey City. They had heard not a word except what was in the Baltimore newspaper, which they got on Friday, stating that 19 Lamartine Place had been sacked, and what had not been destroyed by the mob, had been carried off by the women. They are both well and will stay with us. Your mother has set her face against going back to that house. All quiet. . . .

FROM GEO. E. BAKER TO MR. GIBBONS.

"*Washington, July 16, 1863.*

My dear Gibbons,

"While I sympathize most sincerely in the great loss you and your family have suffered from the

ruthless copperhead mob, I consider it an honor and a credit to you to be one of its marked enemies. We are very anxious about you all. . . . But what is to be said of the miserable authorities of your city? All the alleged imbecility, tenderness for rebels, and mismanagement of the United States Government and Generals, sink out of sight compared with that of New-York Officials. Five hundred men, armed with rifles, could have prevented all this disgrace.

"We are all very much cast down by the event —the glorious successes of Vicksburg &c. &c., do not relish, with such a bitter draught as New-York sends us."

FROM ROBERT S. RANTOUL.

"*Salem, July 17, '63.*

"I hope a word of sympathy may not be out of place at a time when words seem to be nearly worthless. I daily reproach myself for the comforts I am enjoying, yet I know not what more the country requires of me than I am now doing.

"We got all the revolting details from Joe Choate, but as I was away Wednesday and Thursday, I knew nothing of it till last night. . . .

"What conceivable mode of losing property (merely as such) could be more loathsome and revolting? How wanton—how purposeless—and then, how impossible to replace, by any human means, the gathered treasures of a lifelong home! I was sadly surprised to hear that the house was yours. But above all this, what a shock and terror

for the two poor girls! We long to hear where they were, and what warning time they had. I cannot but rejoice that Mr. Gibbons did not confront the mob. I think he would not have escaped."

FROM HON. JOHN P. HALE TO MR. AND MRS. GIBBONS.

"*Dover, N. H., July 21, 1863.*

"You do not know how much we have thought of you and felt for you during and since those terrible days of mob-rule in New-York. Yet it never occurred to us that you might be among the victims, until we read in the *Evening Post* that 'the house of Mr. Gibbons, in 29th Street, had been sacked by the mob, and everything valuable carried away.'

"These are indeed sad and terrible times, and there can be no more decisive proof of the infernal spirit which animates a mob in its fury, than that your family, who, for generations, have always had a sympathizing tear, an encouraging word, and a relieving hand for every form of wretchedness and woe, should have been visited in wrath and desolation by those for whom you have done, suffered, and sacrificed so much. But so it is; we cannot reconcile these things in our blindness, with the wisdom, the goodness, or the justice of God."

ANNA M. HOPPER TO LUCY.

"*Philadelphia, July 21st, 1863.*

"It was very good in thee to write us that letter and tell us so many things that we had wanted to

know. Thy father wrote twice ; a few lines to say you were bodily safe, and afterwards, some particulars of the havoc and destruction. Many of our and your friends have called to hear about you, and are interested and moved by the recital of what you have suffered. What an awful thing such a mob is ! and, much as we sympathize with you, how impossible it is for anyone who has not experienced it, to realize the feeling of having a home so suddenly, so ruthlessly, destroyed ! And such a home as yours has been to so many ! Of course we are thankful that you rescued as much as you did, but in spite of all the philosophy we can muster, we cannot help grieving over the loss of the landmarks that have been set up in the journey through life. We learn by a letter from Edward Russell, received to-day, that thy mother and Sally are at home ; or, I should say, in New-York. . . . Aunt Sarah has felt very anxious ; first, about us, at the commencement of Lee's invasion, when it was so dark hereaway ; and since, about you, in those terrible days of riots—and to think of women and children being concerned in the diabolical work !

" The draft goes on quietly here so far, but the smothered wrath may yet show itself in ways that we do not apprehend, for there is a bitter feeling. There are nearly 800 men at Camp Wm. Penn. I hope they may not be molested. . . ."

Added by E. H.

" Isaac has been counting his money. He says

he can send you nine dollars. He is much moved. Words can do little in your case. You have good friends without number to help you."

DR. WALKER TO MR. GIBBONS.

"*Cambridge, July 25, 1863.*

"Your letter giving us an account of the sacking of your house by the mob, took me entirely by surprise. Even now I find it difficult to realize that a home where so much has been devised and done for the wretched classes in society, should be violated and ravaged by those very classes. But I am glad to see that your heart is as stout, as cheerful, as trusting, as ever; and I have no doubt it will be so with all your family. I do not believe that the wise and kind solicitude felt by any one of you for the outcasts of your city, will be lessened by the fact that you have yourselves been made the object of their insane violence. Still, I hope for the good of all, that any individual, to whom it can be traced, will be brought to justice.

"Meanwhile, the country has been taught a lesson more needed than any other; I mean, the duty of submission to government, and to law as law. We have also learned how to deal with mobs. Boston, I know, is not to be compared with New-York, except as we compare small things with great; yet in this matter, I cannot help thinking that our example will have precedence. In mercy to the rabble, bullets and canister first, blank cartridges afterwards. On the whole, our free institu-

tions are standing the terrible strain that has, in various ways, been brought upon them, better than wise men feared. It will be hard to convince me, that they will terminate, as brother Bronson thinks it not unlikely they may, in a 'collapse of Protestantism and Democracy.'"

FROM ELIZABETH GAY.

"*Staten Island, Aug. 13, 1863.*

"If thinking of you all daily and hourly could do you any good, you would have been wonderfully blessed as far as I am concerned, since your late misfortune. But the truth is, I have been in too great a rage to meddle much with pen and paper. Nothing would satisfy me but pistols. Non-resistance to Irish savages howling for one's life-blood, seemed the feeblest subterfuge of cowardice. All my early peace principles were swept away. I, who had meekly borne the brunt of half a dozen mobs, who had gone out from my father's roof expecting to see it again only a heap of ashes, —who had suffered in his person the grossest indignities—tar and feathers and rail—without a thought of defection from traditional views as well as those of mature conviction, at this crisis found myself ready for war. I cried for arms. I fired pistols, who had never held a loaded firearm before, I was ready to kill anybody who came in my way with riotous intentions.

"When the news came of the sacking of your house, that seemed a drop too much. I was in

nightly expectation of being fired myself, and, that night, sat up till four o'clock watching. The sight of an Irish man or woman became so odious to me, that I *could not* treat them with external decency."

TO SALLY.

"*August 14th, '63.*

. . . . . .

"I am sadly short of clothes for the season, but shall weather through a month more roasting and we shall be ourselves again. I cannot go to Milton or anywhere while it is so warm, for I have nothing to be comfortable in, while here, I enjoy the luxury of a sacque by day, and a dress in the cool of the evening.

"We are very comfortable and try to look upon our losses and crosses the best way we may. It is a strange feeling to have one's house taken away; and everything that made it home. I am inwardly moved by the remarks of various people, and make out my estimate of character according to the outpouring of each. Some imagine *how* we feel, while others are totally ignorant. How little they know the utter desolation! Some are so very thankful that human life was spared! A high value is set on individual existence. It is not so much after all. But let us think the best and see every stream of light in this dark day! It is the loving kindness, one of another, and the dear presence that makes the true home.

"*Have n't* you a good Uncle!"

TO LUCY.

"*New-York 8/19 '63.*

" . . . Lucy, I am told, is surprising the natives with her attempts at modelling. I hope she finds time to step aside to read a letter from her mother, and again, to say a word in return. We have devoted ourselves to the quiet occupation of keeping cool ; I may say without much success until yesterday, when the winds rose and the rain poured, and we drank of the atmosphere and found it refreshing.

" I believe our Inventory is complete, at last ; it is made out honestly and with great care. It was a sad and dreary work and I am glad to have it over. We have learned to do without so much, that we can live without our lost household goods and be thankful for what we saved. I hope the house will be repaired satisfactorily, that a *bill* will be put on it, that it will pass out of our hands, and that we shall find ourselves together somewhere. We must wait until the claim is established, and then try to agree upon what is right and best. We cannot live at Number 19, where there is not a thing to remind us of home as it was. I shall keep it ever in my memory, as I saw it in more quiet times. Nothing shall take it away. Every picture is in its place, and there is not a drawer or a closet where I could not lay my hand and find what I wanted. So it shall be now and ever.

" I have scarcely seen thee, my dear child, for so long. I hope the autumn will find us grouped,

and that we shall all look forward, nor cast a longing eye to the spot from whence we have been driven. Julia keeps up wonderfully. We talk over many plans, and when we are silent, it is not because we are sad, but because we have nothing to say.

"I need not tell you what a welcome John Hopper (your Uncle) gets. We are not violent in our demonstrations, but an inward feeling of great satisfaction prevails, when he shows himself among us.

"I have had two visits from the Police to-day, about having our things removed from the Station Houses. They want them taken away before the draft begins. That looks as if they expect inmates and desire to provide accommodations.

"This is a stupid letter, but will state one fact—that, present or absent, my children are *with* me."

FROM MRS. JOHN PARKMAN TO MRS. GIBBONS.

"*Boston, Aug. 28, 1863.*

"*This morning* your precious letter came, it having been delayed by being sent to my husband's mother in the country. Last night, after we went up to bed, John heard me sigh, and said: 'poor Sue!' I told him I felt so oppressed thinking of Mrs. Gibbons and that room of Willie's! I said, 'What if it had been Theodore's room at the Island, just as full of memories and keepsakes?'* And then I told him I would write to you to-day, for I have been feeling ever since it all happened, as if

* Mrs. Parkman lost her only son in the war.

I really could not say a word to you at such a time. I 'm full of grief and *indignation* when I think of what those wretches have cost you all. But your Christian letter has not one word of complaint or anger! You, of all women in the world, to be singled out for such suffering! You, that have spent your life for the poor, the unhappy, and the wicked, to be stripped by those very people for whom you have spent strength, time, and money! your friends can't feel so patient at your wrongs as you do. I have shed many tears for you. Think of those young girls on the housetop in such a service! What a scene for them to tell of to their wondering grandchildren, when they talk of the 'great Rebellion!' and of the devoted *great-grandmother*, who worked so hard through the whole war, to have so much gratitude in return! All the amends that the city can make to you, can be but a drop in the bucket, compared to the loss that can never be made up; those precious relics of children and parents whom you have lost."

FROM J. H. CHOATE TO MRS. GIBBONS.

"*New-York, 1 Sept., 1863.*

"My dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"A number of your personal friends residing everywhere, have placed in my hands the sum of twenty-seven hundred and fifty dollars ($2750.00) with instructions to apply the same to your benefit. I have accordingly deposited it in your name in the Phoenix Bank and send you a Bank-book with that amount to your credit.

"The barbarous and cruel destruction of your home with all its dear associations by the recent riot has aroused the deepest indignation and sympathy of all who in times past have shared its hospitality—and, by a universal and spontaneous impulse they have desired to offer you a substantial expression and proof of their friendship. They wish also to bear a testimony to the value of a life devoted to good works, to the relief of the unfortunate and the rescue of the fallen, and to manifest the gratitude which is felt wherever you are known, for that patriotic devotion which has prompted you to sacrifice everything, since this war began, to the welfare of the sick and wounded soldiers. And more than all, they ask you to accept this offering as a tribute of the universal admiration of your friends for the fidelity with which you and your family have adhered at all times to every good and worthy cause, and which has in no small measure brought upon your heads this last calamity. The parties who thus claim at your hands the full rights of friendship have requested me not to disclose their names, but you will take my assurance that there are none among them, from whose hands you would hesitate to receive a kindness, or whom, if known, you would fail to recognize as the friends of many years.

"In their name I wish you a speedy revival of your cheerful home and a long and happy life.

"Yours very truly

"Joseph H. Choate."

ANSWER OF MRS. GIBBONS.

"My dear friend,

"Your letter of the 1st September, with its enclosure, took me by surprise—it moved me greatly. The destruction of our home, though a heavy trial, is so light a burden compared with that of hundreds around us, whose losses cannot be restored, that we can but number it among those accidents which the time makes it a duty to bear in silence and in patience. So much the more do we appreciate the generous sympathy of those friends who have desired to share it with us. They make us sensible how much of the happiness we have enjoyed in past years we owe to them. This double favor shall be remembered in the future, when the inconvenience we have suffered shall have passed away; and we shall lay it to heart as an encouragement in all those social cares and duties which you have thought worthy of being referred to with such partiality, and as deserving of so generous an acknowledgment.

"Let me return to the givers through you the expression of our most grateful feelings, and assurances of the pleasure with which we shall cherish the memory of their true friendship.

"*September 10, '63.*"

FROM WILLIAM SIDNEY THAYER IN EGYPT.

"*Alexandria 4th Sept. '63.*

"I cannot send you a letter. My fingers are crippled by a severe illness of six weeks.

"I only wish to assure you and Mr. Gibbons of my deepest sympathy in the cruel sacrilege you have suffered at the hands of the mob. I did not at first believe it; it was so shocking and unnatural. If any place in New-York should have been holy ground to the poorer classes, it was your house. But they knew not what they did.

"With affectionate regards to you all, I am

"Faithfully your friend,

"W. S. Thayer."

TO DR. JAMES WALKER.

"*New York, Sept. 9th, '63.*

"Our late experiences have had the effect to silence me. Otherwise, I should have given expression in some measure to what we all feel for the superabounding kindness of thyself and wife, in offering to shelter us from the storm, which has made such a fearful sweep over our dear home. There is much to be thankful for, and I know thou wilt rejoice with us that the bust of our beloved son was saved—his photograph, and the medallion of my father, with other things of more or less value.

"The warning was such as gave little time, but our daughters were brave and did what they could. Everything had to be taken to the top of the house and over our neighbor's roof, to the dwelling of my sister—a slow process—and the children, who were alone in the house, became exhausted, and not dreaming of an attack in open

day, tarried to take a cup of tea, intending to return and secure what was most valuable. As they said, they scarcely knew where to begin.

"In about fifteen minutes after they left the house, two men, *mounted*, and a third carrying the American Flag, rode up to the gate of the court-yard, stationed themselves at either side, and a signal being given, the work of destruction began by breaking down the front door. Women and children joined in the breaking of glass. Two women, with lighted torches, poured turpentine on the furniture and set it on fire. The house was fired in many places. In the parlor, it was kindled with my father's private papers, remnants of which were scattered over the floor. The bookcase, his pet piece of furniture and more than a century in the family, was broken in pieces. The upper part, filled with my son's books, was carried away. My mother's furniture, and my grandfather's, shared the same fate.

"It was an appalling scene to the children, who witnessed it, but they had strength for the day. Mr. Choate who has been son and brother since Willie's death, discovered signs which led him directly to our house, where he found the rioters at work. His first thought was to rescue the children. They were taken over the tops of the houses, until they reached the corner of the street, where a Hebrew family invited them to pass through their house. Entering a carriage which Mr. Carter had in waiting, they went to Mr. Choate's house, where we met them with their father upon our arrival from

Point Lookout, and were made welcome and at home.

"The news reached us near midnight, July 18th, and we made arrangements to leave next day. Two days after our return, my brother John came in from the country and gave us his home, his family being away for the summer. Here we have been comfortably together, and, I trust, making the best of our circumstances.

"Grievous as is the change, and homesick as we often feel, we are not dismayed, but look forward to securing a home in the autumn, where we shall again enjoy, as best we can, the pleasant things of life.

"Because this calamity has overtaken us, is no reason why we should sit with folded hands. I hope for a renewal of strength, that we may perform cheerfully the labor assigned. The last of next week, we shall in all probability return to Point Lookout, for a month at least. Two excellent and devoted friends will bear us company, whom we shall train in our way of work and then leave them in charge.

"I still hold control of the Hospital and shall continue my interest, supplying it with stores and with nurses. Being identified with its rise and progress, having been steadily in from its opening, I cannot easily give it up without loss. Knowing that much can be done to alleviate the sufferings of mind and body, I cannot shrink from the work. We wish to pass much of the winter at home, but if an emergency comes, I hope I shall be prepared to meet it.

"When we left the Hospital, there were fourteen hundred patients."

FROM DR. WALKER.

"*Cambridge, Sept. 14, 1863.*

"Even now I can hardly bring myself to believe that your pleasant home has been sacked by an infuriated mob, and that so many objects, dear to you from long-cherished recollections, have been plundered or destroyed. The fact and the circumstances attending it have all the incoherencies and inconsistencies of a distressing dream. I could not follow Mr. —— in his attempts to palliate the conduct of the wretched instruments of the mob. The worst of them entered into the work with a heartiness, which shows that they were animated by a Satanic spirit. After all, what is truly divine in man, is not what he is by nature, but what he is by training and culture. Say what we will of the dignity of human nature, a wild man is a wild beast, and a beast of prey. It is this grain of truth, misunderstood, which has enabled the Calvinistic dogma of hereditary and total depravity to maintain its hold so long on our popular mind.

"Of course, this is only another reason for regarding the degraded and neglected classes with compassion, as well as with concern and anxiety. Still, if a man (or a woman) *is* a devil, I do not see why we should not call him one, merely because we can account for his being one; and this, too, though we are able to labor and suffer and die to make him otherwise.

"But all such moralizing seems like a mockery of your trouble, in which, I can assure you, we have felt the deepest sympathy. I hope to hear soon of your being happily 'at home' again. At best, this whole affair is a strange mystery; the mystery will indeed be inscrutable, if it should have the effect, in the end, to abridge your means either of comfort or charity. Meanwhile, I am glad to know that you and all your family possess the resources which will turn evil into good. Our activities do much; but our sufferings do more; not only for ourselves but also for others. One of the best proofs of Christianity is, that this doctrine runs through it, and is the Key of its Founder's life and influence.

"I am happy to learn that so many of the souvenirs of your son, so dearly prized and so tenderly cared for, have been preserved; I regret extremely that those of your father are gone. A fellow feeling enables me to enter keenly into your husband's mourning for his books. But if he will pardon me the paradox, the thoroughness of the destruction has spared him one comfort; nothing has been left to remind him of his loss. I say this seriously. Nobody can love his books more than I do mine; yet, in thinking of the contingency of the house being burnt, I have almost wished that, in that event, they might all be burnt together; so that I might not afterwards have the sight of an odd or scorched volume, to renew my grief."

CHAPTER XXIV.

1863–1864.

RETURN TO POINT LOOKOUT.

TO J. S. G.

"*Point Lookout, Sept. 13, '63.*

"WE had a pleasant journey the whole distance. Miss Woolsey took me to Mrs. Norris' door, where I passed the night. Next morning, at half-past eight, she called for me. We drove to the Provost-Marshal's and got a pass to the Point.

"Went to the Steamer *Keyport*, where we were severely scrutinized by a Custom-House Officer who looked right into our eyes and gave signs of looking into our trunks. Suddenly it occurred to me that I espied a *Sutler* who had been long at the Point, so I said :

"'Do you know, Mr. Donnelly, a Sutler?'

"'Yes, very well.'

"'Go to him and he will soon put us through,' and in a few minutes, all was settled to satisfaction.

"Upon depositing our trunks at our quarters, we discovered Adams & Co's Express cards on one of Miss Woolsey's, marked 'Charleston,' which looked suspicious and accounted for the officer's hesitation in passing us.

"There was great commotion upon our reaching

the Point. The Doctors declared the shelling of Charleston would not cause more excitement. I secured our old Quarters—three rooms. Dr. Heger was kind and allowed all we asked, taking us home to supper.

"*September 17.*—We have been very busy, in Hospital and Camp, ever since we arrived. I had occasion to call upon General Marston about getting off some contrabands who are owned on this Point. I found him up to the mark and he at once put them on their way to Washington. He took occasion to detain me an hour, talking over matters in general. Some things surprised me. One of his Officers has invited us to drive this afternoon and we are going to explore the rebel camps and surrounding grounds.

"The General says he does not make calls on anybody, and asked me to introduce the Misses Woolsey to him, adding: 'I often get letters from Washington enquiring about you all and like to be able to speak from a knowledge of facts.'

"We called this morning; were most graciously received and kindly considered. This afternoon's drive is a consequence. The general is a true friend of the contrabands, says he will be thankful to anyone who will help to clothe them, and that none shall be returned to their masters. He has ordered barracks in an excellent locality, which will improve their condition in every way.

"As I entered headquarters, the owner of the slaves was in advance, for the purpose of reclaiming his 'property.' In less than five minutes, he

retreated. The General invited me to make a statement of facts. Husband, wife, and five children, leave this evening.

"We are making slow, but I hope sure, progress. I cannot yet decide on a time for our return. It looks just now as if this beautiful place was to be given over to rebel prisoners, which I think a great mistake.

"Why should we dislodge true and loyal men for rebels? The climate is healthy and the place possessed of so many advantages, that we cannot help feeling a good deal about it. There is a general outcry. Let us hope it may not be! We have 4000 rebel prisoners now. We went through the Camp and have a number sick in our Hospital. I talked with them some time yesterday. There are two young men that interest me, one of whom looked into my face saying piteously: 'We are in your power now.' The other asked for cold water; he said he was parched with thirst. Poor fellows! both are sure to die and I was ready to give them an assurance of kind attendance.

"A third said: 'You treat us well,' the tears running down his cheeks. They are homesick to desperation and I am not disposed to trouble them.

"James M. Barnard, of Boston, who has been a most liberal contributor all through the war, and in many ways given aid, comfort, and sympathy to both soldiers and contrabands, added the following words to a letter recently received:

"'One of the great compensations of the war will be that the real lovers of humanity and progress

will be drawn more closely together for their common benefit and pleasure. Already, life has become more precious, for it is enriched by the intercourse with kindred spirits, alive to greater issues than ever before. The letters which are before me on the table are proofs of this, coming as they do from friends whose acquaintance I have made during the war, and to whom I owe some of the best influences of my life.

"'You must let me know how I can promote your future plans for our gallant soldiers.'"

TO LUCY.

"*Washington, 9/26, '63.*

"There being nothing in the way, I took a run to this famous city (famous for dust) which I am able to do without expense. I am keeping Mr. Baker company; his family are away; so we discuss persons and things in general. The reasons are various why I came and I have accomplished some desirable ends. I leave to-morrow for the Point.

"I have visited the various contraband camps, that I may be able to represent the best plans to General Marston, who, by the way, is very friendly. I suppose Sally has told all the news—that Mr. Hale * took tea with us in our little parlor. We introduced him to the Woolseys, went with him to Headquarters, heard speeches, and music from the Band. It is whispered that General Marston is to

* John P. Hale of N.H.

be a candidate for United States Senator. The distinguished guests were on that errand. If they had taken a week day for it, Mrs Lander would have accompanied.

"Yesterday, I had a drive to Arlington, General Lee's plantation, now used for contrabands. Dr. and Mrs. Webster are there. I saw much of them last winter. I was at Fairfax Seminary, Distribution Camp, Convalescent Camp, and afterwards at the Home for Aged Women and Colored Children. It is a lovely situation and there are seventeen children. Horace Mann's sister is there. One day, I passed at the camp where there are 600, living very neatly and many of them paying their own way. They hire out, make baskets, combs &c. I was in their school and their improvement in reading is remarkable. Everything is conducted in a simple and sensible way. Dear me! I get wonderfully interested, and, everywhere, see so much to be done.

"Sandy Dorsey and family came here from the Point a few days before I left. We got them off in the face of their master, with the strong arm of General Marston. Sandy imagines that a spell is upon him. It is a most singular superstition in which they indulge. He imagines something like a lizard about him, and is terribly tortured. I reasoned with him long. At length I told him I must ask advice concerning him. He has perfect faith in all I say, and I am treating him with great effect. My remedy is *bread pills*. The Doctor is in the secret, and is to continue the pills until he

admits he is cured. He says the medicine I give him is so powerful that he is sure the evil spirits will get out of him.

"You would be surprised to hear the little girls read; they learn very fast."

Written to Miss C. M. Sedgwick on her proposal to withdraw from the presidency of the Women's Prison Association:

"At a special meeting of the 'Women's Prison Association,' held at the 'Isaac T. Hopper Home,' Oct. 13, '63, thy letter of Oct. 9th, resigning thy position as First Director, was presented. The reading made a deep impression upon all present, and after a season of silence, succeeded by many demonstrations of loving kindness towards thee, our dear friend and counsellor, the privilege was given me to answer thy communication, and to assure thee that, while we patiently abide the temporary separation from one whom we have held to be our strength in adversity, with one voice we call thee to share in our prosperity. When our days were darkest, thy presence and the might of thy influence sustained us. We remember with feelings of gratitude thy tender sympathy and substantial aid. And now, let the remembrance of thy goodness and of all thou hast been to us, animate us to renewed exertion in behalf of our dependent family, and guide us in every important act of the Society of which thou hast ever been the pride and ornament.

"We reverently acknowledge thee as our Head. Grant us thy loved and honored name, and believe us now and in all time,

"Faithfully and affectionately,

"Thy grateful friends,

"A. H. Gibbons, in behalf of

"Committee."

FROM MISS SEDGWICK TO MRS. GIBBONS.

"*Woodbourne, 17th Oct., '63.*

"Your letter was preceded by one from Judge Edmonds, which announced our great and unexpected fortune; which, as I had no premonition of it, nor knew the source whence it came, seemed to me the direct gift of Heaven to our long-struggling and little-favored association—little favored by the public, but so long favored by the Providence of your patient, effective and, in the darkest times, hopeful spirit. And by others who have been faithful and constant, and willing to work without observation or praise. Tho' I had previously known the fact of the bequest, your letter placed me in sympathy with you, and concentrated in one burning focus the cares and joys we have so long shared. It was to you I owed my introduction to the Society, and if any forgotten and forlorn wretch has received any good thro' my participation in this work, it is to you I owe it. I immediately wrote to Mrs. Doremus, suggesting the steps that I supposed proper to be taken in acknowledgment of the bequest, and at the same

time I sent in my resignation—rejoiced that the time had come when the Society no longer needed the little aid I gave them. The next thing to be considered is to lay out the work in accordance with our enlarged means, avoiding equally the prodigality of spendthrifts just come to a fortune, and the narrow views of those long accustomed to the coercion of poverty."

Miss Sedgwick was not able to finish this letter.

FROM FRANK NICHOLS, A SOLDIER.

"*Point Lookout, Oct. 14, '63.*

"Mrs. Gibbons dear friend and more than Mother i call you so because you lifted me from a bed of sickness and nourished me Until i became as strong as a young Samson for which Treatment (i hope) God will Bless you and yours as also my dear friend Mrs. Parsons we all feel very lonely since you have left us but we Hope the day is not far distant when we will have the pleasure of escorting you and Miss Sarah to your Quarters at Point Lookout.

"Capt. Lucas went up the country for his wife and daughter they came down about 7 P.M they had their mind made up to cook their supper but we would not allow that as we had supper prepared for them. they were very much disappointed when they came on not seeing you. Capt. Edwards called to see us He said he promised you that he would have the cookhouse roof fixed

so as to keep out the Rain. To show him that we appreciated His kindness we immediately sent Him a pumpkin pie

"Your friend Dr. Lee came to the Back door of the store Room and knocked nobody heard him but I saw him i would let him knock until he broke his fingers before i should answer him. he wanted wine as usual but he came to the wrong Hotel. . . .

"Oct. 16th Great News Dr. Lee has received his walking papers we are going to take some tinpans and Drum him off the point."

In November of this year the eldest daughter, Sarah, was married to William Emerson, Jr., who died the following February.

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, Oct. 23, '63.*

"I reached home safely (not the least tired) at the eleventh hour—went up in the cars, expressing the trunks, which were safely delivered next day. Thy father and all are well, the Barnards having had a glorious evening preceding my return. There were the Barnards, the Parsons, and Mr. Carter, who came most opportunely, and entered largely into the enjoyment. He says he never witnessed such a success as the Barnard evening. They staid until 12, Mrs. Barnard declaring it ungrateful to leave while they were having such a good time. They were enthusiastic about Booth,

having known him well—and over his wife, who was a charming woman.

"Now to our 'Home' future! In addition to the Legacy of $60,000, my Avenue D. Railroad sold on 3d day last for $12,000. Judge Edmonds has done splendidly. Uncle John is appointed our Attorney, as we shall need a responsible person to take charge of our accumulated property.

"So fortune has favored the Institution founded by Grandfather, and the money comes to us because it bears his name. It is a handsome memorial to his good works. Let us hope that favors may be further extended, and that every cloud shall be removed, and the sun be made to shine upon us all. Many have been our dark days, but faith, patience, and hope, will carry us through. Hurrah for the 'Isaac T. Hopper Home'!"

HORACE GREELEY TO MRS. GIBBONS.

"*Office of the Tribune.*
"*New-York, Nov. 30, '63.*

"My friend,

"I send the letter to General Gillmore asked for in yours just received.

"I beg you to believe that I do this very willingly, not merely for your and your friend's sake, but because I am happy to learn that there is one person of the masculine persuasion of whom you can speak favorably.

"I can hardly hope ever to see you again, since you have chosen a habitation so near the North Pole; and yet I am almost affronted that Sally

should be married before I even suspected that she was or had been engaged. Will you please convey to her my most cordial and hearty good wishes? likewise to Julia, Lucy, and James, and believe me

"Yours,

"Horace Greeley."

FROM SIDNEY HOWARD GAY.

"*New-York, Jan. 2, 1864.*

"In coming down town to-night I was accosted by a young girl, whose dress was so sober, she so modest in bearing, so young, that I felt interest enough to let her walk along with me while I questioned her. She told me her story—or professed to—and I believe, truly, and expressed a wish to abandon a life on which she had but recently entered. I told her, if that was true, I thought I could put her into a way of entering upon a new course, and gave her your name. She seems to have been well educated and well bro't up, and to come of respectable people; tho' she would not to me, and probably will not to you, give her real name. But that is not essential. If she was in earnest, she will call on you on Thursday, and that will be the best test of her sincerity. She is only eighteen, and *may* be a brand that can be plucked out of the fire. If my own house were in town, I would have sent her to Lizzy. The next best thing is to send her to you, who can better treat such a case than anybody I know. Will

you listen to her with your usual patience and kindness and see what can be done for her?

"Of course it is best that nobody should know of this, as your part must be concealed if she is to be helped."

TO LUCY.

"*Washington, Jan. 18, 1864.*

"I have written urging Julia to come to Washington. It will give her new life. She will see what she has never seen, and hear in Congress what she may not hear again. I want her to come. I have wished for her every day.

"I have not passed an idle hour and I marvel at the invigorating effect of a stay here. The Danas* are jewels. They live in a Camp sort of way. I went to the Capitol, heard Anna Dickinson, saw the President, who was called for after she took her seat. He went modestly to the platform and whispered to Vice-President Hamlin; then left the Hall. Upon which Hamlin, who presided, said to the audience: 'The President is embarrassed and says he cannot follow so distinguished a speaker.' She delighted all. Mrs. President was there.

"I stand by the President and Seward now and in all time. The other day, Seward was urged to go North and make some speeches. He said, 'Oh no, if I were to speak *for* the Union, the people would say I spoke *against* the Union.' The papers

* General and Mrs. James J. Dana.

said the other day that Chase and Seward hated each other. It is a lie ; they are on the best terms. *Tribune*, *Times*, *Herald*, and *Daily News* may have their say. When Seward speaks, men do not wish to understand what he means, and make it what they please. Mrs. Schuyler wrote to him from her death bed, approving his course. Her vision was clear ; and, with her great mind, with which few men can compare, what she says has weight. She was a wonderful woman. Mr. Baker has read her late letters to Seward ; he says they are very remarkable. Those who saw her a little, knew her a great deal, for she manifested herself in every act of her life. . . ."

TO SALLY.

" *Washington, Jan. 25, '64.*

"This day, as have been all days the past week, has been lovely. Adams S. Hill has just left ; never saw him when he was more agreeable. I have had a most satisfactory time in every sense, seeing the people and things I most wished to. I had a nice little talk with General Butler. I told him I *believed* in him ; he had much to say of the Point. His plan seems to be to let the rebels take the oath and then enlist them in our service.

"I had a talk with Anna Dickinson and was pleased with her. I have enjoyed the society of Mr. and Mrs. Endicott and the Rantouls, of whom I have seen a great deal. We went to see the Woolseys ; took Mrs. Grimes and had a charming day ; went to the 'National Home,' and to vari-

ous hospitals, of which I shall tell thee when at home. Mr. Endicott went with me to see Mr. Sumner, with whom I had a most satisfactory interview. He received us with great cordiality, as well as did Mr. Ally, of the House. I gave Mr. Sumner a full account of Point Lookout—Camp and Hospital—and he questioned and cross-questioned me with regard to it. He has the whole matter much at heart and it is pressed upon him from other quarters.

"Our 'Home' is being reorganized. Mrs. Endicott collected $500.00 for it last year and will do the same this. I have had a very pleasant letter from Julia who appears to be in the line of her duty as well as pleasure for the time being. She says she is like the old woman in *Mother Goose*, 'all she wants is elbow room, elbow room'; for body and mind. I want to see you all. . . .

"I have met many pleasant friends here—some members of the House. It is good to know such, as they may pull a wire occasionally for the public good. Mr. Grimes promises to vote on the right side in Medical and Military affairs. Soon, I must look toward home. I own Washington to be good on occasion, for body and soul. . . ."

Returning from Nicaragua crippled with malaria, William Sidney Thayer accepted the appointment of Consul General to Egypt. His diplomatic career was marked with rare tact and ability. He lost no time in securing the exclusion from the harbors of Egypt, of all privateers and

vessels bearing an unrecognized flag, at a time when the *Sumter* was in those waters; and in obtaining for Americans equal facilities with English manufacturers for getting Egyptian cotton.

President Lincoln spoke of his appointment as one "needing no consideration," and the Department of State did not hesitate to pronounce his letters the "best received from any quarter." He was a warm personal friend of both Mr. Seward and Mr. Sumner, being entrusted with the delicate task of opening and answering Mr. Sumner's correspondence, at the time he was disabled by the attack of Preston S. Brooks.

The Department, in announcing his death, said: "On the 16th of May last, the Department was advised of the lamented death of our late eminent and cherished representative at Alexandria."

Mr. Thayer died at Alexandria, Egypt, on the 10th of April of this year. George W. Curtis wrote of him, in *Harper's Weekly*, that "profoundly interested in his important duties as a foreign representative of his country, thoroughly in sympathy with the great cause with which we are struggling, he could hardly give mind or body the needful rest. Even the soft touch of Egypt could not heal him, and at the age of thirty-five, the modest, genial, energetic, accomplished man dies at his post, and dies leaving no one who ever knew him who will not deeply regret his loss."

Samuel Bowles, of the *Springfield Republican*, said: "Mr. Thayer was a man of rare accomplish-

ments, of wide and various culture, refined taste and habits, wise without dogmatism, earnest without coarseness, witty without vulgarity, practical and poetical alike, a model journalist and a lovable man."

TO JAMES BRADLEY THAYER.

"*New-York, May 10th, '64.*

"How well I remember the conviction that possessed my mind when I bade a last adieu to William S. Thayer! I may say, he was my nearest friend. Most intimately I knew him, most tenderly I loved him. It was a mother's love; he was associated with a beloved son; they were lovely together, though William was my son's senior by years. I could sit down and talk with him as if he were a woman; and he was so pure, so beautiful, his spirit forever shining out from within, that I delighted to look upon him.

"In the host that sought and caressed him, he could number every one his friend. *Acquaintance*, there was none—nearer and dearer was he to all who approached him. Julia once said he never did a distasteful thing in all our intercourse with him. It was true; he was charming in all his ways.

"As I said, when we parted I believed it for the last time; there seemed so little to build upon. But then he wrote me that the air of Alexandria was like the breath of Heaven, and hope promised a reunion. It is true I had been anxious about him of late, because I sent him a long letter and

received no answer. I entreated him to send for 'darling Sally,' as he used to call her in his severe illness. . . . I became very thoughtful about him, and how I longed to be doing for him!

"Alas, alas! it is all over, and we are left to cry bitter tears, and to long more than ever for his dear presence.

"Poor lonely mother! my heart feels for her. The world must be sadly changed for her—and his sister! poor Sarah! how she did keep him in her heart!

"Let us, my dear friend, preserve with tenderest care, all the sweet memories of the past! and let us talk about him, that he may live in the midst of us all. He has left us precious legacies."

FROM WILLIAM L. KING TO MRS. GIBBONS.

"*Nice, 10 May, 1864.*

"Thank you very much for your kind and interesting letter of the 12th of April, and seeing you have made such an excellent use of the little sum I sent you, I am tempted to trouble you once more in the same way, and I enclose another small draft on Naylor & Co. for fifty dollars, which please appropriate for the poor wounded, in such manner as may seem best to you. When I think how much you have done for the poor soldiers during the war, I feel almost as if I was doing wrong to give you the trouble.

"It is quite heartrending to learn how they despoiled you in New-York. The robbery and sack-

ing of your house, and the burning of the Colored Orphan Asylum, I consider the two greatest acts of vandalism committed during the war on the part of the North. It will be long before the Irish population recover from the stain of such acts. How hard to forgive them! and yet it *must* be done, and I know no one knows better how to do it than yourself."

CHAPTER XXV.

1864.

BELLE PLAIN AND FREDERICKSBURG.

FROM SALLY TO HER FATHER.

"*Belle Plain, May 18th, 1864, 6.30 A.M.*

"WE left the Ebbitt House at 9.30 yesterday morning, and after waiting on the Sixth Street Wharf and keeping a tug and General Augur waiting for our baggage, we landed on board the *Lizzie Baker* and set sail for this place at 12 M., reaching here in the neighborhood of 4.30. Were kept waiting on board the steamer until ever so many rebs were put on one alongside, who, with others shipped in the evening, made 1500 sent off yesterday. Landed, and had lunch in a gloomy little corner of the Sanitary Boat. As we waited, we saw General Hunter on the deck of the other steamer, and occupied ourselves with watching a train of ambulances two and a half miles long winding down through a gap in the hills—Belle *Plain* being a very hilly country.

"Luncheon over, we went on board a steamer to receive the wounded from the ambulances, and this engaged us every moment until between 9 and 10., and such a sight! Their groans, as they were

moved from the ambulances, were frightful to hear ; and, as they were brought in on their stretchers, and laid upon the deck made soft with straw, our business was to supply them with ice-water, coffee, milk, punch, farina, bread, crackers, or whiskey, according to their needs ; wet their wounds, which had not been dressed for days ; attend to all their necessities, take last words from dying lips, and promise to write to friends at home the sad tidings. You would wonder to see the rather elegant Alfred J. Bloor kneeling by the side of a wounded man, attending to every kind of disagreeable duty, and Rev. W. H. Channing, going from one to another, treating Yank and Reb with no discrimination.

"We have always observed that the Rebs make more noise when they are suffering than our men do.

"There came a messenger to ask what disposition to make of General Wadsworth, who was forthcoming, and who died on Sunday !

"Night before last at 5 o'clock, not a wounded man was here, and before they slept, the Sanitary Commission had fed 3000 ; and this they do faithfully, for last night they went to every man in every ambulance. Col. Cuyler, Medical Director forty years in the army, says he never saw anything like this before.

"In the last week, they have landed at one wharf 35,000 fresh troops for Grant. They have been sent on and he has waited for them. A great battle is expected to-day or to-morrow. They have shipped 7000 prisoners, 12,000 wounded, and, be-

sides all this, have landed all the necessary food and ammunition for Grant's army—man and beast, —and for all the wounded. Doctors and contrabands are so exhausted that they must be kept up with whiskey. Help has been sent for. Rain daily until yesterday, which has made everything harder."

"*Fredericksburg, May 21.*

"To begin where I left off! We slept on the Sanitary Barge in bunks; not very well, because they were unloading another boat directly alongside, which occupied the whole night. Started for this place at 7.30 A.M., wading through mud to get to the ambulances. Such a road! and how wounded men ever bear the transportation is a mystery. Twelve miles of jolting which took seven hours and tired *us* nearly out! The night before, thirty waggons were captured by guerillas between here and the Plain, but we saw nothing suspicious and decided that Mosely was frightened by our large Cavalry escort.

"Reached Fredericksburg at 2 P.M. Had dinner and I was put into a Hospital at once. The whole town is filled with wounded. House after house, store after store, filled with men lying on the floor. I have about 160. We see nothing but frightfully wounded men."

FROM SALLY.

"*Washington, May 26, 1864.*

"Mother and I have just arrived from Fredericksburg, after a long and tiresome journey.

They are moving our men from there as fast as possible, as guerillas are known to be in the vicinity and a raid is anticipated. We went to the cars yesterday morning about eleven o'clock—platform cars, without railing or cover and had to wait in the broiling sun for hours before setting out. It was a very picturesque sight to see the long train piled with men in clothing of all colors, from scarlet to white, holding green branches in their hands as a protection from the sun : trains of ambulances coming over the hills, and contrabands flocking in with bundles on their heads.

" Upon reaching Aquia Creek, we boarded the *Argo*, already laden with wounded. Arrived within sight of Washington, we received a countermand to return to Alexandria ; there we sat and lay on the wharf, utterly exhausted until eleven o'clock, when we were conducted to a filthy hole to pass the night. The vermin were so thick that we dared not get on the beds and stretched ourselves on the hard floor, with no pillows and ' no nothing,' although the guide had assured us that ' we should find everything just like it was to home, piano and all.' Took boat for Washington at seven this morning, and here we are, having had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours but a raw egg, a cracker and a little punch, although we fed the wounded with panada, coffee, whiskey, lemonade, &c.

" You can form no idea of the work we had to do in Fredericksburg. I had a hundred and sixty men, all on the floor and not a bed to be seen ; four storehouses and one third story, packed so

close that the men nearly touched each other ; in one room with twenty-three men, fourteen amputations ; not a breath of air until Mr. Thaxter knocked out the windowpanes and afterwards the sashes. We stole straw to fill ticks, stole boards to make bunks, stole bedsteads, took nails from packing boxes, and yesterday every man was comparatively comfortable. The filth exceeded anything you ever dreamed of—stench terrific. The Sanitary Commission has been the only decent feature of the place. Some of the Christian Commission have worked splendidly too. The Sanitary agents washed men, dressed wounds, and did everything. They have saved hundreds of lives, for provisions were terribly scarce and nothing was to be had in the city. I think it was Sunday morning, the report was that 23,000 wounded had been sent on, 7,166 remained, besides 1000 sick.

"I left a dear little boy, Frank Doherty, Fifty-seventh Mass., sixteen years old. He was shot through the arm, the ball passing through one lung and out at his back ; as innocent as a baby, delirious most of the time, and in a dying state. Over and over again, he said : 'I want you to take me to your room ; you must be a friend to me now that I have no other ; this ice is so rich—it is so beautiful—take me out into the sunshine—good-night ;' and all such broken sentences, snatches of prayer one moment and military orders the next. He was an apothecary's boy and did not need to go into the fight, but begged his captain for the privilege.

"I said to him, 'Oh, Frank, you were too young.'

"'Ask my captain if I did not do good service,' was his answer."

TO SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

"*Washington, May 31, '64.*

"We have had a wonderful experience of the horrors of war at Fredericksburg, and every variety of painful scene. How often I thought of poor Sarah Shaw! If she had been with us she would have been ready to exclaim every hour of the day, 'Thank God that my dear son was struck down suddenly!' No newspaper has exaggerated a single fact. Cut up and then wriggled over the most fearful roads to be changed from ambulance to filthy floor, with scarcity of everything. Then taken again to cars, then to Transport and again to Hospital. All this we see, and the dead and dying lifted from each conveyance.

"In all this terrible life and death, one little incident occurred worthy of record. As Mrs. General Barlow was bending over a young and perhaps reckless boy, who was about to die, she heard him singing the song 'Possum up a gum tree,' etc. His voice became every moment more feeble, when a member of the Christian Commission rushed up to her saying, 'Madam, did you catch his last words?' Imagine the horror-stricken missionary when she repeated them. Oh, what a set of pious loafers these men are! *in the main!* A few are to be respected and honored. I saw five of their number, with their silver, or perhaps plated shields, at

the grave of Washington's mother, cracking away at the marble Tomb, to secure pieces to carry away. They regard neither law nor order, and give their liquor indiscriminately. Dr. Harris told me they went into one of his hospitals, and gave his men brandy just after the stimulants had been administered by his ward-master, and when he stepped in, he 'found them all fuddled' to use his own words.

"The Sanitary Commission is a blessing beyond calculation. I never before knew what it was after a battle. But for it, thousands would die, and then the comfort and confidence they give the poor fellows!

"When we arrived at Belle Plain, we found a train of ambulances filled with wounded, two and a half miles long. These we saw placed on Transports, we fed them, wetted their wounds and remained with them until twelve at night, when they left to go a distance of three miles and be again transferred to the *Connecticut*. The water was too shallow to allow her to approach the wharf."

REV. FRANCIS MORRILL TO MRS. EMERSON.

"*East Livermore, June 6, '64.*

"Mrs. Emerson.

"I received your kind and sympathetic letter. Truly I have cause to grieve. Three of my sons volunteered to help save their country. Captain Wm. W. Morrill was killed in the Wilderness on the 8th, Lieutenant John M. Morrill was wounded

on the 12th at Spottsylvania and is in Armory Square Hospital, Washington. The one in your care was wounded on the same day with John; another son has been to the front and spent some three weeks in search of his Brothers but the one in your care (Daniel) he could not find and returned with a sad heart, to add to my sorrow the unwelcome news that he could not find Daniel. My dear friend, if you can and will tell me if he is alive or dead and where he can be found, I shall esteem it a great favor, and may God bless you in your work of mercy! Pardon me for troubling you so much; but we, as parents, are deeply afflicted.

"Very respectfully yours,

"Francis Morrill.

"Mrs. Emerson,

"Sanitary Commission, D.C.

"*Our country must be saved.*"

FROM SURGEON-GENERAL BARNES.

"*Washington, War Department, Surgeon-General's Office,*

"*June 9th, 1864.*

"Pass to White House, (Va.) (with Personal Baggage and Subsistence only) the following persons, to report to Surgeon Dalton for orders and assignment to duty as '*Volunteer Nurses.*'

"Mrs. Gibbons and Mrs. Emerson.

"Mr. L. L. Thaxter.

"Mr. J. G. Clark.

"Failure to report to, or disobedience to the orders of the above officer, by any one accepting

this Pass, will be at once reported to the Provost-Marshal, who will cause its revocation as having been procured under false pretences.

"By order of the Secretary of War:

"J. N. Barnes,

"Acting Surgeon-General."

FRAGMENT. TO LUCY.

"*City Point, June 16th, 1864.*

"We went yesterday four miles up the Appomattox, close by General Butler's Headquarters, on a tour of exploration, and to-day sent a supply of stores. They have a great many wounded. We returned to Bermuda Hundred to leave such stores at the Station there as were most needed; and, at sundown, came to City Point, where we shall probably remain stationary for a time.

"This morning we began our work in earnest, going to No. 1 Hospital, where I found Harry Russell. Since then, I took him some nice beef-tea, which he relished well, and some iced lemonade. He is in the room with a Major, a Captain, and a number of colored soldiers. His wound is not severe, being a flesh-wound near the shoulder. His men seem very fond of him and say he is a brave Colonel. They tell with perfect delight, that after he was wounded, they heard him call out 'Rally, boys, rally!' and call upon his sergeant to help him, saying 'tear——'"

JOURNAL.

A few days since as I was passing up the street at City Point, I was accosted by General Marston.

He was very cordial and told me he was in command now, and that General Grant had passed on. Of course, I was cordial in return, for I knew and respected him. He invited me to go to Headquarters at any time, and said he should visit the "New World." On the strength of his acquaintance, I went straightway to the Quartermaster and called for an ambulance to take me to Spring Hill, obtaining it promptly.

The rumor is that Fort Darling is to be attacked. We have heard heavy cannonading at a much greater distance. It is terrible that regiment after regiment should be sent out, to be returned in a few days, cut to pieces. Very few seem to escape with one wound only. One of the men who left us yesterday was obliged to rest on his hands and knees all the time. Another knelt on a pillow and laid his head in a berth. Some are wounded in the head. In short, no part of the body escapes.

To see them and to hear their groans is hard indeed. They lower them from the third story of this Hospital on what they call a *Dummy*. They are taken up by the same process. How sorry they are to leave us! A lad of eighteen years said "Oh, let me die! My misery is so great I do not wish to live a moment longer." So far as they are concerned, I rejoice when they go, and can look upon the passing away with composure. And then I think of the mourners at home and my heart goes out in sympathy. Were they witnesses of the mortal agony, many would say "let him go!" We have a Chaplain on board, and this

morning, service was held. If anything will move the hardest heart, it is one of these occasions, when the far-spent and weary lift up their feeble voices to join in the singing of hymns and bend their heads in prayer. Such a scene I witnessed this morning. The Chaplain is a good man ; his words are cheerful and hopeful ; but for all that, it is at such times that home faces and home scenes present themselves, and the longing to be there, and the probability that separation is near at hand, is keenly realised.

June 20th.—General Barlow's brother goes direct to New-York, and I send this by him to make sure of your getting it. I have passed this day in washing and dressing wounds in ambulances. A poor fellow, wounded only two days since, and his wound *alive.* I succeeded in getting ether and applied it to the surface to bring them out, and they are then taken off. We cut his clothes off, washed him, and put a clean shirt on. What a luxury, and what a relief to his less mutilated neighbor on the opposite side of the ambulance !

This is a picture of everyday life here. We feed them as they pass to the Transports. Last evening, after ten o'clock, one hundred and fifty were refreshed by tea, coffee, farina &c., suited to their several conditions.

The Medical Director of General Hinks' Division called upon me to-day. He had been dressing wounds under fire all night, and looked much exhausted. I gave him a stiff milk punch and biscuit.

A number of officers of General Marston's regiment, whom we knew at Point Lookout, have called and offered favors. Medical and Military Departments show us much kindness and attention.

One of the ladies of the Christian Commission called at Gen. Grant's Headquarters, shook hands with him, and asked him why he was not at the front. H. N. Rust is here, John Brown's friend, sent by the "Christians." He tells us they are at loose ends.

Yesterday, Page, of the *Tribune*, dined with us. His initials are C. A. P. Read his letters.

A train of wounded five miles long came in yesterday. The Medical Director told me to-day that eight hundred of Gen. Hinks's men fell in two hours.

City Point is jammed with sick and wounded, army waggons, and every accompaniment for service. Everybody is dirty, dusty, and tired. After our day's labor, we sleep, rise refreshed, and pursue the same beat. A Quartermaster's horses come to our window, a regiment is in the lot adjoining, and the Ordnance Department in the rear within speaking distance. One of the officers is sick and we take care of him. We keep up good neighborhood with all. Even a rebel man and wife in front of our quarters look kindly on us. Their house is a Hospital before their eyes. The wife came to offer her services.

"*New World*," *June 28, '64.*—At last we have a breath of air and feel as if we could do something. There seems to be a general excitement on

shore. There are signal lights, signals of distress among the Corps Hospitals, and we were fearful of a raid last night. The night before, the Cavalry were called out, so that even here our imaginations have a chance to work. At present we have 117 patients, our number being much reduced.

It is rather dull to be anchored out in the stream, because we are cut off from camp rumors; but we are getting used to it. The suggestion of a change produced such an excitement yesterday, that we have decided to wait and have the "New World" question decided before we go. The surgeons are very kind and we have only to express a wish to have it gratified. Dr. Douglas comes over occasionally, and the terrific dust on shore reconciles us somewhat to our position here.

It is really cold to-day; the thermometer 71; it having been over 100 the past few days.

TO LUCY.

"*City Point, July, 1864.*

"The order was to remove every man, without regard to condition, and, as the surgeon said, *they* were to be mere machines and to obey orders. We returned to our Tent, which was the Second Division, Second Corps; but after a few days, when all our arrangements for work were nearly completed, a note came, demanding our presence on the *Webster*, as far as Washington, to take charge of 228 patients. We had promised the Surgeon, if he went on a Transport, to accompany him. In ten minutes an ambulance was at the door and we

bundled in ; making hasty arrangements for an absence of a few days. We returned to find Maria Hopper, who arrived safe and sound, and we are glad of her help and companionship. Our sick are being taken away as fast as possible, by order of General Grant, which means, I suppose, that we shall soon fill up. There are many sick of fever and diarrhœa—many stomachs overtaxed by the different Commissions. One thing may be said of the 'Sanitary'—they regard *rule* and all laws and orders of Surgeons. At the sound of the Bugle, our Special diet goes out. The Christian Commission come in when the appetite is satisfied, and give according to their pleasure, perhaps soon to be followed by a *State* Commission. There is a deal of over zeal among these latter. If they could be induced to confine their labors to another department, it would be better. I must break off abruptly."

CHAPTER XXVI.

1864.

DEATH OF JOHN HOPPER.

TO SALLY AND MARIA.

"*Milton, 7th mo. 19, 1864.*

"My dear Sally and Maria.

"Dear Uncle John lies asleep in death. He passed gently and sweetly away at a moment's warning—not knowing it was death. Oh, what an incomparable loss to so many! Dear children, he will be buried before you could get here, and I would have you remain until I can see your fathers and sisters. . . .

"I will write further particulars, if possible. Dear Uncle John! everybody says he has been so loving and sweet; his last words were 'my dear son, Willie!'

"Ever your loving mother and aunt.

"Thank God I was at home! I understand now why the pressure was upon me to come back. How much this death involves! It is a sad day for those to whom he has been benefactor and true friend."

FROM MISS SEDGWICK.

"*Woodbourne, 22nd July, 1864.*

"My dear Mrs. Gibbons.—I saw, in Wednesday's *Post*, the announcement of your brother's death! It is all I yet know of that most sad event—and yet how much I know of its import. I am indeed thoughtful and sad for you all, sad afflicted ones! It seems to me one of the mysteries of Providence, that one so dear—so needed as God's witness in our troubled land in these dark, disastrous times—should be taken from us, that the dear faithful brother should be taken from *you*—the helpful, needed friend from so many—the loving husband—most loving father—the generous benefactor.

"Dear friend, you *have had* him—and you know he is not lost but surely to be re-united to you, when all your great earthly tasks, with their seal of immortality, are done. The Lord is your Shepherd, you shall not want—His rod and His staff will stay you through this dark Valley of the Shadow of Death."

TO ELIZABETH GAY.

"*New York, August 4th, 1864.*

"My very dear friend, upon whose strength I depend on every dark day, upon whom my children will lean when others fail them, and find such support as will enable them to bear up against the pitiless storms that seem to follow them through life. There seems no 'rest for the weary.' My

coming home was somewhat strange. I became possessed with the idea that I was wanted, and the feeling took such hold that I could neither work nor sleep. I thought my own immediate household were calling, and I came away only for a few days, leaving dear Sally and Maria Hopper, and meaning to return before the army moved.

"I arrived on Sixth day, and, on Seventh, Julia and Lucy came to me in 29th Street. I was especially impressed by Julia's appearance. I looked upon her with unspeakable admiration. She never seemed lighter of heart—so fresh and so beaming—so healthy in body and mind, that I was extremely happy in contemplating her condition. She set to work to put me in order to return to City Point, where we were having the hardest of all experiences.

"We were thus occupied when the telegram came which thee saw.* It was too late for the Boat and I hastened to the cars; arrived at Po'keepsie, went on the Ferryboat, enquired of the captain if he knew Mr. Hopper, watched his expression of tenderness, as he said that Dr. Parker had seen him that day; and, with great hesitation, the words scarcely came, 'He was more comfortable when the Doctor left him.' There was something that told me he was very sick but yet I was not dreaming of death, when a man stepped toward me and in a cheerful voice said: 'Are you Mr. Hopper's sister?' 'Yes,' was my reply. 'Are you

* Calling her to Milton to her brother John, who was "not very well."

a physician?' 'No, I'm an undertaker,' he said promptly.

"My God! it was like a thunderbolt. . . .

"On Third day next, Sally and Lucy will go with me to Beverly, New Jersey, where we take charge of a Hospital for the accommodation of 3000 patients. A Surgeon, with whom we were for nine months, has sent to me to take charge of the institution, selecting my own aids. I rejoice that it is offered me, and so near home that I shall be able to see it often. Were it not for the occupation and intense excitement, I should die. And then I know what I am about at such work; I am able to do good to the sinking heart and help the aching body. The presence of women is a *godsend* to these poor fellows. Alas! the scenes are sad enough, but the assurance that we can help them to bear, overcomes all.

"Lizzy, my beloved Friend, what a comfort Sydney has been to us! He knows all we suffer, and when this sorrow came, he was the first I thought of to help us through. There seemed nothing to do; we knew what dear John would have done, and quietly passed through.

"What I have written, I scarcely know. I should speak to thee, my dear, tenderly kind friend, and to dear Sydney, as to no others in the wide world. I have gone over the foregoing lines amidst a shower of tears, because thou hadst a right to know all, and I must write it.

"It is to thee alone. Never let my children know the depth of my sorrow, for I speak the

words of peace and resignation to them, as far as I can. How the opposite of what I feel and suffer! Oh, that John should die! How can it be? Think of all who will miss him! and oh, my children! how I *did* cling to him as their sure friend in every trial! In a few days we shall be at work. It is right. Let us seek rest for the troubled soul in hard work—such work as brings quiet and peaceful sleep.

"It is not near home that I am the most useful, and I long to face the dangers of the front; for it is there that we can be of unspeakable service. But, for the present, we must not go so far.

"Ever thy dear, faithful and loving friend.

"A. H. Gibbons.

"How I wish I could believe all I hope for! I feel certain that we shall be lifted out of the depths by the work we are going to."

It was of John Hopper that President Walker said, "There is not only not such another man, but there is not *half* such another man."

The affection that existed between Mrs. Gibbons and this brother was very close and tender, and it is a matter of regret that her letters to him were destroyed. He was intensely devoted to the cause of freedom, and though near-sight made it impossible for him to engage in active service in the army, he found many effectual ways of serving his country. It was his liberal assistance that made it possible for Mrs. Gibbons and her daughter

to spend three years and a half in hospital work. He assisted many men to enter the army by having their lives insured and paying the necessary premiums ; and innumerable acts of kindness and generosity became known only after his death.

He was peculiarly sensitive, never liking to have his benefactions noised abroad. It was not until an official report was made to Mrs. Gibbons by the person in whose charge she left her stores in Winchester, that she learned that what he had mentioned to her as "a few boxes of wine" amounted in reality to forty cases.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1864–1865.

BEVERLY HOSPITAL.

TO SARAH.

" *U. S. General Hospital,*
" *Beverly, N. J., August 11, 1864.*

". . . We arrived at Beverly about six. As we got out of the cars, we saw an ambulance, which we knew was our means of conveyance to the Hospital, where we found Dr. Wagner, who received us graciously. After a few minutes, we entered the ambulance again and were conveyed to a lovely cottage on the river bank, where he had a room furnished for us, and we sat down to a dinner of chicken, tomatoes, potatoes, and a cup of tea, with peaches for dessert. Next morning we had for breakfast barbecued chicken and egg-plant ; and so, each meal is supplied.

" I remonstrated and threatened, and declared myself in no way reconciled to that way of life. Give me the Camp and the rough fare that soldiers are subject to. Life *with* them and not outside of them. We shall probably remain in this riotous sort of living until the nurses' apartments are ready, when we shall quietly depart. Everything

is getting into shape and we shall have a nice Hospital—we have now 500—and we hear that the Medical Director is to fill up directly, to the number of 3000.

. . . . . .

"The front of the cottage is over the water; we have a pleasant breeze evening and morning, and a drive of two miles to the Hospital."

In the Army, everything was comparative. The "lovely cottage" was an abandoned Ferry House on the wharf where the sick and wounded were landed.

TO JULIA.

"*United States General Hospital,*
"*Beverly, New Jersey,*
"*August, 17th, 1864.*

"We have 700 patients; eight buried last evening. I closed the eyes of four who arrived in the *Atlantic* from Fortress Monroe not twelve hours before. Barbarous to put dying men off on such a journey. We are all needed every moment, and next Second day will bring twelve more nurses.

"Lucy has charge of the Linen Room. She has arranged it quite elegantly, laying sheets and pillow cases in tasteful rows. Bedspreads, blankets, shirts, drawers, &c., all neatly piled. She is a real comfort, and never happier. She takes great pride in her Department. Sally is hard at work, and I perform my round as best I can. The greatest difficulty is to keep the townspeople out, which is

only done by strict guard ; they want to kill with what they call kindness.

"How hard to believe that we have lived through so much the past weeks ! I hardly dare think of a quiet sunset, so cloudy has been the morning and afternoon of my life so far. But if it all happens while I am here, and my children are permitted to enjoy a peaceful noon and evening, I shall be content, and die happy. Dear Uncle John, what a terrible blank ! I think of us all with joys abridged, and the world so lonely without him.

"A father is now standing by the bedside of his son (a boy of eighteen years). Since last Second day, he has watched him day and night, and this morning, as I entered, he said : 'Oh, good lady, the Doctor says if I keep my boy to-day, he will get up again. Help me, for the old woman cannot give up her boy ; he is the light of her eyes,' and the tears came in torrents down his cheeks, and I cried too, for I thought of you all and how Uncle John was the light of so many eyes.

"We are in the cottage on the edge of the water. We draw our rations and do not allow Dr. Wagner to be at any expense for us. It was all we could do to come here. The nurses' rooms are to be ready on Seventh day next and we shall quietly 'skedaddle' as soon as they are furnished. We live on the best, having a lovely room, and a drive in an ambulance of two miles morning and evening—but it does not seem *our life.* Give me Camp-life and its privations *with* the soldier, and under shot and shell. We are outside and have

too many comforts ; and yet we have enough work with the very sick and severely wounded to make us forgetful of self.

"My best love to thee, my beloved daughter, strength and hope of my days, a heart brim full."

TO JULIA.

"*Beverly, Aug. 26, 1864.*

"Yesterday, Dr. Wagner went to Philadelphia. While he was away, I went into a tent where a man had been placed who had a fearful leg, which had been badly amputated on the field. Soon as I entered, he said, 'Mother, come here. I want you to coax the Doctor to cut off my leg higher up ; just look at it. The Doctors have given me up, but I have not given myself up. I must have my leg off this night.'

"'Well, my plucky, brave boy,' said I, 'you must have your own way, and I think you are right.'

"'Why mother,' said he again, 'I am sure to die as it is, and it will give me a chance.'

"It appears the Doctors had held a consultation over it and could not agree. At four o'clock Dr. Wagner returned, went at once to the tent, and decided to operate ; which he did straightway. To-day, the poor fellow is happy in the hope of getting well ; if faithful nursing will do it, he finds it in Clara Thomas, whose voice is music to *his* ear, and the Doctor is jolly over the care she gives him. Oh, it is wonderful how they hope on and ever,

and, with saint-like patience, bear their terrible suffering.

"Poor Colbert behaved very sensibly about the death of his mother. Now and then, he cried bitterly, but he had been taught by *her* to believe that the Lord took the good people, and he took comfort in the thought that she was in Heaven. . . .

"A. H. G."

MRS. SEDGWICK TO JULIA.

"*The Hive, Sept. 4, 1864.*

". . . Bess* was the prime-mover in the blackberry spree for the soldiers, which resulted in our sending off a barrel holding forty-two gallons of the best blackberry cordial, the brandy alone of which cost $102.00. Pretty well for Copperhead Lenox! Let me congratulate you upon our taking Atlanta! Is it not pretty fine? and are you not in good heart about the country? I have thought of sending to your father, to be put in the 'Post,' (if he thought it worth while) the following:—'A lady, who was prostrated by severe illness, called to her side the mother of a young lad in whom she was interested, and said earnestly: "Be sure to have Willie read the account of Farragut's entrance into Mobile Bay, that he may know of what metal some men are made—will of iron, heart of gold, brain of mercury!"' The lady was Aunt Kate †—the mother Kate.‡

* Mrs. Fritz W. Rackemann, Mrs. Sedgwick's second daughter.

† C. M. Sedgwick.

‡ Mrs. Wm. Minot, Mrs Sedgwick's eldest daughter.

Was it not a noble utterance, especially under the circumstances! Dearest Julie, where is Uncle John?—Watching over me, perhaps, sometimes. He will surely have a greeting for me when I pass into the other world. What becomes of —— and ever so many others that hung upon his skirts? How happy little Bob must be with him!"

"*Beverly, September 11, 1864.*

JOURNAL.

. . . The Doctor has been operating on Colonel Boyd, who came all the way from Chambersburg to be under him. He commands a cavalry force which has gained a reputation in the Shenandoah. At the time of the raid, the Rebels went to his house to fire it, but Mrs. Boyd stepped to the door and said: "I am Mrs. Col. Boyd. My husband is a soldier in the Union Army, and I demand protection." To which Harry Gilmore replied: "You shall have it, Madam. Your husband's name is well known in the valley. He has always treated women and children with respect, and you shall have the protection you ask for."

TO JULIA.

"*Beverly, 9mo. 14, 1864.*

"I went to Major Patten last Third day, having received a message that he might not live through the night. I found him very ill; the wound doing well, but absorption had already begun and his system was poisoned thereby. Poor fellow! he thought I could save him, with the help of Dr. Hunt, and I

was afflicted that he should so put his trust in me when I saw there was no help. I was with him from early till late and the most of the last three nights. His sufferings I could not describe, so terrible were they. In the night, he often looked into my face with exceeding tenderness and said: 'Oh, dear Mrs. Gibbons, how good you are!' He was so grateful for all that was done—never complaining, and submitting patiently to all kinds of treatment.

"We talked together about the trying hour that was fast approaching, and he sent loving messages to friends and near relations, with great composure. He *longed* to live, for he said there was work for him to do. He spoke naturally and cheerfully until the last 24 hours, when his agony became too great and he said but little. He knew us all to the latest moment. His brother, Dr. Hunt, and myself sat by him the last three hours, helping him as we best could, and when the moment came, how we rejoiced to let him go! His brother remained in the room the rest of the night with Lieut. Tyler, whom he knew. Dr. Hunt took me in to Joshua Longstreth's, where his wife had a bed prepared for me. She was kindness itself. . . . But for them, my strength could not have held out. As it was, I kept up bravely. Anna Hallowell was with me four days. She waited upon me, prepared my meals, and was like a daughter to me; she is a good, lovely girl.

"I wrote to Patten's mother the day he died, and sent them a lock of hair and his various messages.

He was a manly fellow and his latest days presented a life-side I had never discovered. His brother said he was the pride of his mother and only sister, and that the blow would strike them down. When I first saw him, he was perfectly delighted. He had told the Doctor how he wished for me. I was glad to do what I could."

"Ever, my dear dutiful daughter,

"Thy loving Mother.'

TO JULIA.

"*Beverly, N. J., Sept. 29, 1864.*

". . . Last evening, at six, a boat laden with wounded arrived. We were notified at three and had 319 beds to get ready. Two died between here and Philadelphia; two more to-day; we now have eight to bury. While the wounded and sick were being carried in, two ladies appeared. The husband of one was about to be put in the ground, but at her request was taken back, and he was sent home this morning. She accompanied, poor woman! How well she did in all her sorrow! the most unselfish of women! Instead of thinking her grief more than all others, she said: 'Oh, here is a woman worse off than myself (turning to the other)—she has with her a baby six months old; her husband has been dead a week and she can neither see him nor take him home. *I* can do both.'

"Martha Sever has been and is still very sick. Everybody is full of work and it is hard to break away, but I shall do it, because it is time to plan

for the winter and I have much to do. I long to see you all. How little you know what this work is! to think of one's self is sin and misery. Deliver me from it!"

FROM DR. JOHN STEARNS.

"*United States General Hospital,*
"*Readville, Mass., October, 1864.*

"How comforting the sight of your bold hand, bringing assurance of the still dauntless spirit! Often I have your inviting home in Lamartine Place before me, and the cheery tones of your glorious brother are frequent still. Surely, he has not even gone. And dear old Point Lookout stares me in the face over my table. Fifty times a day I take tea with you in your cozy cottage and laugh again over the queer scenes and funny times.

"Miss Sallie with her nice things, and Miss Grace with her witty sayings, and your motherly reproof at our shortcomings and unreasonable prejudices and late sittings-up, are as fresh as yesterday; and the contrabands, and the battles, and all, are of yesternight. Why do I groan over convalescents?

"I am waiting to be relieved, expecting it every day . . . I have sent back 300 to Grant this month. It cheers me to hear from you and know that I have so staunch a friend. I presume you feel as rejoiced at the cheering news from everywhere, as anyone can. I wish I could hear Mr. Gibbons on the McClellan platform. . . ."

FROM C. B. PATTEN, BROTHER OF H. L. P.

"*Boston, Oct. 1st, 1864.*

"How like a dream seems my visit to the bedside of our departed Henry! In that dream, I saw you, talked with you of the strange young man under your care whom you called my brother Henry, and was a witness of your untiring, loving devotion to the sufferer. For myself, and on behalf of those near and dear to him, whom you may never see, let me thank you for all you did for the poor boy. You will ever be most tenderly associated with all our memories of the last days of our Major.

"I wish you could have followed his fragmentary remains homeward, and witnessed the most touching honors that were bestowed upon them at his old home in Kingston and in his beloved Cambridge. I hope you have read the graphic accounts of his weary wanderings in the field. . . But after all, the waters have closed over him. He will *live* only in the hearts of those who, like you and me, will miss his bodily presence to the day of our death. His remains lie in Harvard Hill, Mt. Auburn. A poet could not dream of a more lovely or more appropriate spot for his last resting place. It overlooks Harvard College and all the other haunts of his boyhood. . . ."

SALLY TO HER FATHER.

"*Beverly, October 16, 1864.*

"We were startled at midnight by the arrival of the ambulance to announce a boatload of patients

just from the front. By half past two, they were comfortably stowed away. They are a jolly set, although many are severely wounded. While those who could walk were filing off, the stretcher cases called out: 'Come boys! fall in for your hard-tack and sugar! those with one arm, take the left flank!' &c. &c. A lot of them are to be furloughed this week.

"The stoves are up and the warming apparatus almost complete, so there seems to be no reason why the wards may not be comfortable. An extra pillow and blanket have been issued to each man. I have just written a letter for a dying boy, asking his family 'all to send their love to him.'

"We are sending hundreds of men home on furlough—that is, to vote. Some Jersey politicians came for the Jersey soldiers, with the following plan:—the red-hot Lincolnites were to go at once; the lukewarm, next; and we were to keep the McClellanites until the day before election. It was no go, and we sent all at once.

"The large tank fell this morning with a tremendous crash, and for a while there was an excitement about boilers bursting. No one was injured, although the fireman had a narrow escape."

DR. WALKER TO MR. GIBBONS.

"*Cambridge, Nov. 2, 1864.*

"You must have participated in the sorrow we all felt at the death of Major Patten. I have always regarded him as one of the jewels of a noble

class, and have no doubt that he carried to his grave many good impressions and influences to be traced to your son. And Colonel Lowell has followed! Be it so. These events are teaching us that there is something better than the pleasure of happiness; namely, the blessing of duty and high purpose. . . ."

FROM SALLY.

"*Beverly, Nov. 12, 1864.*

". . . Martha Sever has just died from typhoid fever contracted while watching at the bedside of a dying soldier. She has been ill seven weeks, during which time Annie and I have shared the nursing. . . . Who can say her life was not given to her country as truly as that of any one of the band of heroes who have fallen in battle?"

In November, 1864, Mrs. Gibbons and her family experienced a great sorrow in the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Buckminster Sedgwick, who had been a loving and devoted friend for thirteen years. In Mrs. Sedgwick's character, the rarest intellectual gifts were joined to a peculiarly sweet and sympathetic nature. As a teacher, she was many years in advance of her time, both in regard to her methods of work, and her conception of the scope and possibilities of woman's education. The young people who came within the circle of her gentle influence, found her a tower of strength in times of perplexity, and a never-failing source of courage

and inspiration. She had a wonderful capacity of putting herself in another's place, and of looking at a question from the exact standpoint of the person who came to her for help.

During the war, Mrs. Sedgwick's hopes and sympathies were deeply absorbed in the cause of the North, and her ardent patriotism did not shrink from even the last great sacrifice of her only remaining son, who was killed at Antietam.

So deeply was she interested in the result of the presidential campaign of 1864, that, although suffering the tortures of a slow and agonizing disease, she waited ten days before allowing herself to be put under the influence of opium, that she might receive with undiminished brain the longed-for news of the second election of Abraham Lincoln.

For five years she endured her consuming malady with heroic patience. When, at last, her spirit was freed from its earthly prison, the sense of loss and loneliness which fell upon those who loved her, was mingled with a strong conviction that such a life could not be ended by the mere accident of death, but must continue to send on its beautiful influence through generations to come.

TO GEORGE AND MARY L. STEARNS.

"*New York, December 12th, 1864.*

"Your letters were truly welcome, and the more so because they told so much of your love and interest for my best of brothers. Oh, it was too very sad to have him pass away so suddenly! and

yet, when I look back to the previous winter, I remember his sayings and doings, which should have brought me to a more realizing sense of what was so near. You both know that after the tornado of last year [the riots of '63] we rested beneath the same roof. . . . And there we dwelt in blessed peace and security so many months! All this time, we noticed and often spoke of dear John's quiet resignation to the terrible events of the month of July. You know we had many of his possessions—books, pictures, etc.—his two volumes of valuable autographs among the treasures. Not once did he refer to a single article in which he had an interest, and when I told him the autographs were gone, not a tone, not a look of regret shaded his dear face. He submitted to the inevitable with Christian grace and sweetness; and while we were under the dark cloud, he was bringing in fresh flowers of heavenly fragrance, and cheering us on our way over the hill and dale of a fearful experience.

"Not long before John died, he said very pleasantly one evening, in the presence of his family, 'Abby, when I die, I wish Bob to rest on my bosom.'* 'It shall be so, if I am in this life,' was my answer, 'but let years pass before that time comes.'

"For months, he was more quiet than was his wont—delighted in making all about him happy, and having had severe trials and disappointments

* Bob was an adopted son of Mr. Hopper's.

in his pilgrimage, had evidently passed them by and settled down into a tranquil state, which often won my admiration; and while I was grateful to the Good Father, I could not understand how it was. . . ."

TO SALLY.

"*N. Y., Dec. 16, '64.*

". . . Poor Colonel Hartwell is on his way here, on the *Arago*, as we see by the paper. I told him, if he was wounded, to be carried on a transport, and brought here. . . . Willie Cook was in Libby Prison but taken farther south, to Salisbury; and poor Mrs. Cook is so thin and careworn that I pity her much. She is not hopeful, owing to his being Captain in a colored regiment.

"Judging from the multitude who pass our threshold, it might be supposed we were 'in society.' All grades, from Mrs. Griffin, to the 40,000 who want situations. The other day, in perfect desperation, after going into the parlor at ten and not leaving it until three P. M., I found myself ejaculating, 'Oh Lord, have mercy on me!'

"Colonel Hartwell arrived and is on his way to Natick. He was shot through the hand and finger, his ankle badly sprained, and a great shot went through the side of his coat, knocking him down, but doing him no injury. Another tore off one of his shoulder straps. Was there ever such an escape? There is the hole in the side of his coat, and why he was not killed, nobody knows.

"Thy father, Julia, Lucy, and self, dined at Dr. Sewall's day before yesterday. *The world moves.*

"Ever thy loving,

"Mother.

"Yes, life *is* funny. I wonder if I shall ever be ready to give up. I shall not until I find it near, and then I shall do as I am wont—bring my mind to my circumstances."

FROM MRS. R. L. WATSON.

"*Boston, Dec. 26th, 1864.*

". . . How fearful all you saw, how glorious to relieve it! how terrible to have our fellow-beings given to such slaughter! My heart aches and I want to feel beyond and above the world, to be sure it can pass and the memory of suffering die. What wonderful young martyrs we have had! May God's tender love receive them all! I am sure you must feel that a blessing rests upon you.

"This morning, comes the news that Sherman has gained Savannah. Does it not seem that, at last, the rebellion is shivering to pieces? How promising all looks! The old year's sad stories will perhaps vanish, and bright days come with the new. We shall feel a chastened joy."

TO SALLY, AT BEVERLY HOSPITAL.

"*New York, January, 1865.*

"Thy thoughtful letter arrived, to which an answer should be sent, and I know not how better to give expression to my feelings, than in the words

of a poor old man of whom grandfather enquired, concerning his wife—'Mighty ondifferent,' was his reply.

"I 'm neither sick nor well; and they tell me, in complexion, between an orange and mahogany; which proves I needed something to touch the liver. . . . Yesterday, Lucy brought me such Havanas (not cigars) as eye rarely rests upon. Aunt Rachel sent me oatmeal gruel, baked apples, &c., &c., so that I am not in any way neglected.

"*Nevertheless*, if thee feels like running home for a few days, do so; it need not interfere with a visit after, and would do thee good. . . . I have not been well enough to seek out anybody, and must keep in my shell until I brighten up a little. I sent thee a letter yesterday and perhaps said more than was necessary about myself. . . .

"Lovingly,

"thy Mother.

"I think I shall look for thee on Second day."

FROM REV. HENRY W. FOOTE.

"*Boston, February 9th, 1865.*

"I learn from Mrs. John Parkman, that your loss of Willie's things in the riot of July, 1863, was more complete than I had supposed. It is only just that this volume, which he made precious by writing his name in it, should be in your possession, rather than in mine, and I therefore send it back to you. It came to me through Hartwell, soon after that great sorrow darkened your house

and the hearts of all who loved your dear son, and I have treasured it ; but now you are its rightful possessor, and I need not say to you that it needs no outward memorial to keep that beautiful memory ever living and very close to the hearts of his classmates."

FROM W. L. KING.

Again, Nice, 13th, Feb'y, 1865, with another remittance of fifty dollars, Mr. King says :

"Though so remote from the Seat of War, we take the intensest interest in it, and watch its progress with the greatest anxiety. But as nearly all the foreigners we meet are friendly to the South, and the newspapers also are so to a great extent, it is very annoying to Americans abroad. The papers, particularly, are full of misrepresentations of American affairs, and of the motives of the North and the causes of the war. Some of the London papers are filled with tissues of lies on these subjects. By this mail, I send you a paper with a marked article, which gives you a very good idea of the animus of these articles."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, Feb. 14, 1865.*

"This day a gentleman came to look at the house, which is in the hands of an agent for sale. So we know not the day nor the hour when it will go into other hands. I write now to say that I may notify thee at any time to come home, as

it requires a united judgment in planning for the future. . . .

"We shall always remember the hours under the hospitable little roof at Beverly, which had a mixture of joy and sorrow. . . .

"Lovingly thy

"Mother."

The "hospitable roof" was a ferry-house on a wharf. It consisted of two bedrooms above, and a kitchen, and sitting- and dining-room combined, below. The latter was christened "Boffin's Bower." The house was directly over the Delaware River and would hardly have been looked upon as luxurious by those who had not been three years and a half subjected to the wear and tear of hospital life—sometimes under a roof, sometimes in tents.

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, 2 mo. 25, 1865.*

"It seems long since I wrote, but the truth is, an anxious nursing of some three weeks somewhat exhausted me, and I have not been worth much for several days.* Julia's arrival was a *jubilistic* occasion, and I was glad enough to have her share in the preparation of meals which are to be served to Lucy many times each day. . . .

"Aunt Rachel and family are very kind. Indeed, I am indebted to my sister each day for my

* Lucy had a severe case of varioloid, and her sisters were debarred from coming home to assist their mother.

daily bread (so to speak); she has sent me on a waiter, nicely prepared, my dinner, which was very important to me in the days of Lucy's serious sickness, for I had neither time nor inclination to consider myself in that way. And then she made nice dishes for Lucy. Those ever faithful Beale girls brought her jelly and rye bread. . . ."

The following, from the pen of Mr. Gibbons, was taken from one of the newspapers of the day.

"On the 18th of March, 1865, died Mrs. Margaret Franks, the 'Peggy' of the children's childhood. She was about fifty years of age and had come from Newbern, North Carolina, more than twenty years before, having been left free by a kind mistress. This lady willed to each of her 'people' a piece of furniture, as a remembrance, but the white heirs took all but the souls and bodies of the black ones. The only relic Peggy secured was a lock of her mistress' hair, which she wore around her neck and carried with her to the grave.

"When Peggy came to New York, she found a home in Mrs. Gibbons's family—went industriously to work and, in less than two years, had saved enough money, with what Scipio himself had, and with some funds which Mr. Gibbons had collected, to purchase her husband's freedom. Later, they bought a place at Gowanus, and it was the practice of the Gibbons family, parents and children, to dine with them on Thanksgiving Day.

"Neither Scipio nor Peggy could read, but no

two people kept themselves better informed about the slaveholders' rebellion than they. They bought the daily papers and invited the neighbors in to read them. Peggy was accustomed to pray that Jeff Davis's life might be spared ; 'because,' said she, 'he is the best friend the colored people ever had. Take him away, or kill him, and things will fall right back into the old train.'

"Peggy kept a flag in reserve, 'to be hung out in the day of real victory.' She rejoiced over Gettysburg, Atlanta, and all the great Union successes, but declared that her flag should not float on the breeze 'till slavery is dead and buried.'

"Peggy's Thanksgiving dinners were a marvel of profuseness not often surpassed on richer tables, and her own bright, black face, gleaming with smiles, made a scene worthy of any artist's brush. She thought much of this yearly festival, but all through the year she sprinkled into the laps of her friends those little luxuries of the flower and fruit garden which her small patch of ground enabled her to produce.

"Peggy sleeps in Greenwood ; and in the same grave with her, Scipio, who outlived her many years. They lie at the feet of that long friend of their race, Isaac T. Hopper."

FROM DR. WALKER.

"*Cambridge, April 3d, 1865.*

"I thank you for your kind invitation to Mrs. W. and myself to make our home at your house, if I should come to New-York to attend the Convention. No arrangement could have been made which would have been more gratifying to either of us. But I had made up my mind from the beginning that the journey was too long for me to undertake for any purpose ; and besides, even if I were there, crowded meetings with long sessions are not the places for lame old men. My best wishes will be with the brethren. It will be an awkward thing for them as Unitarians to put on the forms of an organization, if they are to lose thereby a particle of their characteristic and old-fashioned individualism. But I have no doubt that they will know how to keep perfect liberty, and yet attain to a much larger measure of concert in philanthropic action.

"Meanwhile, the bells are ringing and the guns are firing for victories which must fill all loyal hearts (Quakers included) with heartfelt gratitude. We can now see, as it seems to me, the beginning of the end. There are many perplexing questions still to be settled, some fighting and much suffering, and, among the people, harder times, perhaps, than we have yet had ; but we are now evidently on the right track. And triumph, with us, is the triumph of education, of liberty, of right. If I live to see this country in a righteous career of

prosperity, after passing through this fiery ordeal, I shall die with a vastly augmented faith,—not in liberty and right,—but in the capacity of the people, in the present stage of human progress, to appreciate and maintain them."

TO SALLY.

"New-York, April 19th, 1865. *

"A sad day this, to so many! but it is bright and beautiful, and every green thing and blooming flower seems to have a peculiar freshness and sweetness; and, upon the whole, I feel as if I might venture to be grateful for the blessing of life and what it gives to enjoy, and I decide to live on, taking all that comes within my reach;—giving what I can to my limited ability, and endeavoring (according to the words often repeated by 'Early Friends,' as Uncle John used to say) '*to centre down in the quiet.*' I think I have, in a measure, obeyed the admonition thou kindly gave me, for I find my steps are lighter, my voice more subdued, and I would encourage my dear children to persevere in their course of training, that I may progress—not to dear Mrs. Sedgwick's standard—but a little in advance of my present state. Mrs. Sedgwick suggested *perfection*, and indeed, who comes nearer than she? *I* aim to attain slowly, for I am a hard subject; therefore, I admonish you to patience in my case. . . .

* The anniversary of the day when the troops were fired on in Baltimore.

"We are going to Greeley's pew, at Chapin's, to which he invites us; and, not seeing it in the paper, the church may be closed. We are content either way. All well.

"Lovingly,

"Thy 'Ma.'"

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, May 6th, 1865.*

". . . The piano delights its owner. . . . It goes towards filling vacancy too, which is satisfying to Julia, while to me, every vacant place which we attempt to fill gives me a pang. The lonely places seem everywhere. There is no such thing as resigning one's self to the losses, crosses, and tribulations, which beset us. The most we can do, is to accept patiently, and diligently strive against circumstances; and, if possible, be lifted above it all. *Patiently*, did I say? Just the virtue I stand most in need of. I entreat my children to profit by my short-comings; and be especially careful not to attach yourselves too strongly to inanimate objects, and thereby save yourself much suffering if they are lost to you.

"It is true, few homes had so much to lose—so sacredly associated were the innumerable and superabounding gifts from loved and loving friends, that it is no miracle we loved so much. The carpets were faded and somewhat threadbare, but no *new* carpets could fitly fill their places; for the feet that danced over them in your young days, made them of surpassing value to me. Everything

upon which the eye rested, told a pleasant story of the many good and gifted who had helped us through so many years. And what an array of names (all told) who had given us the light of their countenances! Hope is alive, and I look to a *setting up;* and, while I am waiting and hoping, shall take every ray of sunshine and every fragrant flower which comes in my way; and, when clouds come, quietly pass from under. . . ."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1865–1869.

AFTER THE WAR.

FROM HORACE GREELEY.

"*New-York, June 8, 1865.*

"My Friend,

"I cannot go up to Croton with you, because my sick wife expects me to bring up her Gabrielle to visit her, and console her in her illness. This I must not fail to do; so I cannot be with you at Croton. But I know you will have a good time, and I shall be very glad to visit you or Cousin Charlotte, or both, whenever I can. But now my awful book takes every hour that I can spare from my paper.

"Yours,

"Horace Greeley."

FROM JOHN P. HALE.

"*Dover, N. H., June 10, 1865.*

"I have ventured to send you a photograph, with the hope, nay, the belief, that you will value it.

"About to leave the country, possibly not to return, let me thank you most sincerely for all your

kindness and friendship. When life's duties which you have so faithfully performed and are performing, shall be over, may you in a wider sphere of usefulness and happiness rejoin the loved and the lost, never more to be separated.

"Affectionately and truly
"Your friend,
"John P. Hale."

TO SALLY.

"*New York, June 13, 1865.*

"My dear Sally,

. . . . . .

"Last First day evening, as I was sitting by the parlor window, blind open, about five o'clock, who should walk in but Dr. Robinson and wife—Post Surgeon at Winchester. They staid to tea. We recounted all our experiences in those days of terror, when *we* were not so much terrified. Grace Sedgwick was here and Wm. Choate, and how we did enjoy it! The history of the bed on which she reclined and where she secreted the batch of letters from the Post Office—the two thousand dollar sword, flags, &c., &c. She said the first who appeared after we left were the Texan Rangers * who stepped up to her and said: 'Are there any damned Yankees here?'

"'Yes,' said she, 'I am a Yankee, but not a damned one.'

"She was a brave little woman; her eyes are as bright and as black as ever, her voice as soft, and

* This was at Strasburg, at the time of Banks's Retreat.

we all delighted in her. The Doctor is the same kind, genial man, and their presence and conversation took one right back to Winchester. Pray, Sally, let us be saving and travel that ground over again! I *must* see those people. . . .

"Thy mother."

TO SALLY.

"*New York, July 8th, 1865.*

". . . How singularly quiet is New-York with regard to conspirators and their fate! I never would give my voice in favor of any capital punishment, but in this case, would not dare to raise my voice against it. At the butcher's to-day, a woman said: 'They might have given Mrs. Surratt more time,' to which said Butcher replied: 'Why! they did n't give Lincoln *any* time.' Colbert * was the bearer of the above remarks, and seemed forcibly struck with the truth thereof. . . ."

FROM MRS. PERLEE.

"*Norwich, July 17, '65.*

"Your heart proves you your father's own daughter. It was lovely to take care of that unfortunate mother and child, particularly as they came from the South, where there is such bitter hatred toward us. You ask what I think of the establishment of an institution for saving such. It is an excel-

* A colored boy, son of one of General Robert E. Lee's slaves, who lived with Mrs. Gibbons seven years.

lent project, of course, but it seems to me the best part of it is the effect it will have on the mothers.

"Physical life may, or may not, be a blessing; the future of the lives saved, we can know nothing about, but we do know that a deceived woman, (child, sometimes) who is driven by her own wretchedness, into the murder of her child, is either utterly crushed, or transformed into such a being as men should shudder at. They say a bad woman is worse than a bad man, but when you think of her wrongs, is it to be wondered at?

"You propose to save both mother and child. May all good angels help you! A life for the State and a soul for Heaven! I have such faith in womanhood, that it seems to me even prostitution would soon cease under the vigorous kindness of a few like you. It is such an utter sacrifice of womanhood! But when our sex knows more,—is self-reliant and self-supporting,—the false relations between man and woman *must* pass away, like other relics of barbarism, and a class set apart for sin and shame take its place among the horrors of the past."

FROM A DIARY OF MRS. GIBBONS.

"*October 1st, 1865.*—I am strong this morning, for, last night, in a dream, I talked with my dear, good, loving Father. How strange it seems!

"He was peaceful and of serene countenance, and in the short interview, he said: 'We must make our passage through life the best we can. If the sea is rough, bear up bravely.' I am impressed

by this visit though it be a dream. His words were my need—dear father, it is like him."

TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN P. HALE.

"*New-York, Dec. 30, 1865.*

"My very dear friends.—When I said the last farewell I felt somewhat as I do to-day in saying, 'Farewell, old year'! It made me sad and I found the tear trickling, not from my eye, but down deep in my heart, and I wondered, shall we ever meet again? I value your friendship. I love you, and my wish is now that the coming year may have in store richer blessings than the one gone by.

"It is blessed to live in love one of another, and to do the best we can to make each other happy. Shadows have succeeded one another in our pathway, but just now, albeit the sad anniversaries are here, I see the sunshine, and hope illumines the daily walk. I think of thee, dear father of the flock; I think of the mother away from her home; of the daughters who help each other and are comforts to good parents; of my child Lucy [Hale] who has many virtues; may the Good Father fold her in His arms and protect her from all harm! I build upon a reunion, and that you will come to us with hearts as warm, and love as pure, as on the day you left us. Our talks of you are very frequent, our anxieties great; our joy in the letter from my dear Mr. Hale unspeakable, and I hope to be so prompt in future, as to have them succeed each other with but little intermission.

"The papers give you the news and there is little left to tell. Sally, Julia, and Lucy are the same dear children and give my life a charming variety; so that I can only wish that, when my time comes, I may not cling too strongly to this earth of which *I am certain.* I wish I could verily believe all I hope for beyond, and am glad to say that faith grows stronger with years.

"Christmas was spent at Randall's Island, with 800 poor children—about 200 sick. We took with us over 600 gifts, and were well paid by smiling, happy faces."

FROM PROF. F. J. CHILD.

"*Cambridge, Feb, 13th, 1866.*

"I had the pleasure of receiving your kind note, with the subscription for our Harvard Memorial, this morning. If I could give a moment's pleasure or comfort to one who has ministered to so much sorrow and suffering, and to whom I feel that I owe much as an American, not to speak of private considerations, I should be very happy. We are not only expecting our *Commemoration Book** to appear in the summer, but we are hoping to build a stone monument to our dead soldiers, within a year or two. Your Willie would surely have been among *them*, if God had not wanted him sooner elsewhere. He was so like many of our dear boys whom we mourn, that I often think of him as in

* Two volumes, entitled *Harvard Memorials*, in the front of which is Lowell's "Commemoration Ode."

their company, and certainly, as it is a company of noble spirits, he belongs there.

"Affectionately and faithfully yours,

"F. J. Child."

FROM PROF. F. J. CHILD.

"*Cambridge, 6 April, '66.*

"We are going to press with our Harvard Memorial Biographies, and yet Patten's Life is not written. Hartwell, who was to do it, is detained by the Government in South Carolina. I suppose Colonel Higginson will therefore have to write in his place.

"Will you not set down what you saw of Patten in his last days? I have heard that you were peculiarly impressed by his bearing and have longed to see you and talk with you about him. But I have not been able to go to New York. If you can find time to write what is most important of the dear fellow's concluding days, and will send it to me, the biography will, I am sure, be one of the most impressive of all.

"To think that thousands such as he should have died, and Lincoln with them, and that we should be handed over to the misrule of such a feeble and mean creature as Johnson!

"It is a most inscrutable calamity, which may Goodness still turn to good!

"Ever yours affectionately,

"F. J. Child."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, 1866.*

"We are delighted with the good accounts of Sam B., and his family rejoice in the freedom he is having. We are prospering in public affairs. Chellie has become bewildered as regards her parentage. She has been several times to ask her mother thus :

"'Am I really your daughter ?'

"Claimed by so many, what is the wonder ?

"Mrs. Griffin called : never so handsome : a little change in her cap which was very becoming. She is taking interest in the *sale* of tickets for the 'Diet Kitchen,' but cannot go—in Lent—*nice distinction !* Grace will, and no compunctions.

"Ask Uncle Edward his opinion about ———. Tell him we want it courageously spoken, because we like to *hear* and then *walk in our own light ;* by which we see more clearly than by the dim vision of others. The world is moving (I mean *our* world) very smoothly, all things considered."

TO JAMES AND SOPHY MAYER.

"*New-York, February 25, '66.*

"Dear James and Sophy,

"We welcome the dear little boy, Ezra Ripley, to our hearts, home and 'Church' ; * and rejoice exceedingly, that all is well with the mother and child. We congratulate the father and 'darling Sally,' for well I know they are large sharers in

* A playful allusion to the "Christian Socialists."

the love a baby brings. I shall want to know how my Wm. Sydney accepts the inroad upon his exclusive privileges. I rather like two brothers growing up together, and am sure you will be well content as time passes, and consider the *economy* of such arrangement; the elder will have many an outgrown garment to pass on.

"Thank Sally for her letter. I shall write very soon to say I am doing well in every particular and am very busy in organizing what is to be called 'The Labor and Aid Association of New York.' Its object is to benefit the widows and orphans of soldiers, the families of the sick and disabled, and *permanently* disabled soldiers. Awkwardly expressed, but you know what I mean. It takes a deal of my time, but occupation is good for body and soul; and the need is great for such an Institution. Our Laundry is in operation; we shall have a sewing department, and other employments.

"Give my best love to Sophy and tell her I know how happy she is, and how much is in store for you both; and she must see to it, that her children are allowed all their rights and privileges, with wholesome restraints; always remembering that childhood has its troubles, and never gets too much sympathy. Instead of too much discipline and training of *them*, we need to put ourselves under control, and above all, to be just. I believe Sophy will have faith in my teachings, because I have the advantage of profiting by my mistakes. Children soon learn to discriminate between right and wrong. Let them hear and know all things,

and when old enough, they will keep fast hold of that which is good.

"With my best love to Sophy,

"Your affectionate

"A. H. Gibbons.

"All join in the general rejoicing and send love."

TO SALLY.

"*Point Lookout, Sept. 18th, 1866.*

"We left home on the 14th. Lucy has a way of putting herself across the seat, supported by our big bag, which was of great service to her head, and, while she may not be aware of the fact, she *did* sleep well. It is useless to speak of myself. You know my propensity; but the fact that we were both fresh in the morning, is some proof of the fact that sleep, 'the sweet restorer,' had made us a prolonged visit, and prepared us for receiving Colonel Folsom, to whom I advanced; and, at the same instant, we identified each other and met as friends. He conveyed us, bag and baggage, to the *Keyport*, whose new Captain received us as distinguished guests. The same old chambermaid that went to City Point, and everybody and everything as familiar as if of yesterday. We had such a breakfast as cannot be furnished at our best hotels—everything cooked so well; and we did justice to the fish, fowl, steak, chops, tomatoes, Carolina rolls, Johnny cake, poached eggs, &c., &c.

"By the way, the Colonel is very pleasing; he

has a voice, manner, way of saying things and effectively *doing*, as made him a first rate blessing.

"The cross old Captain, the very same man who sent me off in 1862 after waiting in the guard-house until 3 o'clock in the morning to get 'my folks off,' saying he 'would not take niggers for anybody'—this very Captain Rythers gave me a hearty welcome, and Wilson, his clerk, came and furnished us with comforts and conveniences. He offered me his double bed, brought us reading, and was very kind; and there were lots of ebony hue, some of whom knew me.

"We stopped at fifteen places coming down; went over to Westmoreland Co., Va.; and at three in the morning, landed at the Point. The light was out at the Light House, and the Captain was long feeling his way. Major Long and Mr. McKeever were on the lookout for us. The latter was an old patient in ward C; and is here doing service under General Dana.

"We put ourselves down for the night, and the next morning after a hearty breakfast, took a walk to our old Quarters. Running over the cottage doors, are the Morning Glories from the very seeds thou hadst planted; and the portulacca and other flowers; and towering above the latter, the rank weeds and overgrown grass.

"A nice old woman came to me and said: 'Ain't I glad I lived to see this day! Oh, I hearnt of you, and now I see'd you!' and ever so much more. And then she told me that we took care of her daughter. Old Mrs. Walker came to see

me and told us of many whom she knew, and how they lived. Mrs. Walker is a nice old colored woman who lives with her daughter—William Steptoe's wife—'Shiny William.' Remember our cook who was taken away from us by Dr. Heger? He and William Lee have a boat together, go to Virginia to get work, and come back once a month bringing their families something to eat and to wear.

"Does thee remember Robert Hewlett? We went together to his Tent. Thee will remember the dead little girl, and the little sick boy who was dying; we gave them some clothes. They have two rooms for which they pay five dollars a month. Everything is as neat as wax and they are taking good care of themselves.

"Yesterday we took a drive in an Army waggon, with four mules. We went to the farmers round, foraging, and brought up at the store, at the Pines. There were several of the *Surratt* persuasion; they looked like the Devil; and a Sergeant who was with us said they were particular friends of Dr. Mudd & Co. Some very nice looking colored people came into the store, and the bystanders listened attentively to my conversation with them. I congratulated them upon spending their own money, and being paid for their labor; told them to be faithful to every employer who was kind and just to *them*, and paid them for their work, &c. &c.

"On the way to the Pines, we met one Peters, whom we both knew at the Point. He had a great lump and scar on his face, which he got from a

ruffian who had him arrested for paying a man with whom said ruffian had a contract, the sum of three dollars ; the accused not knowing said ruffian, employed him. So the poor fellow had to pay the ruffian and take a beating.

"The law gives no protection whatever to the colored men, and the suffering, by hard treatment and starvation, is horrible. They may earn, say one dollar, and go to the store, where, for two pounds of meat, they will take every cent.

"A little way from the Pines, and within sight of the store, a sorry group were waiting for us, with garments scarcely sufficient to cover their nakedness. The old woman said she worked hard, and could not earn enough to pay for the ground she lived upon and to get enough food to keep her alive, and she did not know what would become of them next winter. They say it is better to live with strangers than their old masters, and wherever they are allowed to put in a few stakes and make a shelter, they do it, but all property owners ask them a shameful price for a few feet of earth.

"This last group work in the field and are paid 37 cts. per day ; which sum will not pay for meat and meal too. What is needed is that there should be Northern settlers to live among them. I wish the energetic, active, humane young men would buy farms here and befriend and protect these poor creatures. To such, they would give of their labor without stint, and for reasonable compensation. How stupidly I have written !"

FROM GEO. E. BAKER.

"*Washington, October 23, 1866.*

"You are right in retaining faith in Mr. Seward. I know him to be sincere, unselfish, and true. He says as to his policy: 'We may be wrong. We were wise enough to carry the country through one revolution. It would not be strange if we had n't wisdom enough to carry it through two.'

"Lizzie will tell you what he said when it was intimated to him that 'it was strange he stood by Johnson.'

"These two incidents reveal the man—his mind and heart."

FROM HON. JOHN W. EDMONDS.

"*New-York, Mar. 16, 1867.*

. . . . . .

"I forgot your Police returns. I will try to remember it to-day, long enough to get what you want. But what kind of an idea have you of the next life that you suppose that anxiety and care will not accompany progress, when they will be there, as they are here, *the* motive power?

"Yrs. ever,

"J. W. Edmonds."

FROM HORACE GREELEY.

"*New-York, Apr. 25, 1867.*

"My Friend.

"I am to lecture near Lamartine Place next Tuesday evening (30th) and would like to drop in

to tea with you before I do so, if you are at home and this will be agreeable.

"Mrs. Greeley is still at my old place, unable to go to the country at present. She is too feeble to talk much, but would be glad to see you.

"Yours,

"Horace Greeley."

TO JULIA.

"*Boston, Oct. 30, '67.*

". . . I went to the Barnards' yesterday and a perfectly agreeable day it was. I was fresh, rested, and kept in mind what my children would expect of me in the way of deportment. Dr. Walker and wife came to dinner. If you are not active in every question of the present day, even to the woman's vote, you will be sadly behind the *young* man of the age, Dr. Walker. He says he does not want the women to vote, but he knows it will come, and he cannot see why, if men ask for universal suffrage, it does not mean women too. You should hear him and know where you stand."

TO JULIA.

"*Boston, November 4, 1867.*

. . . . . .

"Allow me to do justice to Dr. Walker. I misunderstood when he said he did not *want* women to vote. He said he would rather *married* women should not vote, and thought *un*married women should vote *now* and they always *should* have voted

—that *he* would grant them the privilege which would as surely come to them, as the vote in favor of Lyceum Lectures in Cambridge. It seems he was appointed to say to the women '*no*,' in the most decided manner, when the question was first presented. He complied with the instruction, adding, 'be patient, I know you will *have* the privilege in a very short time; I see it on its way. . . .'"

TO MR. AND MRS. RANTOUL.

"*Salem, November 7th, 1867.*

"If I may give your dear baby the name I so much love, allow me to make it William Gibbons, and thereby strengthen the bond which has existed so long between your family and ours. Fresh in my memory are the pleasant words spoken by my son of both of you. You were among his best and truest friends, and to him we are indebted for many years of pleasant intercourse. Long may they continue! and my hope is strong that more frequent opportunities may be granted us to be near each other.

"If there is a single misgiving as to the name, be true to your own wishes, I entreat you, and be sure of the affection of your faithful friend.

"Later. . . . My husband has written in behalf of the family, and Julia tells me with delight that she has expressed herself warmly. And now, if it is in your hearts, we will call your bright little boy, William Gibbons Rantoul.

"With my best blessing, I take him fondly, and

bestow my nearest love and that of the entire household. I cannot tell you how much I am gratified and made happy by this assurance of fast friendship and pleasant memories.

"My next visit to Salem will be very properly to my godchild."

TO JULIA.

"*November 15th, 1867.*

". . . Third Day, I took tea at the Barnards' with Prof. Pierce, the elder, who is a very genial, social man, and Lady and Lord Amberly. I name the lady first, as she is very much more of a woman than her husband is of a man. Very bright, natural, talkative, and pleasing—as free, as if we had known her always. I have, at the Barnards' suggestion and her earnest request, promised to see her through the Institutions early in December. 'My Lord' (to take Mrs. B's words) is seemingly insignificant, but, upon acquaintance, opens by slow degrees and appears as quite a character. They will pass an evening with us to meet some of the representative *women*, among whom Miss Dewey shall be foremost. No company more easily entertained than this couple, who are greatly in love with American people. Lady Amberly takes the floor, and has any amount of questions to be answered. . . ."

FROM REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

"*St. David's, July 7, 1868.*

"The medallion of your father came to-day, and I thank you heartily for it. I do not feel as if I

deserved such a gift. When I read the life of your father, it seemed to me that I had done nothing. I never read a book that humbled me more. But one right I have to possess this likeness of your father—that of feeling a singular admiration for him. Singular, I mean, not but that thousands have felt it, but that I feel it especially, because I look from the sphere of ordinary duty, to his life of signal, resolute, and courageous philanthropy. My sphere, the study, the pulpit, and the parish, in which I have walked with some fidelity, I hope, and certainly with much sympathy with pain and affliction—the only costliness of my profession to me. But his consecration cost him perpetual sacrifice and frequent peril; and yet I admire it still more, because it was so unconventional, so uncalculating, I would say, but for the sagacity that guided it. He saw a wrong and his whole being rushed to the rescue and fought it.

"To my thinking, no man that we have known, has walked more grandly in the field of philanthropy than he; and I believe, if he had chosen other fields, he would have made a distinguished Lawyer or a great Statesman. But he chose a better part, and has done a greater good. His spirit has touched many; and most fitly, those nearest him. His mantle has fallen where it ought.

"Yes, I shall hang his likeness in my Library, along with those of William Ware, and Greenwood, and Channing, and old Bishop White. Did you ever see the latter picture? a perfect picture of manly beauty and saintly gentleness. But when I

look at this fine medallion of your father—at the strength and sweetness combined in his face—I feel that the Bishop could never have done what he did."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, July 7, 1868.*

". . . This house was greatly exercised this morning by the announcement that I was hitched on to the Democratic party. I thought it of small account and that a disclaimer would occasion useless publicity, but the *power* that be, (namely, Julia,) decided what should be done, and I did it, as the *Tribune* of to-morrow will show thee. Thy father prepared an article, but I could not accept it, Julia and self deciding that a womanly paragraph was most befitting. There was a stilling of the waters, as it was transmitted to Horace [Greeley] with orders.

"I then let off a reef upon Susan B.—not full sail, however, as I had the 'Revolution' to fear. Moreover, I must be true to all women of woman born—especially such as have stemmed the tide in support of my sisters of every shade and condition."

FROM JULIA TO SALLY.

"*New-York, July 9, 1868.*

"I wish thee could have seen and helped in the breeze wh. I created the other morning, when Mother's name appeared on the Central Committee of the Woman's Rights Association in a petition to

the Democratic Convention. By dint of roaring and tearing round generally, I managed to get her to send a disclaimer to the *Tribune*. She finally got worked up to the proper pitch and wrote quite a spicy note to Susan B., for having used her name without authority &c. In the evening Susan B. and Mrs. Stanton came up, apologized, promised never to do it again, the parties became reconciled and parted the best of friends ; but I don't think mother will again appear in that boat. It was hard work ! How I did wish for thee and Mr. Albinola !

" For a while Father and I thought we stood but a poor chance of carrying the day ; but all of a sudden Mother veered round and began to feel that she had been outraged. Do congratulate us on having conquered, and blow a little, for Mother declares thee would not have made half the fuss that I did. On the contrary, I think thee is more of a steam engine than I am, in these days."

TO ALL.

" *Boston, April 16th, 1869.*

" My dear ones at home,

" I *am* having a good time but have *lost* time by a heavy cold which is fast declining, and I am very nearly up to my *self*-estimated capacity. Mr. Chaney called upon me on Third Day, to invite me to meet some friends to consider the measures to be persisted in, whereby women would become Members of School Committees and have an In-

dustrial Department added to their present School System. This they mean to persist in, Salem and other places being in advance. Last year Hannah Rantoul and Lucy Larcom were candidates. The former had then *just one vote;* this year, she had 98. The coming year she will reach the desired end, or *point.* I do like Rev. George L. Chaney; he is cultivated, sensible, progressive, bright, hopeful, and extremely pleasing. You would not think of him as a clergyman, and would find him pleasing to eye and ear. . . .

"Your loving

"Mother."

FROM ELIZABETH G. TOWNSEND.

"*West Chester, June 3rd, 1869.*

"I think thy spirit must have been hovering near, for I was thinking of thee and thy political predilections, when in came Washington with thy letter. This very question of Woman's Rights had been uppermost in my thoughts, and I remembered what Gasparin, that healthful French writer, said: 'In every great revolution of opinion, there are always a few fearless ones who start off in advance of the others—these are the Standard-bearers, and instead of ridiculing them, we should honor them for their intrepidity.'

"Well, I suppose thee is one of the 'Standard-bearers,' and, be assured, I will not 'cast a single stone,' although I do not go as far as thee does. Women have 'Rights,' or, at least, are entitled to many of which they are deprived; and I have no

doubt this question will obtain for them some privileges which they do not enjoy. But I am not much of a politician—my husband is welcome to all that business. I try to instil into the minds and hearts of my children a *love* of *right*, and a *hatred* of *wrong* in everything. . . ."

TO MISS THAYER.

"*New-York, June 10, 1869.*

"Sally, my dear, those forget-me-nots keep such a chattering that I am compelled to listen and regard the many pleasant, cheery words they say. The wild lady-slipper chimes in, and tells me the gracious giver of the gifts looks for a line from at least one of the family, and I am glad of a chance to put a word in edgewise.

"And, Sally, did mortal ever dream that the stationary husband and father, who dwells beneath this roof, would depart hence on the *Scotia* on the 16th? So it is likely to be, and the house will be made lonely. . . . Time goes swiftly and it will all seem like a dream a few months from now.

"New-York is crowded with men seeking employment, while Mr. Greeley says the country everywhere is groaning for hands and heads."

TO HER HUSBAND, IN EUROPE.

"*New-York, June 18th, 1869.*

"The moment of thy leaving seemed lonely. Nevertheless, I indulged only in hopeful thoughts, believing that so serious a sacrifice as leaving one's home and going out of sight and sound of the

familiar voices, *must* lead to some good end, so I wait for future developments and the final issue. . . .

"So here we are, and scarcely realising all that has come to us in this present week. We get along as well as can be expected in thy absence, and no doubt the time will seem long before we see thee again. The next excitement will be letters from abroad. . . .

"Thy affectionate
"A. H. Gibbons."

THE SAME.

"*New-York, July 5th, 1869.*

"*Letters from abroad* and most welcome! How pleasant it was to find Mr. Weston and Deborah! I do not yet realise the distance between us. I am truly glad of the safe and prosperous voyage and hope the end will be as well. We shall look impatiently and regularly for letters now. There is enough of variety and interest in thy travels, to make up for the dulness of the season here. I hope thee receives our letters, but it will be pleasant to know it. . . .

"Wishing thee a prosperous and successful life there, and safe return,

"I am thy affectionate
"A. H. Gibbons."

TO JULIA.

"*New-York, July 20th, 1869.*

"*Do* go to the Isle of Shoals and anywhere else thee pleases. If thee *is* past my age, thee may

nevertheless find enjoyment in a change of sight and sound. I declare, you are becoming so aged and infirm, that you will be no society for me at all. Both thee and Sally I complain of, and shall look for a *youthful* companion with whom to share my sports and pastimes. . . .

"Take all the health and pleasure that comes in thy way and bear in mind 'I am *able*, I am willing' and *glad*, to further thy wishes in every possible way. . . ."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, July, 26th, 1869.*

"It has rained hard all day and but one individual has turned in — Catharine Napier — complexion about like thine—once a slave and bought herself eleven years ago for $1300 and her child for $300. A great deal of money for herself, to whom she had a natural right. Now, she is helping her people; wants money for a Freedman's church and school, on which three thousand dollars are already paid. I gave her a dollar and sent her to several benevolent Quakers, telling them not to turn her empty away. I know all about her, and did when she bought her child.

"No news. I am well and flourishing. Langdell was never more agreeable than last evening —read thy father's letter from Hamburg, glorified Carter, discussed lawyers, and was reasonable and agreeable."

CHAPTER XXIX.

1869–1874.

HORACE GREELEY.

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, July 29th, 1869.*

. . . . . .

"IF thee does not feel the infirmities of age too severely, write more at length. When I was at your years, Sally and Julia, I was equal to every emergency. You do not like '*the people*' as I did and do. I like every side of life where there is no clerical hypocrisy, and find among the poorer classes more humanity than among the rich. What you need is patience with the Susan B's and P. P's, * and others of their kind, who are doing the work you will bless them for, when a few more years are added. Allow them freedom of speech and action, and conventions at watering places, if they like it. They *must* make converts and there they find the people. I do not want you to *join in*, but be willing to hear, and not too proud to own yourselves *convicted*. Come out a little and enjoy life's *breezes*. You have too much solitude and self. While I like just what I am getting, I

* Susan B. Anthony and Parker Pillsbury.

shall welcome you in with my heart's nearest love."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, August 1st, 1869.*

"The first day of the week! It seems like a suspension of life. I have read the Bible, Poetry, Victor Hugo, sewed a little, and tried to help Colbert pass *his* time away, while the faithful Eva goes to church, to look up two girls for Aunt Rachel. . . .

"So much, dear Sally, for yesterday. William Choate came to tea, and Mr. Greeley; the latter reporting 'Mother' better and out driving, and begging me to go to drive in their new carriage. Will take a loaf of bread to her next Friday—hope I shall not forget it. Greeley says he does not like the *Tribune's* reports of Woman Suffrage Meetings and has ordered simply the *doings;* but, he says, they over-ride him. We agreed they were undignified and unfair. Of course, they do much they 'd better not do, but so does everybody. Reformers are a class, and have their privileges, and do what others have not the courage, or are too lazy to do. For myself, knowing them well, I respect and honor the pioneers."

TO MISS THAYER.

"*New-York, November 3d, 1870.*

"*115 West 43d Street.*

". . . My home-coming was something wonderful but not uncommon. Mr. Greeley appeared

that day while Julia was at school. She returned to find him on his back with a congestive chill, very delirious, and the handmaidens frightened out of their wits. She posted right off for the Doctor, and he remained over two hours. Soon I came, and, after the customary embraces on such occasions, she (Julia) said: 'Do go right up and let Mr. Greeley know thee is on hand, for he is awfully sick and down.' To make short of the story, he stayed sick all the week; so I had to put *him* through, as well as the scores of Politicians, who would have found their way to his bedside, if I had not held poker and tongs (so to speak) over their miserable heads.

"One man got to the head of the first flight, when I waylaid him saying, 'go right *down*; you *cannot* see Mr. Greeley.' One, who thought himself of the highest importance, told me '*I was his right arm.*' I answered lightly, 'it will fail to sustain you.' Next Tuesday the election will be over, and he will be elected, or *not*, and that will put a stop to such wild proceedings. He says he shall get just *ten* votes."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, November 5th, 1870.*

". . . I shall hope to write to Robert and Hattie and others—which I have had no opportunity to do, for we have been beset by beggars and Kings—so to speak. I am so fond of the *people* and so distrustful of the *se*lect and *e*lect, that I take

it more composedly than the aristocratic members of the family. The Philosopher is to retire into private life the last of this week, and his whereabouts are not to be known at all. . . .

"Thy father is in good condition, mind and body, and when the election is over, will be still more content. I have had the pleasure of training the two 'dumb sticks' (domestics), and feel much better off than with the former incumbents, both of whom went on a lark. . . ."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, November 9th, 1870.*

"This is the 'Philosopher's' last day *in this region.* Much as I pity the poor, lonelorn, friendless man, I must rejoice for ourselves. I am comforted by the fact that I have had the heaviest of the burden, so far as the body is concerned, and have saved myself from the wear and tear of spirit that has been your unfortunate experience. One night, I received a delegation of three gentlemen at half past ten, in my nightgown and waterproof; held their several messages and documents until morning and delivered them then. There has been so much rough and tumble in my life, that I 'm sort o' hardened to it, and the *don't care* in my temperament makes hard things easy, though I have not found it to make the bitter sweet. Let us hope later days will be better days. . . .

"This morning, father and Julia left Mr. Greeley and self at the table, when the way was opened

in a marvellous manner, and I at once unburdened my mind by saying :

"'I am awfully sorry, Mr. Greeley, but the moment has come when I must have thy room.'

"'Well, that is what I have been expecting,' was the answer. 'I knew too well when I was well off to make the move to go.'

"He said many pleasant things, and among them that, 'the only fault he had to find with this family was that any of them ever went away.' He did not like Mrs. Emerson to stay so long, and he liked to have Julia at the table always ; he is very much disappointed that Mrs. Emerson does not come home before he leaves, but he will come in very often. Poor man ! he said he never had his clothes looked after before, and so I was moved to say that 'The Home' would be instructed to keep him mended, &c., &c. I felt as if I were throwing him on a very cold world, for with all the *devotional* friends, he fails to find what women only know how to do. . . ."

The warm friendship existing between Mrs. Gibbons and Mr. Greeley admitted of perfect freedom of speech, and it was an understanding that when the room was needed, she should feel no hesitation in saying so. Mr. Greeley was loved and respected by all the Gibbons household, and it was a source of real sorrow that his last illness was not passed in their house. No more considerate member of a family ever existed. He was regular at meals and thoughtful in every way.

This could not be said of many of his visitors, who flocked to the house at all times and seasons, and were a serious annoyance.

FROM DR. WALKER.

"*Cambridge, January 3d, 1871.*

"The beginning of another year reminds me that the old one has left me in debt to you for a very kind and entertaining letter. Notwithstanding earthquakes and meteor explosions, I am glad you reached home in safety at last; where I wish you and yours all the compliments of the season.

"The winter is a serious affair to old people; but I am getting through this as well as could be expected. December has been more merciful to us than usual. I suppose you have seen the Gurneys. . . . Though I am withdrawing myself more and more from general society, I look forward with much satisfaction to their coming into our neighborhood in March. . . .

"I have just had a letter from my friend Dr. Osgood, who seems to be in the full tide of successful experiment in his new relations, and especially enjoys the '*freedom*' which Episcopacy vouchsafes. I could not but remember what my neighbor Hoppin said, when declining my request to assist at the funeral of Judge Story: '*Our* church has a good many little rules, and I find it necessary to walk pretty carefully.' However, I suspect that they let the new convert do pretty much as he pleases, being well convinced that he is not likely to head an insurrection."

TO PHŒBE CARY.

"*New-York, July 21st, 1871.*

"That moist climate does not suit thee. Pray come away and find shelter under our roof for a time. A welcome awaits thee and we will do all we can to lift thee into the sunlight—out of the depths, dear friend. It will not do to tarry longer in the fogs of Newport.

"I will not burden thee with words, but shall wait with anxiety for an answer telling me how and when thou wilt reach our house. I cannot accept the rumor of a serious illness, and shall therefore believe that strength will be given equal to the emergency.

"With tenderest love
"Thy faithful
"A. H Gibbons."

The friendship with the Cary sisters was one of long standing. Alice's gentle loveliness and Phœbe's sparkling wit found ready appreciation in the Gibbons household, and their visits were always most welcome.

TO MISS THAYER.

"*New-York, April 30th, 1872.*

"Sally, my dear and darling nurse, on whom I so depended, how we did long to hear, until that letter came! I began to fear thou wast sick; for I declare, the baggage was enough to weigh down body, soul, and spirit. No words can convey a sense of the loneliness and subdued state of things,

after thee left; and we only revived when the blessed Carter made me a call, cheered our drooping spirits, went down stairs and sent to me a basket of the most delicious fruit which he had left in the parlor. I verily believe I am more fond of him than of fruit and flowers and other *men.*

"Now about myself. I am stronger. Went to drive in the Park yesterday, which was the first time I had gone *down* stairs. On Sunday, I went *up* stairs. Julia inquired, 'What for?' I answered:

> "To try my strength and use my joints,
> Were not the least important points."

TO "HOME."

"*Northampton, June 5th, 1872.*

". . . Not one word from home and I begin to think the house turned out of the windows and no time or place for pen or paper. I have had and am having a charming visit with people I love. No other such a 'darling Sally' and the loss of her would be a calamity to our family. We will hold to her as long as we live. I have seen much of Elizabeth Prince and her friend Miss Dickinson, and have visited the Deaf Mutes. Was there ever anything so wonderful? They have a new way of teaching them to modulate their voices and I declare the whole thing is a mystery.

"I am glad to hear of '*The* Home' and a word of the Foundlings would not be unwelcome. What a dearth of that article there must be! Well, I rejoice for *your* sakes."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, September 7th, 1872.*

"If I seem bewildered, no wonder. Such a week as we have had! Julia's energy knows no limitation. All the house is, in measure, settled now. I was made weak by seeing Julia and Laura lifting heavy bureaus. Father put his shoulder to the wheel most kindly, and peace and plenty (of work) prevailed. When I think of the amount done, I conclude, if the school keeps pace with the energy, we may look to Julia's promise of taking us all to Europe in a yacht, at her own expense. . . ."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, September 17th, 1872.*

". . . I have been sad to-day on account of poor little Margaret Fuller. Willing she should escape the perils here, but in sympathy with her mother, who will feel the loneliness and miss the everyday companionship more than any but a mother dreams of. The Doctor says she cannot live; and when I saw her on Friday, the spirit was gone, although she knew me and wanted to stay with me, and the poor little body seemed waiting, that her mother might be willing to let her go. If she *does* take her last sleep, I want her to rest in our lot. I consulted father and Julia, who say 'by all means,' and thy father thought it might help us to Heaven." [This little girl was a foundling.]

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, October 1st, 1872.*

". . . Last First Day, Mr. Greeley took tea with us. I had a gay time. Something was said about the 'Grant papers'—'false statements' etc. I thought to myself: 'Now is my time, and a good time I'll have.' So I joined in the tirade and made the best of the opportunity—and there sat the gentlemen—thy father as well—and not a soul of them dared to say a word in the face of the distinguished candidate. Father and all enjoyed it immensely, and I declare, I shall live and thrive on it for six months to come. Fisher and Kate thought they had fun enough to last for a long time. . . ."

FROM JAMES H. TITUS.

"*New-York, Dec. 18, 1872.*

". . . I have finished my 'three score and ten years' and find that reminiscences of other days fill much of my unoccupied hours. Frequently and pleasurably the memory of your great and venerable father comes up among such reminiscences. The death of Horace Greeley and the sensation it produces on the Public was a truthful manifestation of the hold he had on the respect and affection of the virtuous and right-minded portion of every community in the Nation. He and I always differed on legitimate and political issues, but there was no discord between us in plans and efforts for the welfare of mankind in

every relation and condition of life. 'Ten talents' were committed to him by God. He was eminently faithful in the trust, and has gone to receive his reward.

"I hope soon to have the pleasure of calling on you, and of hearing that the 'Home' is prosperous.

"Truly your friend,

"James H. Titus."

FROM DR. WALKER.

"*Cambridge, March 18, 1873.*

"I am glad to hear from you after so hard a winter and the exciting and painful circumstances by which it was attended. Mr. Greeley's story is perhaps the most melancholy and tragical one in our political history. I hope it will be sanctified to our ambitious aspirants, helping them to understand that even if one looks only for power and fame, his best place is the one for which he is best fitted, and where his personal influence will be most felt. I could not help being more affected by the troubles of the 'great Journalist,' as I knew you would be more or less mixed up with them.

"The inclemency of the season, aided by the grave circumstance that I am well along in my seventy-ninth year, has borne rather heavily upon me. Not that I am yet disabled or in much suffering, but I feel that I am living in a hired house which is falling into decay, and that the owner does not mean to lay out any more money in repairs.

"It seems that you also have been again on the sick list. Now you know from past experience, that when run down from overwork, nothing is so likely to recruit you as a visit to friends in the old Bay State. The chamber overhead is swept and garnished, and ready to receive you, and nothing would give us greater pleasure than to welcome you here. . . ."

TO SALLY.

"*New York, October 17, 1873.*

". . . I told thee that brother Samuel, sister Rachel and myself, were bound to go to Maryland; and so we did, leaving New-York in the three o'clock train, which took us through to Wilmington. I staid at the old house that night, leaving next morning at ten, and arriving at Aunt Clement's in time for dinner. It was Sixth day and we remained until Second. On First day, all the relatives came from far and near to dine with us, and in the afternoon, we went to Cousin Hiram's to tea ; Aunt Sarah Clement, who will be ninety years old on the 19th of December, being the gay one of the party. Dear Aunt Ann was sick in her bed, but happy, and good as an angel. She repeated any number of pieces of poetry and hymns, and remembers everything. It was a lovely time.

"We left there, as I said, on Second day, reaching Uncle Edward's about one o'clock. . . . After an animated evening, (a number of friends having come in,) there followed a dead silence, when Uncle Edward addressed the company very

sweetly ; as the occasion touched a tender chord, and he was moved to an expression of gratitude for what he considered divine favor. Deborah Wharton followed him, and thought the 'occasion one of great sweetness,' and delightful to her. She called next morning at Aunt Sarah's, (where we passed the day,) and seemed greatly impressed by a sense of mutual happiness, which all united in. Aunt Anna, Maria and I enjoyed being together, and, as the Friends say, 'it was a refreshing season.'

"So, after eight days of complete success, we returned home satisfied that we had been led in the right direction.

"And now let me say that as much transpired as if I had been away a month. Bonny came next day and was lovely in her greeting, giving me a warm welcome. Whenever she sits up to the table, she begins thus : '*That* is Aunt Sally's seat,' pointing to thy chair. She took it up herself, and so she goes, round the circle, appointing to each his or her own seat. She passed yesterday here and was a perfect rowdy. She was holding her doll, when she looked up as roguishly as possible and said : 'Aunty Dule you 're a waxel,' meaning *rascal.* She was wild with fun and frolic, and so pretty. . . ."

In the year 1870, Mrs. Gibbons's youngest daughter Lucy married James Herbert Morse of Hubbardston, Massachusetts. The three children born of this union were a never-failing source of delight to their grandparents. The little girl referred to was the eldest child.

TO SALLY.

"*October 24th, 1873.*

"Sally my dear, I do hope my last reached thee, for it was written with many interruptions, and this time, I begin a day in advance. . . . As for Bonnie, she grows more and more to us each day of her sweet life. She walks and walks and never tires—looks upon her carriage with perfect contempt. She is too independent for any such pent-up position.

"I am wondering if this will find thee in Paris, or where. That is a question which most concerns us at present. I told thee of our lovely visit to Maryland. The day but one after we left the dear old home, Aunt Sarah went to Wilmington to make her niece, Sarah England, a visit. She arrived bright and well—said she was not tired at all. The same night, she was getting ready for bed and had been cautioned about a step leading to her room, when, turning round to look, she fell back and fractured her thigh bone. It was dreadfully sad because she suffered from it, and after living to her great age, with every prospect of her hundredth birthday,—with all her senses—I was so grieved. But now we must be thankful that the very painful period is passed, and that her mind is clear.

"I think she will never walk again, which will try her naturally active propensities; and if she goes to sleep, never to wake in this life, we will enjoy the memories of a useful and beautiful life. Did I tell thee that, while she never had a child of

her own, she brought up well and tenderly nineteen boys and girls. She took cousin Sarah England when she was 18 months old, and kept her until she married; and now, she is doubtless spending her last days with this same devoted child.

"Lucy and Bonnie have just gone, having made a long call, both in good spirits and well. We were too busy to keep her for the day. I said: 'What is thee of Aunt Sally's?' 'Aunty Sally's little woman,' was the answer. I gave her a little quilt to take home. She said promptly: 'Thank you ver much, Gamma."

"Our 'Diet Kitchen' is a great success and we are going to open two this autumn. Mr. De Peyster, a man of means, urges us to this movement and all pronounce it an inestimable blessing. The Health Department say we shall save human life to a great extent—especially among children. It takes with people on account of its simplicity and genuineness."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, November 7th, 1873.*

"There is so much said of the hard times that I shall expect to be congratulated for having nothing to lose. The funniest event of the late election was that W. G. Choate was a candidate for the Assembly. His wife insisted that it was his duty to accept, and, if elected, to go—but, alas! we were doomed to disappointment, for the Democ-

racy triumphed and now I must look about me for a stronghold to lean upon.

. . . . . .

"The other day Aunt Mary said to Bonnie, 'What is thy name?' She promptly replied: 'Little Bonnie Morse.' I will tell you, she's a great block of humanity—a perfect rowdy. We expect the little Dula next 2nd day, to stay as long as we want her. From father down to Bonnie, we are jolly over it, for she has been away long.

"I have had uncommon success over a batch of pumpkin pies to-day, and would send one if it was easy.

. . . . . .

"Henry J. Powell, Jr. is in pants—went to First day school, and, as he entered his class, held up both hands and exclaimed, 'Look here! see what I have on me!' There is no special news and, if there was, Julia will have told thee. Our letters must be repeaters, I think.

"Poor Ida Greeley comes in often, evidently pining for old friends. She went to Blackwell's Island with me twice, took an interest in several cases, and was very liberal in supplying new clothing for a little French girl we brought away with us."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, November 30th, 1873.*

"Dr. Walker was never more agreeable and delightful and his prayer on Thanksgiving Day was lovely. He pronounced blessings upon us, and I

have faith that we may receive, inasmuch as *he* asked. . . .

"But I must not pass over my visit to the Barnards'. I was in my black silk, all so fine; went in by car to Bowdoin Square, where I stept into a carriage which took me to Hotel Pelham. Dr. and Mrs. Parsons were already there, and one after another came, until the parlors were well filled. There were a whole army of young doctors—all because of our Diet-Kitchen, which was to be talked up for their benefit.

"Dr. Stephen Smith was referred to as one of the great lights of the day, and how he would have squirmed if he had been near, to hear the eulogiums showered upon his honored head. Man of modest worth, as he is, he would have groaned out: 'I cannot stand all this.' I have testimony to the truth of all they said, and I dare say, Dr. Putnam will be sent on for information and direction, for they are determined not to be behind the foremost in 'advanced thought' and action.

. . . . . .

"Mrs. Barnard was never so handsome, Mrs. Parsons never so agreeable, and Dr. Parsons genial and very entertaining. Mrs. Barnard had been to see Salvini and was greatly overcome by the misfortunes that befel the poor man—as he lifted his sword in the performance, it caught in his wig and was dashed to the ground—he retired amid a profound solemnity caused by the accident. Prof. Pierce thought the audience should have *laughed it off*, and, had it happened in New-York, such

would have been the effect. Prof. Pierce and son, the pretty Miss Roach (Joanna), Mrs. Binney, and a concourse of celebrities were there. Finally, my devoted friend Mr. Blatchford. He was overpowering, and when I was ready to enter the carriage, he was at the door and *would* go out to Cambridge with me. It did not *seem* an infliction and yet I could not see how it could be otherwise. . . .

"At the 'Home' they dressed fifty dolls for Randall's Island. The Island condemns the Commissioners and I hold them convicted of gross neglect and inhumanity. But for our gifts, which numbered 600,—dolls never so plenty—they would have had no Christmas at all. Poor children! The little French Flora was so sick that she was quite unconscious of our presence; but we laid the prettiest of our babies by her side in bed. An idiot-girl was sitting by, watching her as faithfully and tenderly as if she had had forty years' experience. We all hoped she might sleep forever, and, harmless as she was, I do not see why we did not take a more humane view of her case long ago and find a home for her—for, at the best, Randall's is poor indeed. I shall try to do something with the heathen Commissioners as soon as these holidays are over.

. . . . . .

"The *Tribune* gives to-day a notice of the death of Sarah M. Grimké—no particulars—but no doubt multiplied years and slow decline finished her course, which has been somewhat remarkable. She was distinguished for her love of human kind,

in whom she had full trust and faith. That she will sleep well, there is not the shadow of a doubt; and Angelina will turn to her children and grandchild, to find companionship and love. The sisters were beautiful and true to each other. . . .

"Dr. Walker is as bright, far-seeing, and clear-sighted, as I ever knew him, but the body does not keep pace with the mind. He is so afraid of becoming a burden to others, that he takes care of himself; and hopes when the time comes, he may be permitted to go to sleep suddenly. I hope this for him.

. . . . . .

"I read in the *Herald* of Sunday, November 23d, as follows: 'Miss ——— took the veil in the Convent ————, Father Fulton officiating.' Question: Is it loss or gain? loss to the world or gain to the Convent? I suppose we could answer better, if we knew what she did *after* she took the veil. I prefer the world as a whole, to a narrow corner of it. I should be awfully scrouged. Everyone to their liking. I do not condemn her, but it seems so dark and gloomy."

TO SALLY.

"*Cambridge, December 3d, 1873.*

"Dear Grandfather's Birthday, intensely saddened, because of the depth of sorrow which must cloud thy pathway, among 'strangers in a strange land,' on account of the loss of the ill-fated steamer, which was to bear to thee, my dear child,

companionship for the winter and strength upon which to lean.

"So associated was Miss Putnam * with thy plans and purposes, that I feel the disappointment as a severe trial, which thee will take much to heart. . . . It is sad to write about and I must share in thy sympathy for the near and dear ones, who are so terribly stricken. Thou wilt measure thy deprivations, and resign thyself to what has so grievously overtaken thee.

"I long for the winter to pass and for the season of safety to arrive, for thou must not encounter the winds and waves of the winter, but patiently wait, and quietly hope, for the coming of the better time that unites thee to us at home, where thou art indeed a missing link, which all alike feel. Dear Dr. Walker wishes his love sent, and says he sympathizes in the disappointment it must be to thee, but hopes thou wilt not lose the opportunity for improvement and pleasure which is now offered. With nearest and tenderest affection,

"Thy mother."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, December 18th, 1873.*

"I need not say that all our thoughts are of thee and we are very, *very* anxious to know just how it is as to the future. I feel as if I had no advice to give, desiring thou shouldst come to thy own conclusions. This day we have been (Julia and

* Miss Lizzie Putnam, who was lost in the *Ville du Havre*.

self) to see poor Mrs. Putnam and her daughter. They are quiet and serene, patient and sweet, casting no word of censure in any direction, and wisely deciding not to read the conflicting rumors given through the papers."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, January 16th, 1874.*

" . . . Say to Mrs. Hoe that the 'Home' prospers. Good charities always do. The Ball is over for the Infant Asylum and netted $11,000.00 and over. So much for diamonds and empty heads! Well, it's all right. If there is no *mind* to work, they must dance to the fiddle and keep going from year to year.

" . . . Thy father says he sent thee the circular of 'Randall's Island Omissions.' I sent one to each of the Commissioners, accompanied by a letter, demanding a change from dead-heads to living men. Father feared I might give offence; but instead, they, through General Bowen, sent me a kind letter of explanation, and added that Mr. Bowen would call very soon to talk with me and devise a plan. And so my wits are active in behalf of a way to give home-life to the poor, neglected children. . . ."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, February 1st, 1874.*

" . . . I need not tell thee how grieved we are that dear Dr. Sewall should have gone to the

next life so suddenly. The change took place in the night. The morning brought Dr. Stone just in time to see the light go out,—the invalid all unconscious of his condition. I went the same day to sit awhile with his family. Jennie greeted me lovingly and said the Doctor's love for our family never grew less. . . . The house looked so dreary—as if death had indeed entered."

CHAPTER XXX.

1874–1877.

TRIP TO ALBANY.

FROM HON. DANIEL G. FORT.

"*Oswego, Febry. 17, 1874.*

" Dear Mrs. Gibbons :

" I wrote you yesterday. . . . I would not write you so soon again, but I infer from your letter you have not yet presented your case in Albany this winter. If I am correct in this I would advise you not to delay a single day longer.

" The Supply Bill is to be reported March 2d and after that it may be too late. I cannot advise you what to say or whom to see. Last winter, it was managed by the ladies who presented the case (yourself and others) most admirably, and I do not think you could do better. *Do not fail to go yourself.*

" With kind regards for you all and wishing you success,

" I am your friend

" Danl. G. Fort."

In these trips to Albany, Mrs. Gibbons never proved herself a bore. She knew what she wanted and went straight to the point. On returning from

one of these errands, she and her party, who occupied a compartment in a parlor car, were much amused in overhearing the talk in the adjoining division, where some Albany men had seats. They united in saying that "when those people wanted anything, they would better *send the little Quaker lady;* the rest of them could stay at home."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, March 4th, 1874.*

" . . . It might seem that I had neglected thee, but not so. I have been to Albany hobnobbing with Politicians. Sarah Leggett went with me. . . . I was received as an old friend by those I met last year. The Speaker of the House came to me at table, at Congress Hall, to let me know he was my friend ; and many others did the same. I feel sure of success. Joe Choate gave me such letters as they could not withstand, and said much in praise of the charities in whose interests I was there. I suppose I sent my card to at least thirty ; was introduced to all who were important."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, March 27, 1874.*

" One of my great troubles has been that I could not write to thee ; and how I have missed thee, cannot be told in words. A wretched month this, and then to have an attack of erysipelas, was just the drop too much. I had some things to rejoice in, and among them and prominent, was my Doctor,

in whom I took solid comfort. We all liked him and could not think of another to fill so important a place. This was Dr. Stephen Smith—a private blessing to this woman and her family. Of ten days I may not speak, as I know little more than of the iron and gallons of lemonade that Julia poured in without an interval of rest. On her devotion and excellent nursing, I cannot lavish too much praise. She does not permit me to look on any human face divine, but she does not deprive me of my little table, and allows me the privilege of writing this letter. I have submitted with Christian grace up to this time, but feel that I may grow rebellious any hour; there is nothing like individual freedom. Four meals a day are served and I am ready for all. With my dinner, I take a glass of claret and like it.

". . . Thee perceives I have to write about myself, as my little world is my own room. I believe if I was allowed Infant Asylum delights it would renew life and action; but I name the lovely charity of which I am so fond, at my peril, in the presence of Julia."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, April 3, 1874.*

". . . I did go to Albany. Appropriations were not made as last year, but through a Committee appointed to divide the Excise Fund, and this morning's paper reports $25,000 for the Infant Asylum and $5,000 for the 'Home'; which is as much as I could reasonably expect, considering it

was through my own individual effort. Reports were not ready and I went without ammunition, but was followed by the best letters that could be written by Messrs. Choate and Carter. Twenty-five thousand for the Infant Asylum was the largest sum given to any institution.

"As for the 'Home,' people do not have faith in 'sinners' (so called). I am thankful to have known them so long and so well, that I will stand by them as long as I live. Maria Lowell said our family had 'a natural love for sinners.' They are so sinned against, that with their limited opportunities, I often wonder they come out so well, when we see the mighty wrongs among professional saints (so considered by a benighted people,) and how all this is overlooked, while the poor world must suffer even for *their* shortcomings. . . .

"Thy lovingest of mothers."

TO HON. JOHN BIGELOW.

"*N. Y. April 22/74.*

". . . Well, you passed the winter in New-York, but for all me, you might as well have been in Berlin. Jennie may not know of my illness—that I was not permitted to look on the face of a friend for six long weeks. Now, however, I am well and on duty as usual. Plenty to do, and I enjoy the work; especially, the mothers and babies of the 'Infant Asylum,' the 'Diet Kitchen' and *sinners* (so considered by the world generally) at the 'Home.' With the latter class, my acquaint-

ance has continued for more than thirty years, and I may say, I have known them so long and so well that I discover their virtues and have no cause for turning my back upon them.

"Hoping that you are having the best of times at your lovely Highland home, and that we may look upon you in this life,

"I am your affectionate friend,

"A. H. Gibbons.

"111 West 44th."

FROM DR. WALKER.

"*Cambridge, May 26, 1874.*

"Our long winter having broken up at last, I was on the point of informing you that I had survived it, when I received your kind note. I cannot boast much of what there is left of me, my greatest feats now being that I go in to Boston about once a fortnight, and attend church on pleasant Sundays. Under our new minister everybody goes to church—old and young, gentle and simple, sick or well. In these days of questioning and division, it is delightful to see an old and large parish absolutely of one mind. . . .

"Do not the newspaper accounts of the doings at Washington make Mr. Gibbons look, at times, a little glum? I am afraid my friend Richardson has found out at last, that ambition to be in the Cabinet is not the surest passport to peace or fame.

"To the list of venerable clergymen who propose to begin wedded life anew, 'for better or worse,' I am just informed that we are to add my excellent

successor at Charlestown, Dr. Ellis. All these things verify what used to be said in England, that the clergy are more persuasive with the ladies than even the gentlemen of the army."

TO MISS THAYER.

"*New York, July 4th, 1874.*

". . . Now a word for Charity's sake! About a month ago, I was seized with a renewed desire (which I have had for years) to secure a building for the 'Isaac T. Hopper Home.' It settled into a fixed determination, and, as the future is very uncertain where life is concerned, it was my conclusion that the present time should not pass by unheeded. On the 2d of June I was made Chairman of Committee, *with power;* and having heard of a house and lot admirably suited to our purposes was ready to report what looked so promising; and, to make short of a long story of never ceasing toil and trouble through June, I may tell thee that the 1st of July saw us in the new House, Deed executed, and *recorded.*

"We are rather proud as women, that all was carried through by remembering the words of General Banks, when speaking of his course toward contrabands. He said his habit was 'to *do* and not to talk about it.' . . ."

FROM DR. WALKER.

"*Cambridge, July 17th, 1874.*

". . . Our invitation to you is a standing one, waiting for your convenience; but you should

remember that even such an invitation from an octogenarian is not good for long. However, I am getting through the summer tolerably well, and was able to give a dinner to all but one of the survivors of our class, on the sixtieth anniversary of our graduation. We mustered seven."

TO MRS. S. H. GAY.

"*111 West 44th Street,*
"*New York, August 14th, 1874.*

". . . Our dear sister Anna rests from her weariness, and how quietly she passed away! Her request was that there should be no funeral and I gave my hearty assent. Edward was with us on his way through for half an hour; during the short period, he dwelt upon *her* greatness and *his* littleness, was full of sadness for all she had lived through, and while he knew nothing of resignation, he submitted quietly because there was no help. . . ."

FROM SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

1875. (?)

"A thousand thanks for your kind invitation, and I wish I could accept it. It would be a great pleasure and a great rest to me to pass three or four idle days with you, but I can't do it just now. I am working against time and tide with all my might, and am pursued by a phantom, night and day, who shrieks 'haste! haste!' at me. Every hour is so precious that nothing but some imperative business takes me to town for an hour or two once in three or four weeks. So you see I can't

spare the time to be idle, and I can't take my work away from this table, these books, etc.

"But, some time this winter, it is quite likely I may have to be in town for two or three days to go to the libraries, and then, if you will let me, I will impose myself upon you if it can be done without inconveniencing you. May I do that?"

FROM REV. HENRY W. FOOTE TO EDWARD HOPPER.

"*Boston, March 19th, 1875.*

"Let me thank you for the copy of Dr. Morton's touching remarks to his medical class, on the death of your son Isaac.

"The kindred of my dear classmate,—the first hero of my College life, William Gibbons—seem always very near to me; and any sorrow that touches them, comes close to my heart. . . .

"I think that William Gibbons' death first brought home to me the living faith in immortality. I was *sure* that such a noble and abounding soul had work to do, though beyond our sight; and in the years that roll between, many whom I loved have followed him, confirming my faith in that life beyond, and in Him who holds it safe in His hand.

"Henry W. Foote."

MR. RUSCH TO MRS. GIBBONS.

"*Vevey, October 6th, 1875.*

"My dear Mrs. Gibbons,

". . . We have been very glad to hear your good works are all prospering. How could they

do otherwise in such hands? . . . Another year having gone round, I shall write to Messrs. Oberteuffer to send you again, as my contribution to your good works, the customary check for three hundred dollars, which sum you will please apply and distribute according to your own good judgment. . . .

"Yours very faithfully,
"Adolph Rusch."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, December 26, 1875.*

"My dear daughter Sally may imagine the order and quiet I am enjoying in my own quarters, after the commotion of last week. Was there *ever* such an experience? Father and Miss Alcott accompanied me to Randall's Island and the latter had a good time I am sure. She had the pleasure of beholding our Mayor, who was on board, and Commissioners Bailey and Cox. We took our usual round, stopping longest with the Idiots, who were wild with delight over the bright pictures my friends the Curriers sent me. We had plenty of everything and the occasion was more satisfactory than usual. We made a reporter of the *Times* carry candies, dolls &c., and he was as pleased as any child. . . .

"We were carted from building to building in an old vehicle and jaded horse, to the great amusement of our guest. I told Commissioner Bailey they ought to be ashamed to send such a turnout.

"The children were overjoyed to see us and I

promised to follow them whithersoever they went. They feared the rain would keep us away.

"I hope to-morrow will bring us news of thy safety, about which I am not anxious, but I cannot say it of thy father, who does not mean to be anything else."

TO HON. JOHN BIGELOW.

"*New-York, May, 3/76.*

"It was a kind thought to send me 'The list of Convicts' &c., and I was very glad to have it; and I thank thee most affectionately for thy superabounding kindness at Albany. It gave me a confidence that all would go right; and it was much to have a *friend at court.*

"And now it remains for Governor Tilden to sign our *bill*, and that he will do. I saw it in his resolute and manly face, with never a frown to discourage me. It was a pleasant call at his residence, and much I was pleased with Grace. I have her as a little girl in my book of photographs, and your home looked so cozy that it made me feel at ease at once. I wish I could attract Grace to the companionship of my daughters, and I venture to say they would like each other.

"Look in upon us all, dear and valued friend, whom my father thought so much of and believed in; and say to Jenny, the new friends may be good, but she may be sure of the old ones, who are genuine and true; and among them, she will always find this household.

"All honor to our Governor, that he has given a woman a place among men! He shall have my vote now and always."

TO LUCY.

"*New-York, May 31st, 1876.*

"Surely life is not the same without you all; while we are longing for you, we rejoice in your happiness in a pleasant home, and think it fine for the children. Thee must have welcomed Mrs. Putnam and her family, though I suppose you often have to sing the song, 'Birds in their little nests agree.' I remember very well when I heard those same words from my mother. I always feel sorry that you did not know her, for she was a magnificent woman, with a grace of mind and person that does not belong to the present age. However, it is vain to attempt to live too much in the past, and I do not often indulge,—while the present brings work, thought, and planning, for every day in the year—enough for all who have the will to do it. People are so lazy; they hate to sacrifice themselves, and, therefore, many never become familiar with the 'paths of pleasantness, which lead to peace.'"

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, July 20th, 1876.*

". . . Yesterday, Flora Foster made me a visit of two hours. She said she did not want to make me vain, but had come to tell me of a visit to the Tombs, from two gentlemen of the Legislature,

who were talking together and paid me compliments which made me very happy. One said that I distinguished myself by presenting the case in "a natural, plain, simple manner, that impressed my hearers and made me sure of success."

"Well, I was glad that the only means at hand produced results, and so I shall resort to no higher, —but, from this hint, shall now and always speak."

TO HON. JOHN BIGELOW.

"*New-York, Sept. 22/76.*

"I thank thee very much for thy prompt response to my request. Just what I needed reached me this day.

"Thanks to Judge Sinnott for the statement of yesterday, which is read with pleasure and profit by many. As to the abuse of Mr. Tilden, I have not wasted time in the reading, and in conversation have kept my mind quiet, and counselled *'patient waiting'* according to the *order* of Friends. I might wish it was more their *practice.*

"I trust the right will prevail, and have admired Mr. Tilden's silence, remembering the words of dear Mrs. Seward, when I said to her, 'Why does not Mr. Seward deny the vile rumors concerning him that are going the rounds of the press?' She replied:

"'I once said to Henry' (as she called her husband), '"my cook has been very impudent, and I think I must part with her."

"'"Why do you think of it, while she cooks your

dinners so well, and works so faithfully? People must talk."'

"I never could get up the slightest enthusiasm for Hayes and Wheeler. They lack the much needed elements, and while I do not profess to wisdom, I fall back upon impressions and facts. I remember thy words in Albany last winter, 'Tilden is an able man.' They live in my memory, and surely his course as Governor has been all we could ask for.

"My husband is delighted with his views upon *finance*, which, as thou knowest, is his hobby. And now that the Income Tax is settled beyond further controversy, the reaction must result in his favor. I am excited already by the change in the tide of feeling, created by yesterday's announcement, and hope for the best to our country. We need a man of might and power, and that man is Tilden."

FROM LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"*Concord, Dec. 11th, '76.*

"My dear Mrs. Gibbons.

"I cannot tell you how touched and gratified I was by your very kind and motherly letter. It is so comfortable and cheering to be remembered in one's hard times, especially by those whose lovely lives are a constant inspiration to feebler souls.

"My brave mother early taught me how to look for a silver lining to every cloud, and to find the sweet drop in every bitter draught. So, at fifty, I can look back with gratitude for the hard disci-

pline which was a blessing in disguise ; forward with more faith and hope than ever ; and away at the duties of the present, without despair or weariness of spirit, though the flesh gives out too often.

" My dear old father lies serenely watching the snow fall, without pain or discontent ; happy, patient, and docile as a little child. He is still helpless, eats only spoon-food, and talks with difficulty. We do not expect his recovery, yet his wonderful vigor may restore him to partial health. I gave him your letter and told him about my memorable Xmas with you, for he likes stories and asks for them. He seemed to understand and said, ' It is good, she is kind, tell her so.' I hope his peaceful life will have a peaceful end before suffering disturbs his tranquil soul.

" There is little to do for him or us, except to give us the cordial of sympathy and love. We are blessed with many good friends, and so the wintry days have their bright hours as we watch and wait."

TO HON. JOHN BIGELOW.

" *New-York, April 19/77.*

" I had no sooner mailed my letter to Jenny, (discoursing on *ranges*) than it occurred to me there might be various ways of spelling a name, and upon further investigation, discovered ' R. H. Magee, Ranges and Furnaces, 92 Beekman St.' Doubtless a line addressed to the individual, will bring you relief in a very important matter, for I hold

the kitchen department, in all its appointments, worthy of consideration. Please enlighten Jenny.

"How I should like to know thy opinion of our President. It seems to me he will never have a new idea, or make his mark in any direction. Good enough man, but it looks to me as if he must be elbowed through all the four years.

"Mr. Tilden made a good Governor. He had strength and fitness, and if I am right, with the very little knowledge I had of his character, *he* would have been up and doing, and the world would begin to move. Many are disappointed and they deserve to be. Tilden could stand alone."

. . . . . .

TO BONNIE.

"*New-York, July 17th, 1877.*

"My darling Grandchild,

"I received thy dear letter to-day, and it made me very glad; it was such a *very*, VERY, nice one. I thought I must sit right down to tell thee about thy children. They look so lovely. 'Kitty's' condition is much improved; 'Carry Long' is as fine as can be, and, as for 'Louisa,' she is a charming child. She turns her head all about but does not find her mother. Their clothes are all clean and ready for thee when thee comes home.

"I am glad that there is a little cousin to play with and that thee is a good caretaker of the chickies and their father and mother. I hope thee does not feed them all the time. When they get

up in the morning and before they go to bed will be the right times, I think, for through the day, they will find enough for themselves.

"Aunty Dule has gone to Stockbridge. She said when she came from Beverly Farms, that she did miss the Rantoul children, and she does miss her niece every day. . . .

"I am glad thy father bought thee a doll, for what is a child to do without one? I send a sack, hoping it will fit 'Violet Blue-eyes.' Try it.

"I wish Jamie would have his teeth soon. Be very careful what he eats now, for a berry might make him sick. Soon as the peaches are good we will send you some, and he can have a very ripe one if the skin is off. Dear little boy, he has had a hard time, and thee will be very gentle with him.

"Send many letters to thy

"loving Grandma."

TO HER SISTER SARAH.

"*New-York, September 18th, 1877.*

"There must be a general *thanksgiving* that thy visit to New-York was productive of good results. I knew it was change of scene and everything else that was needed, and I exhort thee to keep it up. Go out daily, if it is but a short distance, for there is great danger of falling into the idea that life and health are giving way. What if they do? Just take the other tack, and decide that, next year, thee may do the same thing again. As to not liv-

ing out the Hopper allotment of time, we will not indulge in the notion—for *that* is all it is.

. . . . . .

"Julia came home and is recognised every morning by her equipments—Brush and Duster—and such a polishing as makes all she touches *shine*. Sally comes to-day and *she* will rejoice to find the day of that sort of tribulation over; while she will pass no moment of idleness,—I venture upon that.

"As to incessant work, it is all fudge. Where is the use of spending one's self over an ironing table? I have a sermon to preach to Fanny, to which if she would hearken, it might spare her many woes.

"I thank her for her kind letter, and am glad she saw improvement in her mother, who came just in the right time for her own and our comfort too. I was quite too indulgent, for I allowed her to be up at six in the morning, just because I could not help it, and when she *did* sleep, no mortal can tell. I believe she sat up o' nights, planning worsted work.

"Has thee begun a new piece?* Do the cushion, but wait until I send a sample of canvas.

"Write soon to thy affectionate sister

"A. H. Gibbons."

*Mrs. Gibbons and her dear sister Sarah H. Palmer, of Philadelphia, the eldest of Friend Hopper's children, enjoyed the companionship of working on their respective pieces of worsted embroidery, the pieces being exactly alike. They compared notes of progress from time to time.

CHAPTER XXXI.

1878–1881.

DIET KITCHENS.

FROM REV. H. W. BELLOWS.

"*New York, April 1, 1878.*

"Dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"I can't do much for your most worthy object, as I have so many charities to serve—but I gladly enclose my check for $25 for the benefit of the 'N. Y. Diet Kitchen Association,' which I beg you to see used in a discreet manner.

"I reciprocate your kind expressions, and hope your valuable life of mercy and self-abnegation may be long spared to the community. I trust you are not less rich in the important blessings of domestic happiness and inward peace than you justly assume I am. God has indeed blessed me with a gentle and devoted wife and children, two of whom are companions of my heart and head, and two, buds of fragrant promise opening in my downward path, but lighting and perfuming it though it leads to the grave. But of all blessings, none can equal that of steady *service* to humanity. Good, persistent, earnest work for God and man, whose interests are identical and whose service the

same, is the chief privilege and the fullest joy of existence. This you have had in large measure, and I hope it will not end, but only recommence in nobler ways, when you enter upon the heavenly world. We have many burdens to carry—and no one knows another's limitations of cares and sorrows! I dare say you sometimes think yours have been very sore, and surely they have! Possibly, you long for the rest prepared for the people of God. But the back is made for the burden, and none of us are weighted beyond our strength, if we seek our support where the Friends have so long found it—'in the *Spirit* of all might, wisdom, and love!'

"With earnest good will and affectionate recollections of nearly forty years of acquaintance and mutual confidence—if not of very frequent meeting,

"I remain yours cordially

"H. W. Bellows."

TO BONNIE.

"*New York, July 1, 1878.*

"To Bonnie, the darling of my heart, I write a Birth-Day letter, that she may know it is my pleasure to make her happy. I wonder if she remembers the morning in early May, when I sat down to the breakfast table and found before me the loveliest daisies of pure white. I was surprised, to be sure, and, upon looking round, I saw by the twinkle of Bonnie's blue eye, that the present came

from *her*, to make her Grandma happy. From that very day, it has been covered with flowers. I keep close watch upon it and whenever I see a faded flower, I clip it with my scissors. I had a friend a long time ago who said, 'a blessing attends those who cut their flowers.' She meant by that, that if we gave them generously, for every one cut off to give to rich and poor, they would bear more abundantly. She used to carry roses and honeysuckle, and all sorts of sweet flowers, to her sick friends, and she never neglected those that were poor in purse, but rich, in having *her* for a faithful friend."

"I have many of her letters; thee shall read them when thee grows older; and when thee comes home, I will read one to thee, in which she tells me about Aunt Sally, Aunty Dule, and thy mother. It is a lovely letter. She wrote books for children, young and old; and soon thee will be able to read them. This friend was Miss Sedgwick, as she was called by people generally, and Catherine M. Sedgwick was her true name. . . .

"Now I must give thee some directions about a box which will go to Hyannisport for thy Birthday. Be very careful when thee unpacks it, and take notice what is to be given to Jamie, dear boy. Do not expect much, for the box is small. The purse Aunty Dule sends, and the castor is from Aunt Sally. Thee will find a piece of calico for a curtain for thy play-house. And may it be a happy day to my dear grandchild! I hope for cool weather, some sunshine, and that the birds

will sing their merriest songs; that thy little brothers may have a good time with their sister, and that she will write and tell about you all."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, July 2d, 1878.*

". . . Julia and self went in to Mrs. Fry's, finding Col. Lawrence and Mrs. Gen. McKeever. General Fry was very demonstrative; we vowed eternal friendship and occasional exchanges. The attractions of Governor's Island, he thinks may draw me, and a visit to the prison is offered as an incentive. I hope we may have a decent neighbor, but we can never have such another. It was *much* of a good thing. . . .

"A letter came, as we thought, from James, asking for cork soles and a *tie*. On re-reading the letter, I found it was from Lucy. Query: which of the two wanted the *tie?*

"Give love to Aunt Sarah, and tell her she will have a warm welcome, her old corner &c. &c., and will find herself at home. . . ."

TO BONNIE.

"*1878.*

"My dearest grand-daughter,

"Thy letter came yesterday and made me very happy. When I saw the bag, I was delighted; it is so pretty and so nicely made. I begin to think thee is growing into a woman. I shall use the bag to put my spool in, but to-day, I shall put my silver money in it.

"To-morrow I am going to make jelly, because next winter it will be nice on thy bread; and Aunty Dule is to preserve crabapples. I have had a present of a large quantity, and sugar to do them with, so I shall have and to spare, and thy mother will share; and that's a rhyme.

"I guess thee begins to wish for thy children. Well, they will be all ready for thee, and I shall try to have all things in order for thy reception, which is of far more account than the Queen's, or any other, to *me*. And so thee has a kitten! that makes many—but 'Blinker' has three new ones! What shall we do?

"Thy garden has many flowers, and thee is to have ever so much more ground all for thyself. Jamie must have one too when he can dig."

"With love to all, thy ownty, downty,

"Grandmother."

TO JAMIE.

"*1879.*

"I send this picture to dear Jamie, who is driving 'Peter' and Mr. Cobb, sitting up like a fine gentleman. Mr. Cobb is Jamie's kind friend and will make a man of him. I was very glad to receive thy letter. I hope thee will remember me, and to help thee, I send a pair of reins by thy obedient Grandpa, who minds all thee says. How good he is! Be very careful what thee tells him to do, because he might take thee out in the canoe, or drop thee off the pier, and then, oh dear, what should we do?

"Take good care of thy little brother and believe a trifle in

"thy loving Grandma."

TO LUCY.

"*New-York, July 9th, 1879.*

"I write now to ask for the gap which the absence of others will make. I am not particular as to the day, week, or month; but will take the most convenient for you. Give me a week, and give me a room, if only six feet long and four broad; but do not let it be Bonnie's, for much of my pleasure will be in seeing her Queen of her Quarters. . . .

"Much as I am against leaving home, I am anticipating pleasure in a visit to your mansion.

"Love to my children all, great and small, and, in the words of Patrick Dunn's wife, "they are all alike to me, though Bonnie is a little nearest my heart."

TO FAMILY AT HOME.

"*Cotuit, July 24th, 1879.*

"We had no trouble from beginning to end. Had a glorious reception. Bonnie, the delight of my heart, held me tight, and Jamie said he had kisses for me down to his toes. After a while, Willie appeared, having been asleep. He came into my lap at once, with his kisses, and evidently knew 'Ga' as he calls me. There never was such a nimble little fellow; you will delight in him.

James has bought a nice Boston rocker, expressly for my use, and calls it my chair. . . ."

TO LUCY.

"*New-York, August 5th, 1879.*

"It is safe to send this to thy address as Sally may have left you by this time or before it reaches you. I despatched a letter from Concord to-day. Impress it upon her that the cat is regularly fed and has a good time generally.

". . . *News*—there is n't any. We are having our true vacation now.

> " 'I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute.'

"Father is unusually well and will remain so until the time comes for your return. I mean Sally and Julia; when he will dream of ships going down in deep waters and other disasters. We dined on soup, etc., yesterday; and a Huckleberry pudding. I expect it was not to the cat's liking, but father relished it and I was content."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, August 13th, 1879.*

". . . Yesterday, cool and pleasant; I went to see the Infants—out of an hundred, only one sick. The 'runabouts' gave me a cordial reception and I was interested in the way they get along. No manager darkens their doors.

"Dr. Angell is up every morning at 5 o'clock, and the little ones get a glass of milk and are sent

over the river, or down on the Elevated for a trip on the Staten Island Boat. She believes in prevention, and if they are sick, it is her 'pound of cure,' rather than dosing them. She is a rare woman, and only a woman with genuine sympathies would put her shoulder to the wheel as she does. Pardon the *Institution* touch, as there is a dearth of other items of interest.

"Now that thy father has recovered from his forebodings about your journey East, he is himself again. We both take our Stout daily and have neither want nor care. The house is quiet and neat and I enjoy just what I am having."

"*August 27th, 1879.*

"They told me that my carbuncle would add ten years to my life. That was a comfort, for with all the conflicts, I never saw the time when I was ready to leave the life, where there is so much to enjoy and to *suffer*."

TO LUCY.

"*New-York, August 29th, 1879.*

"Julia comes by the Shore Line to-day. She will find a welcome but I hope she does not shorten her time by a day. Father pines for every last soul to be at home, paying no regard to the words of my mother: 'Live a day at a time.'

"A few days ago, very rainy it was, and he said: 'do go up to Wilson's to dinner; *I* want to go.' 'But *I* do not,' said I, 'but that need not prevent thee. It rains so; what does thee want to go for?' 'Oh, it's so dull.' '*Dull*,' said I, 'Why, I find

myself the best of company ; and moreover, I have a novel in which I am intensely interested. Find one like it and forget care.' . . . ."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, September 22d, 1879.*

"My thoughts, dear Sally, my daughter, were with thee on thy blessed Birthday, and brought with them thy handsome head with the little pink hood upon it, of watermelon hue. I see it all now and delight to turn to the days of thy childhood. Just three months old when I first put on the pink hat and blue cloak that dear Willie wore in the days of his babyhood, wrapped thee up warm, and set off for Wilmington. Dear Grandfather sighed a last adieu and bore a faithful testimony to the imprudence of such a measure ; and when the day came for our return, was in waiting, and took thee in his loving arms.

"You were all his favorites, while he called you 'the ranters,' and enjoyed the large liberty we gave you. Happy days, never to be forgotten !

"Our hands have been more than full or I should not have passed the day without a greeting, and now we are enough settled to enjoy your coming home, while I did rejoice in thy escape from the confusion of putting to rights."

FROM PHILLIPS BROOKS.

"*Boston, January 15th, 1880.*

"My dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"I thank you for what you have written to me and also for the Books which you have sent me. I

have had time for only a hurried look at them but I shall know them better by and by.

"In both the subjects which your letter brings before me I feel a strong interest. My position with reference to them is slightly different. With the principle involved in the question of the 'State Regulation of Vice' I am of course familiar, and my opposition to any effort at such 'Regulation' here is most decided. The other question is one of *methods* and I have had too much experience of the uselessness of ignorant support of measures which in themselves are most desirable, to feel that I can be of any use in the Improvement of the Treatment of the Insane, until I have had time and opportunity for the study of the subject which I have not had yet.

"Forgive my saying this, but the tone of your letter gives me encouragement to express myself, and I do not doubt that your larger experience of philanthropic exertion will agree with mine.

"Pray believe me

"Very sincerely yours

"Phillips Brooks."

TO LUCY.

"*New-York, June 28, 1880.*

". . . Our new house is lovely—so clean and sweet, and in such order as is worthy of the chief actor in the riotous scene. Was there ever a woman so rich at my time of life! rich in children and all the blessings children bring!

"Say to James, it is about an even chance with

regard to the Presidency, and looks better for Hancock, if anything. I hope he read Tilden's letter; it was excellent, and I think far better of him than of many who vilify him.

"The event of the last decade—a note from Aunt Rachel, to say she, with Uncle Samuel, will lunch with us to-morrow."

In connection with the change of residence referred to, an amusing tale is told of an Auction which took place in the house, 55 West 47th Street. As it occurred in school hours, Mrs. Gibbons was deputed by her daughter Julia to attend the auction, for the purpose of bidding on a rather shabby but well-made mahogany table with a drawer, and 'not to pay more than five dollars for it.' When the table was put up for sale and the Auctioneer started it at a dollar and a quarter, Mrs. Gibbons exclaimed: 'Stop! *I* want that table. Five dollars!' 'That 's business, Madam, The table 's yours,' said the auctioneer. And so it was, and a very good table it proved. The family, when they told about it, were accustomed to say that 'the story was worth five dollars, if the table was n't,' and Mrs. Gibbons never failed to add that 'it was well worth the money.'

Her daughters agreed that her sense of justice was perhaps more keen than her skill at auctions.

TO SALLY.

"*Bonny Haven, Cotuit, August 17, 1880.*

"My dear 'favorite' daughter,

"Having written to my other 'favorite daughter' a solitary letter, I must send a line to say letter

writing is not what I came for, and if I had to find the time, it would be difficult. . . .

"Lucy is deeply concerned about Jamie's goodness, in which thee sympathizes. He is a dear little fellow, but I have assured Lucy he has sins enough to save him, and advised her not to waste an excess of manifestation. As to Willie he is independent enough to take care of himself.

"'Bonny Haven' is far more to be coveted than any place in Osterville. Lucy is busy at her 'trade' in the Barn now. A truckman called yesterday, put his head in and said: 'Here you are at your trade!' She has taken to landscapes and trees and they are much admired."

TO BONNIE.

"*New-York, August 27, 1880.*

"I was very sorry to leave 'Bonny Haven,' where I had such a lovely visit and all were so kind, and I was glad to reach home so comfortably. I found a friend at every turn; first, the young man at whose side thy father left me; he fulfilled his promise to see me safely on the train for Weir Junction, took my satchel (as he called my bag) and on the way said, 'you are rather an old lady to be travelling alone.' [She was seventy-nine.] I replied, 'that *depends;* when I find at my right hand one so kind as you are, there can be no risk, and I thank you very sincerely.' I failed to ask his name and where he lived, for which I was sorry, for sure I am, he had the best of home training. And I wish thy father to know how the

conductor spread his wings over me, and, when I reached Weir Junction, guided and guarded me as if I were his mother.

"At Weir Junction I saw a gentleman and lady, —and enquired if they were on the way to Fall River.

"'Yes,' said the lady. 'Then I will follow your lead,' said I, to which they kindly consented, saying they would let me know when the right train came along.

"However, I spied it first and notified *them*, which called forth compliments for my ability to take care of myself and them as well. As we were about to step into the car, the gentleman placed his beautiful bag on the platform for me to step upon, and insisted that I should use it as directed. A pleasant conversation followed and I learned they were from Boston and knew many of our friends.

"When the Train stopped at the Fall River Boat, a young man took my bag, gave me his arm, and saw me safely on board. I thought to myself, age has its advantages, and there are many mothers having sons to be proud of."

FROM MRS. T. W. PARSONS.

September 25th, 1880.

". . . Professor Pierce is very ill and from week to week, there seems no change. . . . His leaving us will take a great deal out of our life; he has so long been our best friend, coming to see us

very often and giving us the delightful companionship of his wonderful mind and nature. This summer has been a sad one to us, so many of our friends have been very ill; but as the circle lessens, we cling more closely to those who are left, and my sister and I think of you as dearer and more precious to us every year."

FROM MRS. T. W. PARSONS.

"*Boston, December 18th, 1880.*

"My dear, dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"To-day I have sent to you a paper which contains some verses my husband wrote about Professor Pierce and which I am sure you will like. I hope you are as well as usual. So many of my friends have been seriously ill since I was taken down that I tremble for all—but,—as dear Mr. Phillips [Wendell Phillips] wrote in one of his notes not long ago,—'Although the heavens seem veiled, we know that there is blue sky beyond—that we shall all meet again in a serene light, where there are no tears.' In this blessed hope and faith let us rest. . . ."

TO MRS. RANTOUL.

"*New-York, December 20th, 1880.*

". . . As to my accident, sometimes I look upon it as 'providential,' with my understanding of the word. It gave me far less inconvenience than you imagine, and I availed myself of the opportunity to *do up* an endless variety of chores,

really enjoying the quiet retreat of my own room; until Julia charged me with a plan to pass the winter in delightful retirement, and, as for Sally, she chimed in. Would you believe it?"

FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"*Danvers, 6th mo. 5, 1881.*

"My dear fd.

"I wish I could do what thee asks for. But, owing to protracted nervous pain in my head, I am forbidden to make any mental or physical effort beyond what is absolutely necessary. I have, in consequence, been obliged to refuse all requests to write anything of the kind for a year or more. I am glad a new edition of thy father's admirable biography is to be published. I am very sorry that I must forego the pleasure of its preface. If I could do anything of the kind, I should attempt to give an introduction to Lydia Maria Child's life and letters, which is soon to be published. But I fear I must give that up also. With pleasant memories of thy father, husband, and thyself,

"I am very truly thy friend

"John G. Whittier."

FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"*Danvers, March 2, 1882.*

"My dear fd.

"I thank thee from my heart for thy letter and the new edition of the admirable life of thy dear, brave, honored father. I am sorry that my health,

which is still precarious, deprived me of the pleasure of writing as thee requested.

"With love and all good wishes,

"I am thy old friend,

"John G. Whittier."

CHAPTER XXXII.

1881.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, July 5th, 1881.*

". . . Every thought turns to Washington, and while I am in the habit of looking at the bright side, I am unable in this case to feel hopeful. It is too dreadful. . . .

"I hope this day will decide the vexed question at Albany, and that Conkling will have the assurance that he can never rise again. . . ."

TO BONNIE.

"*July 22d, 1881.*

"New York—dear me! not New York at all, for we are at Ocean Grove. Aunt Julia and I have had *such active few weeks*, that we were used up, and decided change of air, a little way from home, where we could inhale the sea-breeze, with its soft, invigorating freshness, would *set us up*—so to speak. There is not very much to interest but the daily papers and our work.

"We have received letters from Aunt Sally,

telling of your lovely piazza and 'grandmother's corner,' which would be my perfect delight, with my dear grand-daughter near. There is not a single thing that would give me more pleasure, for she is my morning glory and every day happiness. And then she has grown to years of usefulness and interests me in many ways.

"I hope, my darling Bonnie, thee has as much fun and frolic as is best. Just so it should be. A good time generally, and readiness to help those who need thy skilful handiwork. And thy little brothers! dear boys they are; and the older they grow, the more they will appreciate and depend upon a kind and gentle sister.

. . . . . .

"How glad we all are that our good President Garfield is on the road to health! I am told that one of his sons said: 'We have had enough President; Mother sick so long and Father shot.' Poor boys! I guess they think their own country home is the life for them to love.

. . . . . .

"Do not set aside the pleasures of childhood; love thy dolls and care for them all. That is the way thy mother and Aunts learned skilful ways, and I expect thee will exceed them all in accomplishments, for when they were young, their advantages were, perhaps, not so great.

"'Carry Long's' clothes have been thoroughly repaired and they are laundered and she wears them. I have been long, my dear, in answering

thy letter, but the warm weather led me to self-indulgence, and I neglected many things that I should have done."

TO SALLY.

"*Ocean Grove, July 24th, 1881.*

"How sad that the President, this day, gives so little promise of returning health! and now we must wait and hope. We leave here in the 8.40 train to-morrow morning, and are quite ready for the better things of home. I am renewedly impressed with the absurdity of leaving solid comforts, for what has *not* come to us. Sea-breezes we were in pursuit of and do not find. However, we may feel the good effects when we return to daily habits.

"Julia looks as if she needed a more decided change and I wish sincerely she would take wing in some direction. I have precious little to say for Ocean Grove. Julia really attended a Temperance Meeting and heard words poured forth like water. In fact, there was nothing else to do; and we went again to the Tabernacle last evening, in compliment to General Howard. He is here with his family, by invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association. I remembered he did us a service during the war, and the day he arrived, we recognized each other. He is a very good man; earnest and true."

. . . . . .

GRANDMA TO BONNIE.

"*New-York, August 17th, 1881.*

"Thy long looked for letter came this day, and was welcome as a June rose from a country garden. . . .

"Tell Jamie and Willie to sit down and listen to Grandma's story. I was sitting in the school room, near the window, reading the *Tribune*, when what should I see on the window sill but a monkey with a red coat on! There he sat, quite at home. I gave him a cracker, which he broke into many pieces, eating only a morsel. He looked at me intently. When I took out my purse, *that* interested him, and he opened his eyes very wide. I laid a penny down, and he put it in his pocket; then another, which he picked up quickly; and a *third*, which he grasped eagerly. I held my purse closed, he waited and watched me until I put it in my pocket, when he scampered away to the next second story window. I hope he will make us a call when my grandchildren come home.

. . . . . .

"Grandma."

TO BONNIE.

"*New-York, September 12th, 1881.*

". . . I am getting impatient to see you all bodily; until you are ready to leave Cotuit, pray send me some letters, telling me what the little boys are doing and *saying*. Surely they are not asleep, but wide awake to everything that passes,

and what they have to say about it all is what I want to hear.

"I suppose 'Busybody Feathertail' takes up some of their time, and if they only had our 'Miss 'Kitty,' which, of course, is to be thy pet, her playful ways would make much fun for them.

"The morning glories in our yard look lovely and are trying their best to add to their rich blossoms of pink and purple; and the bright scarlet bean is throwing out its blossoms, all in honor of your coming.

> "May the day be glad and gay,
> When you are on your winding way!

"Tell grandpa he can better come to right conclusions as to the President's condition, by counting the 'ifs' and 'buts' in the reports. Think of his long journey; and only a week has passed, which is far too short a time for any great improvement, especially when the change has been from hot to cold. Give him time and a trifle of beefsteak and a little pastime with the Cabinet—his natural food for which he has a longing; and above all, think only that he will get well. It cost him an effort to reduce the number of Doctors. Why they did not save him by retiring, is past one's comprehension; common sense and the nature of things, should have prompted them to such an act of charity.

"Pardon me Bonnie, if I am tiresome, and remember that we all feel alike about the dear

President. He is our morning song and evening hope. Long live the good man!"

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, September 21st, 1881.*

"The afflicted family of the President engross every thought. I did not despair until Second day, and even then, a ray of hope remained. How little was known of his shattered condition! How vain all conjectures! Let him rest, while his near and dear ones must mourn forever."

FROM JAMES B. THAYER, ESQ.

"*Cambridge, Dec 23, '81.*

"We did not know of your eightieth birthday, dear lady, and felt almost wronged that we did not. How could anybody guess it if he was n't told? But we do know of your eightieth Christmas, and it must remind everybody, as it does me, how full of everything good and kind and useful you have made your share of this busy century that we live in. I think of all that you and yours did for William in New-York, and for others of our household, and of the blessing and happiness it is even to know anybody like you. These, to be sure, are fulsome remarks for one to make to *you:* perhaps I ought to write to Sally or Julia, to express such sentiments. But you know mothers have to listen to such things from their children, when they are the right kind of mothers, and I am one of the great host who feel towards you something of the same affection and gratitude and free-

dom that children feel, when they are the right sort of children, to such mothers.

"If I were only rich! But I 'm not, and so I send you this little pitcher of Worcestershire ware, hoping that you will think it pretty and will keep it in constant use. Reckon it from William and me, with a great deal of love and a grateful recollection of ever so much that you have very likely forgotten."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1881–1883.

EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

SONNET BY JAMES H. MORSE.

TO MOTHER,

On her Eightieth Birthday.

Her eighty winters leave an eye serene.
They seem but lingering Autumns, fair and brown,
Still sifting gentle deeds, like late leaves, down—
Blown by the breath of mercy, where, unseen,
The rills yet make the sheltered hollows green.
The wintry rich, the blustering great, may frown,
The brave high-hearted ones still wear the crown,
And service done to man reveals the Queen.
See how the honors lie along her way—
Man's praise, and woman's tears—meed nobly won;
And that celestial price the angels pay—
Sweet thoughts, a mind at peace, and Heaven's
"Well done!"
Long may her evening be, and calm and bright,
Ere she take up her lamp to say—"Good night!"

J. H. M.

December 7th, 1881.

FROM JAMES B. THAYER.

"*Cambridge, February 19th, 1882.*

". . . We have lost our Chinese Professor. I wish you could have heard the services at the

Chapel. I enclose an account from the *Advertiser*. I am sure that you will all be interested in seeing that Christianity found out how to behave like a gentleman in regard to one who, as Dr. Everett said, 'was proud to say that he was not a Christian.' The boy (son of the Professor) was delighted to hear the passages from Confucius, and when he went home, ran up stairs to his mother, saying with enthusiasm: 'They read from Confucius!'"

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New York, February 27th, 1882.*

"'We do not mourn to see the gathered grain' and we know that 'behind the cloud the sun is still shining,' but death in any form is a sad experience, and fills the home with such a sense of loneliness, as those only who have loved and lost can realize.

"I have turned my thoughts to thee and all thine, these weary, anxious days, and when Chellie told me this morning that rest had come to the suffering one, I believed you all ready to 'give the beloved sleep,' and, in quiet submission, yield to the change which comes to all of humankind.

"My dear friends, you have my tenderest sympathy."

TO AARON AND ANNA POWELL.

"*New York, March 30th, 1882.*

". . . . Oh dear, to think I lived to go to a 'Sorosis' Anniversary! Some common sense, a

good deal of moonshine and bubbling over. A sort of mutual admiration society and very *contagious.* I was toasted, with other small fry, and responded. Would you believe I was in second childhood or a fool? I think it was my cap that was liked so well, and it was all alone amid showers of flowers. I am glad I did it, for now I am sure I shall find more profitable business in days to come, and I had been besieged so often that I decided I would go and be done with it. My children favored that idea.

"If your keen eyes see anything *mine* do not happen to light upon, pray give it to me, for it is by piecemeal that I read the papers.

"I believe I have sent at least one hundred written letters with bills, to Albany; find scores of friends there while I have yet to hear of the first enemy. I expect the Bill * to pass."

TO LUCY

(*who had been quarantined with Jamie and scarlet fever*).

"*June 8th, 1882.*

"Joy be with us all! may your release from prison be for all time! It seems months instead of weeks since you were turned out of house and home, and I think the loneliness must have become intolerable to *thee;* while Jamie, dear child, settles down in the quiet, and takes things as they come. I dare say you will need him as a balance wheel all through life.

* For Police Matrons.

"He will have a warm reception to-morrow, and thine will not be less so at 112. 'All 's well that ends well,' and we are thankful.

"We have had our ups and downs; the latter prevails in the lower region, but the school closes to-morrow and it makes less difference.

"Hope we shall meet soon and recount the events of the past weeks!—disasters as well."

FROM MOSES PIERCE.

"*Pleasantville, Westchester Co.,*
6th Mo. 18th, 1882.

"Abby Gibbons,

"Esteemed Friend,

"I thought I would just say to thee that, at the time of our Yearly Meeting, just as the Clerk announced the business finished, I arose, and, after referring to the very interesting occasion about to close in the spirit of love and affection, called the attention to the very different Meeting which occurred forty years ago, when this Yearly Meeting confirmed the disownment of two of its most worthy members, 'for being concerned in the publication of a paper calculated to produce discord and disunity among Friends,' that paper being the *Anti-Slavery Standard.* Now Slavery, the great disturbing cause, is removed out of the way; and is not this the time for the same New-York Yearly Meeting to make some atonement for their past action?—say in the form of a minute of regret, that the descendants of those disowned, and those engaged in the Anti-Slavery cause, still living, may

have reason to rejoice that our Yearly Meeting, at this late period, sorrows over past errors?

"Aaron M. Powell made a brief speech in favor of the proposition, saying it was important to make the acknowledgment in order that history, when written, might show the better aspects of the transactions of the Society of Friends. It was proposed, as we were now about to adjourn, to leave the subject for all to think of until next year. I think this is the first time the subject has been opened in our Yearly Meeting. . . .

"Respectfully thy friend

"Moses Pierce."

TO AARON POWELL.

"*New-York, June 24th, 1882.*

". . . Sometime I must know from thee, covering the action—or rather, the words spoken—in my dear father's behalf. I hope for the successful righting of a great wrong. That one so grand and true should have been so persecuted and grieved in spirit, was, and is, a trial to his dear ones.

"An honest admission of the error entered upon the records will do much to make the close of life peaceful and happy."

The disownment of Isaac T. Hopper, James S. Gibbons, and Charles Marriott has always been a sore subject among Friends. Although anxious to have certain members of Friend Hopper's family return to the fold, they have not been willing to record their error. On one occasion, Samuel Willets, a prominent member of the Society, said to

Lucretia Mott that he "wished Edward Hopper would return to membership." "Well, remove that disgraceful Minute from your Record Book, and perhaps he will," answered Mrs. Mott. To which Samuel Willets rejoined: "We 've repented, we 've repented, we 've repented."

The Minute has never been removed.

GRANDPA TO BONNIE.

"*June 18th, 1882.*

"My dear grand-daughter,

"I wish thy mamma would make a picture of Willie throwing his legs about, as I often saw him when he had that broad-brimmed, ragged hat on. He flung them round swifter than a weaver's shuttle, so that he looked as if he had twenty-four legs instead of only two. I tried to count how many he made of them; but as I counted one, he turned it into so many more that I was obliged to give it up. It reminded me of the Irishman who had three pigs, and when the tax collector asked him how many he had, he answered that he did not know; that he counted two easily enough, but the other kept up such a running round and round that he could n't for his life count him.

"With ever so much love,

"Thy grandfather,

"J. S. Gibbons."

TO BONNIE.

"*New-York, June 24th, 1882.*

"My own dear Bonnie,

"We all went to the wedding, and on the way I thought, 'Well, if I can take this journey, I may

venture to find a seat in 'Grandmother's corner.' And at once I marked out my course, and write accordingly. You must tell me if there will be a place for me to lay my head about the 10th of July. I cannot go before, because I have invited Sam Brown to be my escort, and as, in the absence of some members of the family, he is necessary to his grandfather, we take the earliest day after their return.

"Now, it is for thy father and mother to say if we may appear on the platform of the glorious piazza at the appointed time. We purpose staying ten days, in which time we shall enjoy life generally. Sam is happy over it, and *I* seem to have found a way where there seemed to be *no* way—to speak in the language of early Friends.

"Make no plans for *me*, as my visit is to you and your dear home, for rest and change of air; so I shall take my seat in that chair thy kind father secured for my comfort on my first visit to Bonny Haven; and there I may be found at all hours of all days, leaving the whole family at liberty to jog over the country to their hearts' content. Say to the little brothers we will have lively times, and if they have any orders, I am theirs to command.

"May I hear from the hostess soon, and if I have mistaken my time, she will 'speak in the plainness,' as our Discipline doth recommend."

TO AARON AND ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, August 4th, 1882.*

"Thank you for reading of letters. . . . But for the Riots of '63, I could give, for Mr. Gled-

stone, what he wants. We were riddled of all pamphlets, pictures, and a likeness of John Brown which was excellent. I passed a morning with him under our roof, when he gave me a history of what he intended, but I did not dream that he would accomplish it. I was then president of a Kansas Aid Society, and have, in print, the Reporter's account of the last meeting, when we voted $800 to George L. Stearns of Boston. Said sum was given to John Brown.

"Our losses at the time of the Riot can never be enumerated, and money could never make them good—world's history and heart's treasures."

TO BONNIE.

"*Philadelphia, August 19th, 1882.*

"I am much pleased to find thee thoughtful of the dearest children [the dolls], and as thou wilt see, 'Carry' is prompt in acknowledging the attention.

"It may have surprised thee to learn that I had gone to pass with Aunt Sarah her eighty-sixth birthday.

"We are having pleasant weather, and I am glad to rest under the shade of her vines, where I am now writing to my dear child.

"I miss thee very much, and feel when thou art away, that our garden is stripped of buds and blossoms; but am happy to know that the seaside home gives thee health and happiness.

"Say to all, that we talk and think much of

them and wish daily life may be after their own fashion ; and so, with love,

"Thy faithful Grandma."

FROM A. V. DAVIDSON.

"*Sheriff's Office, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1883.*

"Mrs. Gibbons, First Directress, Women's Prison Ass. :

"Madam,

"I am in receipt of your favor of the 13th inst. I have, as you are probably aware, but recently taken possession of this office and have not yet had time to master its details, but I have given the matter of which you complain my personal attention, and will see that in future, female prisoners shall be conveyed to the Island separate from the males. I shall always be glad when abuses are brought to my knowledge, to do all in my power to remedy them.

"Very respectfully yours,

"A. V. Davidson."

"A TOKEN OF LOVE AND ESTEEM
FOR
MRS. ABBY HOPPER GIBBONS,

In grateful acknowledgment of her lifelong devotion to the cause of suffering humanity, and with many congratulations upon the golden event of the day,—from fellow-workers in the Diet Kitchen Association and other friends.

"*February 14th, 1883.*"

The above came on Mrs. Gibbons's golden wedding day, accompanying a beautiful clock inlaid with precious metal and engraved with her name and the two dates

1833—1883.

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New York, March 16th, 1883.*

"Our next meeting will be held on the regular day and I shall hope for the presence of the members generally.

"We have received the legacy of five hundred dollars from Flora Foster. I send the accompanying 'Bill,' which please keep. I hope our next Report will have a strong argument in favor of Matrons in every Police Station. Why, the very fact that there are no women is sufficient to create a rebellion, and is an insult to the poor wretches who would be wrought upon by the presence and voice of a decent woman. I have seen with my own eyes, and have heard with my own ears, what they are subjected to; and I know of a truth, there are abuses and outrages in all these prisons, that should never be permitted.

"I wish I was with you to talk over many things. Do send Aaron to-morrow to confound G. and make Dr. S. feel strong."

TO LUCY FROM HER AUNT SARAH H. PALMER.

"*Philadelphia, June 16th, 1883.*

"My dear niece Lucy,

". . . Thy mother tells us in a postal, she will write when she is less busy. I'd like to see

that day come round. Have not seen it yet. Does thee remember that Grandfather used to tell of a discussion relating to the comparative merits of Mary and Martha. 'Well,' said the old gentleman, (Thomas Harrison) 'I dare say if it had not been for Martha's busy ways, they would have come off with a late breakfast many a time.' So the only way is to let thy mother and cousin Fanny drive on. I guess we should, some of us, fall short if their proceedings were checked. . . . I 'm hoping for a visit from thy mother soon. I long for the company of my sisters and nieces.

"Thy loving Aunt

"Sarah.

"I do not often make apologies for my writing. I think the warm weather must have thickened the ink. Thee will be so generous as to say, 'Well, the weather is warm, and in eight years she will be ninety.'"

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, July 17th, 1883.*

. . . . . .

". . . The upper girl is slow and sure and Julia and I like her. Thy father calls her a snail, but her movements suit the driving spirit of this family, and I hope will prove a useful lesson in the way of patience—a virtue which we need to cultivate. I shall get up a fit of energy and make a pie, inasmuch as I have a cook who can bake it—which is more than half the battle.

"If any changes of time or tide come to us, I will note them down. . . ."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, July 20th, 1883.*

". . . I see there was a strike among the Western Union people. It creates a sensation and really gives father a new lease of life. I strive to care but cannot take genuine interest. It seems sensational and adapted to the season. I hope the rich may be made to pay the poor higher wages; while I think a man who is earning his daily bread had better *stick* and take what he can get, and let his family live. I do not read the newspaper accounts, but depend upon conversation, as it is the all absorbing question."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, July 24th, 1883.*

" . . . *Willing* and *obliging*, I can say of our girls. I have not revealed the fact to Julia that the cook washed the butter-cloth in the frying pan, the day after she came. Well, what if she did? She can be taught not to do it. She cooks well, makes excellent bread, and is in at ten o'clock. When Julia last went to Miss Campbell, she told her she wanted *virtues*; and with limited capacity for improvement, and willingness to learn, we have only to be more patient than is our habit.

"Probably I should not say this, if there was anything better."

TO SALLY.

"*New-York, July 29th, 1883.*

"A whirlwind could not get up half the commotion that Chellie's certificate did, on the evening of Sixth day, 6 P.M. [The Harvard certificate of the first scholar sent up by Julia Gibbons.]

"The paper said:

"'Rachel Hopper Powell passed her examinations with High Credit.' It enumerated all the requirements and noted her as having taken six honors. Everybody was in the seventh heaven. . . ."

TO BONNIE.

"*New-York, July, 1883.*

"Bonnie darling, fresh and fair,
Sky blue eyes and golden hair,
Are we not a happy pair?
True lovers, whether here or there.

"Trust me, 'St. Nicholas' shall go by the first mail after reaching this door. . . .

"I am enjoying my quiet life, which gives me an opportunity to collect my scattered senses, and do up the odds and ends of things. I am not for a moment, lonely.

"Thy loving Grandmother."

JINGLE SENT TO HER ELDER SISTER, RACHEL H. BROWN.

"Through cranny and crack
Comes a crick in the back.

Leave doors open wide,
Then a crick in the side.
A twinge in the ear
We must look for, my dear;
And this makes it plain
We are both on the wane.
So let us be cheery
As we go down hill, deary."

TO BONNIE.

"*Pittsfield, September 29th, 1883.*

"Thy letter, dear Bonnie, was a perfect delight, and I will most surely have two plates and a warm, loving welcome on that happy day. When thee comes, I will tell thee of our drives. I have not been able to accept all the invitations, and the only charm a *swell* carriage has for me is the perfect ease and comfort it gives. Everything about Pittsfield is beautiful and I am refreshed by the air of the mountains and valleys and the thought of going home to-morrow. . . .

"I enjoy my worsted work and parlor gossip and am glad I came here because it satisfies my family. I forgot my pens, (quills) in the heat and hurry of throwing my traps in a mammoth trunk, that I might have room to pack and take home some of Aunt Sally's.

"What is better than a Grandma who owns a dear Grand-daughter?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

1884–1888.

HOME LIFE.

TO AARON AND ANNA POWELL.

"*New York, Jan. 11th, 1884.*

"PARDON the delay in returning letter and postal. I have not been idle, and, to convince you of that, let me recount the events of the past ten days. Attended a meeting of the Diet Kitchen, and from there, went to lunch with Mrs. Villard. The next day, my brother Edward came; besides that, Hannah Rantoul, from Salem, Mass., a lovely woman, and the intimate friend of John G. Whittier for many years. She passed a week with us.

"Seventh Day, went to a reception at ex-Mayor Wickham's—important that—he has done me many a good turn. From there, to the Powells' to tea—all our family, with 'Aunt Hannah,' as we always call her—meeting in time for supper. And Sunday, we went to hear Mr. Williams, of All Souls' Church, taking Julia. We all delighted in him—young, fresh, full of thought, and, evidently, a man of much reading.

"And this morning, my crowning work has been

to mail the Bulletins of May and December, 1883, to him; and the last, giving an account of the Hague Congress, and William G. Eliot's pamphlet. I thought it was as much as he could digest at this time. I wrote him a letter, however,—told him I heard him preach with interest and profit, asked him to give the Bulletins and W. G. Eliot a careful reading; adding that, before long, an invitation would be extended for him to give his presence at an Anniversary Meeting and I hoped he would be prepared to raise his voice by way of encouragement to the few who are working earnestly, effectively, and persistently, &c. &c.

"I have given you an outline, leaving incidents and chores, in which I take a lively interest, until we meet."

TO R. S. RANTOUL.

"*New York, June 22, 1884.*

"I am heart and hand for James G. Blaine, and write to make sure of the direction thee is taking. Lose no time, no effort, and see that all Salem and Beverly give their votes for the one ticket—Blaine and Logan. Of course he will be elected, and woe to the man who is found sleeping!

"I look for a beautiful canvass. Help to make it such. If there is doubt in thy mind, read my campaign documents. Remember the twenty years' friendship between Garfield and Blaine. Read the letters exchanged when the latter was made Secretary of State. Blaine is brilliant in the true sense of the word, and with all his noble qualities of

heart and head, depend upon it, we shall feel pride and pleasure in all he says and does. . . ."

TO BONNIE.

"*New York, July 4th, 1884.*

"Thirteen years ago to-day I looked upon thee, the image of thy mother, and as nice a baby as any mortal could wish to see. I need not tell thee of my love, which, from year to year, has grown stronger. We know how much we are to each other and that is enough.

"When I packed the box the other day, I felt it was a fraud, and that the occasion called for something better; but it was a day full of work and 'ways' as Willie would say and it was the best I could do. . . . I comforted myself with the thought that you were easily pleased and would make the most of the little. So, my dear Bonnie, may each year bring added happiness to *thee*, and the pretty seaside home happiness to you all.

"Grandma."

"*New York, July 10th, 84.*

"My dear Grandson,

"Willie Gibbons Morse,

"Does anybody send thee a letter? Thee wrote such a nice one to Aunt Julia, that it made her very happy, and while she was reading it she laughed all over. I am sure she will write to her two nephews soon, if she has not done so already.

"How lovely your house and barn must look, all

dressed in red! I guess the squirrel thinks he has a new home.

"We miss you every day and have no bright, happy faces to look upon; but we see them often far away at Cotuit, where we cannot make you hear our voices; and our thoughts run off there more than once a day, and find you at play, happy and gay."

TO SALLY.

"*New York, July 18th, 1884.*

". . . I am reading Blaine's book with intense interest, and every page increases my admiration and respect for the man. I passed Headquarters in Fifth Avenue to-day. A very handsome banner swings across the street, and likenesses of the two candidates are represented, which are handsome—Blaine's especially. I hope thee read Evarts' Oration."

TO JAMIE.

"*Pittsfield, August 12th, 84.*

"My dear Grandson,

"Jamie Morse,

"I was delighted and very much surprised to receive a letter from thee; and a very nice letter it was and told me just what I wanted to know.

"I am afraid of the sharks, and I hope you all keep your eyes wide open. I should like thy father to put the last one of them to sleep for ever.

"Aunt Sally went with me to Mr. Choate's on Saturday, and we came home yesterday. We had many lovely drives over the Berkshire hills, and I

saw little Joe's white mice. He has the father and mother and ever so many little baby mice, and seems very fond of them. I like the pretty squirrels better, as I saw them running up the trees when driving. So very pretty they were.

"I wish I knew about Grandpa's movements, and hope he did not find it necessary to leave you all to go on that weary journey after having such a hard time to get off. Some of you will write, and perhaps I may hear from him by this evening's mail.

"I heard about thy box of tools, and they tell me what good work thee can do with them—and thee has a glue-pot! Oh, how 'sweet!' Well, when I want carpenter-work done, I shall send for Master Jamie Morse.

"It was very kind to send me a letter, for I know it is hard work and takes time from play. But letters give great pleasure. Did you feel the earthquake? While we were at Mr. Choate's dinner-table, the cups that were hanging on a shelf began to shake and rattle, and there was quite a commotion. I see much in the paper to-day about it.

"Now, dear Jamie, I 'send this letter back,' as thee requested, and if thee finds any difficulty in reading it, thee has a good sister who will do it for thee. It is a great thing to have a sister.

"Give my very particular love to William Gibbons Morse.

"From thy loving

"Grandma."

TO LUCY.

"*July 2d, 1884.*

"I shall be very sorry for James and Mr. —— if they do not return from the error of their ways. The unhappy 'Post' must be well worn out in its search for what it cannot find. Let every man look back twenty years or more and study his own record."

FROM JAMES C. CARTER.

Marblehead, Mass., August 13th, 1884.

"I was delighted to receive your kind letter; to know, from the place where it was dated, that you were in the midst of a beautiful region, filled with everything that can contribute to health of body and mind; and glad also to observe, from the characteristic directness of your opinions and speech on public affairs, that you are fully yourself.

"As a mere matter of fact, your incredulity upon reading that I was a member of the Executive Committee of Independents, was well founded. I did not know that I had been chosen for such a position, and should not accept the place were it tendered to me.

"At the same time, it is true that my convictions and sympathies are with those 'gentle hermits' of whom you speak; and the only thing which leads me to seriously put to myself the question whether I am right, is the circumstance that you are so distinctly on the other side. I feel

somewhat as if I had 'lost my bearings,' as they say at sea. I cannot remember the time when I found myself very widely separated from you, on any question.

"But I hope I shall keep within sight of you, so that I can hear your friendly hail from time to time, warning me of rocks and shoals, and I know that no such separation as this will rob me of the place I have so long had, and still claim, in your heart. . . .

"Ever affectionately yours,
"James C. Carter."

TO LUCY.

"*Pittsfield, August 24th, 1884.*

"It would have been a real pleasure to meet Frank Fiske and wife. Lovely people! and we remember the visit to Keene, N. H., which was full of enjoyment, if I *did* sprain my ankles, and come home with crutches—and kept them, too, for the accommodation of the rioters of '63. A strange world this — haps and *mis*haps—and a goodly share of happiness. . . .

"I lead what I like—a quiet life—and find *Twenty Years in Congress* a recompense for absence from home, with its variety and comforts. It is a great book. Not a word of himself up to the four hundred and over of pages; but a history in which every man and woman would delight, especially such as shared in the war experiences; which recall much, while they *add* to the knowledge of men who were great in their day.

"I belong to the Republican party, and have no hand in a hopeless grasp for more."

TO MRS. A. W. THAYER.

"*New-York, June 20th, 1885.*

". . . Ah, dear friend, our daughters are much to us, sick or well. I have been making a commotion, but am glad to report myself 'all right' again, as the children say; and, despite it all, I had a most satisfactory visit in Philadelphia. A visit to my dear sister was my special errand and I was intent on its accomplishment. I went every day after breakfast, returning to a six o'clock dinner, and did not think of illness until that was fully accomplished; when I collapsed and kept my bed ten days. Sally had just arrived to accompany me home and was ready for action. A doctor was summoned, &c., &c., and in my brother's well-ordered house, with his daughter Maria, whose skill and devotion was unmeasured, I had little to do but to think of my good fortune and how much better it was than to add a feather's weight to Julia's cares in the last dreary days of her life-work, in which she takes such interest and which is a real happiness to her. And here I am in my own domain, which I enjoy to the fullest extent. . . .

"Julia has gone to the steamer to see Frank and Fanny Howland on their rolling way. May they find all they seek in this trip; they will return to us firm in their political convictions, which are sound and have the true ring of a Liberty Bell."

TO JAMIE.

"*New-York, July 2d, 1885.*

"Dear Jamie,

"It was too funny for anything to see Grandpa when the box arrived. He made a great to-do opening it, and when the radishes from the boys' garden appeared, and then the knife, he was indeed a proud and happy man. Aunt Julia said she never tasted such good radishes. They were as fresh as if just taken from the garden. I expect, from a garden, will spring a farm.

"Do not imagine that I did not think quickly where the pretty red eatables came from. Only your gardens could produce such. And the pretty pink was a treasure; and Grandpa's delight at finding his birthday so pleasantly remembered, was fun for us.

"Now my dear grandchildren, I hope the fairies will find you before long, and give you many happy days and dreams.

"Grandma."

TO MISS H. L. RANTOUL.

"*Pittsfield, July 29th, 1885.*

". . . There is little in the social experience of the days, beyond Lieutenant Greeley, wife, and three children—well managed—which makes them attractive. The father and mother are sensible and interesting, not referring to their trials, excepting when called upon. The Lieutenant passes most of his time in his room. But for that, in his

present state of health, life would be unendurable. He is a good Republican, and both himself and wife pleasant, and handsome as well.

"Give love to my daughter and tell her I wish for her all the delights of York Harbor—renewed strength, and such rest as suspended labor may afford."

FROM M. PUTNAM JACOBI.

"*April 19th, 1885.*

" My dear Mrs. Gibbons,

". . . I shall bring back the memoir of your son, which I have read with such keen interest. I can easily understand your exclamation: 'The light of our house, gone out!' I learn from the Memoir that you have suffered the loss of *three* sons. That is really terrible. It seems to me just now as if it would be easier to bear the loss of a child that had grown up, and thus had some share of life, than that of a little one just old enough to be conscious that he was being snatched away from every thing he loved. . . .

"I quite agree with you that we should have a building for our College* and call it after its founders. But where find the rich person to give us the money?"

TO RACHEL H. POWELL.

"*Pittsfield, August 22, '85.*

"If I do not get home to say good-bye before thee and thy father sail for Europe, it will be all the same; and as the steamer rolls away, my ban-

* Dr. Emily Blackwell's Woman's Infirmary.

danna can wave here as well as there. So bear in mind that I wish for you both every desire gratified so far as is best, and for thee, dear Rachel, I entreat that thee comes home a frivolous young girl, and hope the winter will give thee such gaieties as opportunity and reason present. . . .

"In this age of obedient parents, submission sits well on the *eighties*. I have written often to Aunt Sarah, whose pleasure mainly consists of receiving letters from her family. . . .

"I hope Elsie will write soon as you are fairly off and tell me the sky was blue, the wind fair, and all things promised well for my dear nephew and his daughter.

"Love to all they leave behind them."

TO LUCY.

"*New York, September 2nd, 1885.*

". . . Years ago, when you were all at Lenox, I made you a visit, staying at Mrs. Sedgwick's and then proceeding to Springfield, to visit a Paper Factory. As I was about to leave Lenox, Miss Sedgwick put a wealth of roses in my care, saying that Oliver Wendell Holmes would see me in the Ladies' Room and take them from me. She said she had written to him describing me, and he would not fail to find me.

"I was sitting quietly watching, when he entered, and, presenting himself, laughed merrily, took the fragrant gift from my hand, and, after a few pleasant words, we parted. I should know him now, having a clear recollection of the incident. . . ."

TO ANNA RICE POWELL.

"*New York, October 20th, 1885.*

"I was at the 'Home' several hours yesterday; tarried in the sewing room, and was touched by my reception there, and its incidents. I took a piece of muslin to have made by the inmates into aprons for a Diet-Kitchen Fair, and told them it was to raise money for the sick poor. They were delighted, and considered it a privilege to be allowed to do the work. I meted out due praise. When Miss Price said there was one (naming her) who had been living with a lady, and had not received a penny for her labors, 'It is right,' said the generous, humane woman, with a truly honest face, 'That lady *could not pay;* her husband was very ill, and she sent here for help. I was glad to go and stay until his death. She had no means, and could not give what she did not have, and I would never take a dollar from her. She was good and kind.'

"And so we discoursed on the blessings that come from helping one another. The conversation was general, and I was convinced renewedly, that the 'Home' was a blessing to many, and I was deeply interested in the intelligence, spirit of kindness, and good-will manifested."

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New York, December 30th, 1885.*

"My dear sister Sarah had a few restless days, attended by great discomfort, and fell into a quiet

sleep at 6 A.M., on 6th day, the 18th of the present month; which continued until nine minutes of twelve—midnight—when, without the least struggle, she was at rest forever.

"I had not a tear to shed for a long life of severe trials and unspeakable pleasures. She had entered her ninetieth year four months before. She was a very bright, remarkable woman. I shall miss her letters and it seems lonely not to have her to write to in the perfect freedom we practiced towards each other.

"There is comfort in thinking of her peacefully resting, and I rejoice in my latest visit to her a little more than a month before she left us. We both realized that we were not to meet again on this side of the river. It was then my last tears for her were given.

"I did not go on nor had I an inclination. Her mind was clear, but her senses inactive, and the fewer the better, on such occasions."

TO WILLIE G. MORSE, IN PHILADELPHIA.

"*New York, February 12th, 1886.*

"My dear William,

"We are missing thee very much and how shall we do on Sunday? Well, I hope Jamie will give us the pleasure of his company, and assuredly Bonnie will.

"George Baker says it is no fun to have Willie go to Philadelphia and that he thinks of thee all the time. I am so sorry for the little fellow, that,

every day, when he knocks at my door and puts his round head in to say, 'May I come down to-day, grandma, you know Willie is away?' I say 'yes, come down till one o'clock.'

"He wishes me to tell thee that he has some new ideas since thee went away and they will help you both a great deal.

"I hope thee is having a good time and thy mother as well; and that you will come back *all right.*

"It is growing dark and I must say farewell to my dear little boy. Please give love to all in the house.

"Thy loving and *dutiful*
"Grandma."

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, February 24th, 1886.*

"Pray do not let Aaron waste his time and strength in figuring up subscribers. I have not even an idle curiosity further than to assure myself that you have enough for your printing *needs* and attendant outlays during the present year. Our work grows and help will come in every needful time. I am far more interested in giving you such help as my limited ability allows, and beg that you will have a care to your health; for I feel that a burden rests upon you both, and it seems there are none to help you. . . .

"I never ask my children to give time and money to my hobbies. When they do it, it is voluntary. I take care of my own charities."

TO JAMES B. THAYER

(*with a present of a foot-rest wrought by her*).

"There is time enough always to mend, James,
So a stool of repentance I send, James,
And make it quite plain,
Though it may be in vain,
That there 's room for amendment, my friend James.

So put thy two feet on the 'rest,' James,
And take a cigar of the best, James,
And try to find grace
In the next four years' race
To vote the right ticket with *zest*, James."

TO AARON AND ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, April 2d, 1886.*

"I poured out my soul this A.M., to Speaker Husted, accompanying my letter with a 'Philanthropist,' No. 4; some items marked; and descanted freely upon the character of the men who would advocate *their* measures. I told him I sent the copy of 'P.', at the risk of his having received one in advance. I begged him to keep eye *and* ear open to every argument advanced by those wily men—that under his lead, I believed the 'wretched bill' would never pass the Assembly, but much depended on his vigilance, &c. &c."

FROM GEO. O. SHATTUCK, ESQ.

"*Boston, April 3d, 1886.*

"I hope you will do me a favor by accepting the Second Volume of Blaine's *Twenty Years of Congress*. I have such confidence in your soundness

in politics and ethics, that I am sure it can do you no harm. I cannot send this without recalling the old Law School days, and the overflowing life and almost boundless promise of your son.

"The remark of our friend Dr. Walker, that 'young Gibbons had more influence on his class than all the professors,' has linked them together, and it is safe to say that I recall them both a hundred times a year. I am not often in New-York and then only for a few busy hours. But I hope soon to have the pleasure of calling upon you."

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, April 7th, 1886.*

". . . As to the 'age of consent,' I never will give my voice in favor of reducing it—atrocious! I shall wake up the wise and willing in House and Senate, to duty and prompt action. If I were a few years younger, I would meet them face to face at Albany."

FROM JULIA.

"*N. Y., April 12, 1886.*

"Mother read the whole of Gladstone's speech the day it came out, and received calls all the afternoon. Is not that being lively?"

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, April 12th, 1886.*

"I received Aaron's printed calls for Thursday P. M., and have written *powerfully* to Husted and Sloan—the latter, good to the very core and a

sympathetic heart; and I have sent Dr. Nevin's review of Gihon's paper to both; and have written and sent a 'Philanthropist' to Mrs. Chas. B. Sedgwick, of Syracuse, Mrs. Gay having written to her, urging her on. I have sent other papers and if I can have a few of the last two numbers of the 'Philanthropist,' they shall do good service.

"Mrs. Sedgwick sent for information and I have endeavored to help her—advised her to see their Assemblyman at once, and to have petitions signed by a multitude. Her husband was for many years prominent in Assembly and in Congress, and known and respected throughout the State.

"Thanks for Dr. Agnew's note. Our ammunition will surely lead to victory."

TO MRS. FREDERICK BILLINGS.

"*New-York, April, '86.*

". . . We see each other but seldom for we are both busy women, and, I believe, so fond each of the other, that time and absence make no change of heart.

"So, believe me, my dear friend, alive to all thy joys and anxieties which I have shared for so many years, and that a line from thee is always acceptable to

"Thy loving friend

"A. H. Gibbons."

TO AARON AND ANNA POWELL.

"*New York, May 6th, 1886.*

"I received the enclosed yesterday and send it that you may *sleep well.* . . .

"What will the wretches do next? No matter, however, we shall thwart any measures in the 'vice' movement. The 'age of consent' I suppose must rest for the summer. All minds are turned in the direction of Railroads and Strikes. Next year, we will wake up early and, in advance, prepare ourselves to act intelligently.

"What a busy life this is! No hour in the day we can call leisure, but the little cottage we have taken at Marion will enable us to collect our scattered thoughts and we shall return home ready for emergencies. . . ."

TO "LUCY, AND THE REST," FROM MR. GIBBONS.

"*New York, 6/13, 1886.*

"No big headings of the *Bristol* being burned; therefore we assume that you are really in Cotuit, that the barn doors are open, and the season actually begun. . . .

"8 P.M. Just up from the tea table. No company. An hour or so since, Oliver Johnson called and gave me a package picked up in the mob days of 1863, which the pilferer had thrown into the street, and which proved to be the originals of the correspondence in the matter of the Anti-Slavery arraignment of Father Hopper, Charles Marriott, and myself; preacher George F. White being the chief mover among those who turned us out of Meeting. They are of no consequence now, but it shows how diligently Time picks up old things that men forget, &c., &c. After twenty-three years, he finds this discarded evidence of sin and in-

iquity, and brings the guilty parties to the guillotine. . . ."

TO SARAH H. POWELL.

"*New York, 6, 19, '86.*

"Dear Sarah my Niece,

"Just say to my friend, Henry J. Powell, that I thought he had an eye to that son of his. Rumor says he has been to Saratoga, Mt. McGregor, and dear knows where, and my sister, I dare say, approves of it all. Next thing we shall hear of him at the Falls of Niagara; and what next?

"Things run riot here and it is much as ever that we take time to draw a long breath. I do a thousand 'chores' a day, in Julia's use of language, and soon packing will come, and on the 2nd of 7th month, we shall seek refuge with the Buzzards. Now if Wilson, that young man, would only have a case off there, we should revel in the sight and sound of him.

"I shall turn my duds into the trunk Sally brings from Canaan, and when I get to my quarters, may I be left to myself occasionally!

"There is a wonderful excitement over the 'Home Rule for Ireland' issue. Most of the friends with whom we have been in contact are for Gladstone and his policy, but the Liberals are divided and the Tories given advantage in some districts. Though John Bright opposes Mr. Gladstone, his brother Jacob is with him and has been re-elected; as also his son. Mr. Henry J. Wilson, also for Gladstone, has been re-elected."

TO AARON AND ANNA POWELL.

"*New York, November 23d, 1886.*

". . . Last week, we were invited to an evening reception (informally) to meet Mrs. Lucas, who made her home with Mrs. Henry C. Davis. We could not go, being invaded by California relatives.

"Friday, the Greek Play brought Harvard friends to dinner at six o'clock, and, at half past seven, the family went bodily (except myself) to the Academy of Music.

"I sent at once for a coupé and went direct to the abiding place of Mrs. Lucas, remaining until ten P.M. I had a charming evening, and while there were several guests present, *we* were placed side by side; she took my hand and I was as much at home with her as if I had known her always. She is truly a noble woman. Her brother John Bright, Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule, gave us a pleasant variety in conversation, and I rejoiced in her well-expressed opinions upon the subject. She thought her brother and "The Grand old Man" should meet half way; and condemned in strong language the Irish women who opposed Home Rule, and the church as well.

"How fine looking, earnest, and active, she is! They sailed the next day, having attended the Prison Congress at Minneapolis, which was their errand to this country.

"Anna, my dear, I call Aaron to witness that what I say is true.

"The day of our meeting here, the question of the 'Home Report' was agitated, and thee suggested that I, having had several years rest, should write it. I demurred, upon my plea that I was written out and could not. The scene was impressive when thee sat erect, with pencil in hand, and, in the most dignified manner, with an air of command, said: '*Yes, thee can.*'

"Would thee believe it? I was fairly whipped into submission and did it—after a fashion, to be sure, and with a sense that I had no right to add a feather's weight to thy many and important responsibilities."

FROM FRANCES E. WILLARD.

"*Evanston, Ill., April 11th, 1887.*

"My dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"On my return from the work in Michigan I have the pleasure of finding your genial face in counterfeit presentment upon the mantelpiece in my study.

"It is a benediction and I thank you heartily for its presence and significance. Isaac T. Hopper was a loved name in our home from the early days, for we were New England people with all that the name implied in abolition days.

"A good name is a blessed inheritance, and to brighten and sweeten and endear, has been your happy fortune.

"Hoping some day to meet you here and to be with you 'yonder,' I am, with reverent affection,

"Yours,

"Frances E. Willard."

TO AARON AND ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, February 8th, 1887.*

"About a week since, I was called upon by a Mr. Capper, from London, and on his way to Kingston, Jamaica. He came by the request of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell; she had written him a letter of sympathy upon the death of his wife after only three days illness; and wished him to call on *you* and Dr. Lukens; but for this he had no time, as he was to sail the next day.

"Dr. Blackwell's letter was sublime! So full of tenderness and pity that I marvelled, when I heard him read it in tears and deep affliction, that an unmarried woman was capable of being so tenderly touched.

"Poor man! he wrought upon my sympathies; he longed for consolation. I could only tell him that 'God commands Time to console the afflicted.' He asked me what I had to say of a future life. I answered, 'I do not allow myself to dwell upon the subject. Perhaps I hope more than I believe.' Finally, I told him I would write to him—that I believed, among my papers, I should find words of comfort. . . ."

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, May 3d, 1887.*

"I received thy Postal—sorry that indisposition detained thee, but hope to see thee soon. . . .

"The June meeting will be the last of the season

and will be held at the 'Home,' where I hope to lunch with thee. We have had an awakening in our Prison work, and thee may lift up thy head in hope now that new life and light are dawning upon us.

"I never had so much out-door work as now. I was at the 'Home' Tuesday morning, passed an hour with the Commissioners of Charities and Correction and, in the afternoon, we had the 'Home' meeting here. Yesterday I was at the 'Diet-Kitchen Association'; came home tired, but the night gave refreshing sleep."

TO AARON AND ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, June 25th, 1887.*

". . . I left the 'Home' the day of the meeting, for reasons. I discovered in the session, that my dress had opened behind, from the waist down—sewing machine to answer for *that*. I 'm glad my daughters were brought up on a needle. I could not turn without the fact becoming apparent, and as you all seemed busy, I thought I should not be missed. I own it was not the best treatment, but the Lions were there in your ever faithful embraces.

"Mr. Capper, who had wrought upon my sympathies in a marvellous manner, I was not troubled about after his reference to the wife of his youth and again to *No. 2*. I thought this exhibition unseemly, and if he turns to a No. 3, I shall not be amazed.

"I was reminded of a Mr. Haines, a Londoner, who took tea with us years ago and carried home with him best wishes for his No. 1. Soon, I received from him her receipt for an English Plum Pudding, and later, her death was announced on a great sheet of paper, in deep mourning. In course of time I sent him a letter of condolence; mentioning the fact to a Cambridge Professor, he laughed heartily and said: 'Why Mrs. Gibbons, don't you know he was married again?' I did not waste my sympathy, nor did I offer congratulations; but gave him a tremendous letting alone. . . ."

TO HER HUSBAND.

Mattapoisett, August 6, '87.

"I have to congratulate thee, and to thank our son-in-law, James H. Morse, for securing to thee the authorship of *We are coming*, &c.

"Willie G. Morse was the first to reach our piazza yesterday; Jamie, having his heavy valise, came a little later. Expressmanlike, he had carried it on his shoulder, and Willie took care of his hat and other traps.

"Jamie immediately enquired for a store where fish-hooks could be found, and both entered into plans for the campaign. They are now off to New Bedford, for trowsers, which, I may say, are not a superfluity, as their rags are beyond what they ought to be, *for style*. What else they will bring, Julia may know, but her mother knoweth not."

TO WILLIAM GIBBONS MORSE.

"*Mattapoisett, Aug. 26th, 1887.*

"My dear Grandson Willie,

"I have intended to write from day to day, but thee knows how it is here, and to-day, we had a Boat-race. The *Zilla* came out first, and Capt. Janney is very much pleased. Before he gets the cup, he must race again, but his chances are good, and, when all is over, I will write and tell thee about it.

"I am very sorry to hear thee has a boil, but perhaps thee will be glad to know that it is better to be sick *outside* than *inside ;* and as thee has not been very well, I shall expect to be told that the boil has taken all thy sickness away, and that thee will reach New-York in fine health.

"And, as Mr. Jefferson* is about to make a visit to your lovely home, it is a matter of course that such delightful company will hasten thy recovery. There is nothing better that I know of.

"Give my love to thy father and send me word when we may expect him—for he promised us a visit and must not disappoint this family. We often talk about your week here and the visit from the Founder of the Cotuit Library.† It was very pleasant.

"Yesterday I drove to New Bedford and enjoyed it very much. County Street, as they call it, the finest street in the place, is magnificent. The

* Joseph Jefferson.

† Mrs. Morse, who had started a Public Library in Cotuit.

grounds surrounding the old homes, which are kept in perfect repair, are beautiful to behold; and, when thee and Jamie come again, you shall see what I have seen.

"Give my love to my dear grand-daughter, and tell her how much pleasure her letters give to us all. My next shall be to *her*.

"Both thy letters were most welcome and I could not deny myself the satisfaction of writing to thee in particular. I hope thy bathing suit is received and that it may be put away until every shark disappears.

"Thy loving Grandmother, and Jamie's too,

"A. H. Gibbons."

TO HER SISTER SUSAN.

"*Mattapoisett, August 31st, 1887.*

"My dear sister Susanna,

"For that is thy name and it is after Susanna Kimber, who was greatly beloved by our mother and a truly good woman. . . .

"I am pleased to hear of thy doing the sewing —occupation is a healthy panacea. Do not indulge in vain regrets and enjoy the blessings that come. Thee *mends* quite as fast as I expected and if nobody else sees it, be sure that thee holds on to the idea, and I will keep thee company. *My* lameness * has been of long standing and I guess it will continue always. So we will take life as it comes and, as mother used to say, 'live a day at a time.'"

* The result of an accident.

TO SUSAN.

"*New-York, 11 mo. 25th, 1887.*

"My dear sister Susan will be glad to know of the last days of our dear sister Rachel. She completed her 90th Birthday at half-past eight last evening, and it was fitting that she should go on Thanksgiving day, for she longed for the rest it would bring.

"Last Seventh day, I sent for a coupé, and, in a pouring rain, took her a bird, nicely cooked and piping hot. She was pleased and said: 'I will take it for my dinner, for while thee is here, I must hear thee talk.' I remained less than an hour and she did the talking. She was full of gratitude for kindnesses generally, and when I left, she said: 'Do give my love to Sally and Julia—their visits have done so much to cheer and comfort me.' One or the other went up in her room often and told her of passing events, which gave her thoughts outside of herself, and they were always welcome guests. One day, she said: 'Send your mother and tell her I have so much to say to her, that it will be a fountain unsealed.'

"She often talked about thee and said it was cause of thankfulness that thee was happy in thy home with sister Mary, where all were so kind, and so appreciated by thee, my dear sister.

"I received a note from Wilson on Third day, saying he had sent for the Doctor, who soon came and told them she would not rally again, and, while she might live two or three days, she was

liable to sink any minute. By ten A.M., I was at her bedside. She was restless and uncomfortable, but said she had no pain. It was hard for her to talk, but she resolutely got the words out she was wanting to say. I said: 'I came to make thee a little visit. Does thee know me?'

"'Know thee,' she said, 'Abby—if I don't know Abby, I don't know anything. Abby H. Gibbons,' she repeated.

"I will report her sayings as they came from her, one after another. In quite an animated tone, she said: 'I never *did* believe in the dark shadow.' 'My Heavenly Father knows what is best.' She was too weak to open her eyes, and after a few quiet moments, she said: 'Most there—I see father and mother—most there,' repeating the latter words several times.

"She said: 'Tell Samuel * my first thought and my last is of *him*.' She was quite satisfied with his western life, and her tenderest thoughts were for the dear grandson.

"I left at 8 P.M. She was *unconscious*, in which state she was, from about 4 P.M. of that afternoon. Third day, her hands were clasped on her chest as was a habit of hers; and so she remained until last evening—Thanksgiving day. At half past eight—her Birthday completed—she passed away. Consciousness did not return.

"I dropped not a single tear—for who could mourn when she found the rest that comes to one

* A grandson, who was in the far West.

weary of the life that was narrowed down to a sick bed."

TO MISS THAYER.

"*New-York, February 15th, 1888.*

"Dear Sally, do not for a moment believe that I am converted to Christian Science. No, verily. It takes those who need occupation to see '*Truth*' as they see it. They are sent to me, by whom I cannot say, but if I were to keep all the various Periodicals, the house would scarcely accommodate them, and I let them drift in all directions, according to my estimate of individuals. 'Truth' will not hurt *thee*."

CHAPTER XXXV.

1888.

POLICE MATRONS.

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, May 22d, 1888.*

. . . . . .

"POLICE Matrons' Bill passed Senate and Assembly and is with the Governor. I tried in vain to get influence from one of his persuasion, but never a bit did he answer my letter, and so I betook me to my own devices and sent a letter to-day to David, of Albany [David B. Hill]."

FROM JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL.

"*Cambridge, June 5th, 1888.*

"My dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"Thank you very much for your kind thought of me. The passage of that law is a great step gained in the struggle to save degraded women; and I am sure every one interested ought to be very grateful to you and Dr. Daniel. . . .

"Sincerely and gratefully yours

"J. S. Lowell."

TO JAMES H. MORSE.

"*N. Y. June 23, '88.*

"*Harrison and Morton*—how does thee like it? Everybody looks contented and no one can say aught against Harrison, nor do they attempt it.

"Tippecanoe and Morton too! To be sure, I meet with those only who believe in the Republican party, and a class who believe only in themselves. I wait for results patiently."

TO SALLY.

"*Mt. Washington, Berkshire Co.*
7 mo. 2d, 1888.

"Here we are, 'all right,' in the words of William Gibbons Morse; 1700 feet above the level of the sea. The journey was not tiresome; our lunch at Sharon, where we halted, was sustaining—especially the coffee—and the drive from Copake to Spurr's magnificent. I thought of Bonnie, Jamie, and Willie, *how* they would be enraptured by a glimpse of that mountain scenery.

"Young Spurr pointed out the profile at the top of the mountain—the old man's face, plain to be seen—the Eagle's Nest and Bashbish, &c. &c. Indeed, the whole six miles was up hill, and every inch grand, and beautiful with daisies and buttercups, and blossoms of Thimbleberries in profusion—which promise delicious fruit.

"We did justice to our supper. I went to bed at nine o'clock, and slept with such stillness as can hardly be imagined. Never heard a sound of the 'lowing of the herd'; not a frog dared to whisper.

"Now let us hear how *you* journeyed to the land of delight—Bonny Haven—with the music of the sea, the birds, the vines,—which bring to us happy memories of Mr. Leggett—and the care they get

from our loving grandchildren and Grandpa, who has his summer pleasures, and such comforts as are not to be found in the city of New-York.

"But I do not underrate the whirl and bustle we live through there, for I remember with a sense of gratitude, that it brings us bread and butter, aside from the thousand and one conveniences that daily life calls for.

"Let us make much of our possessions, for surely we are rich in friends, and there is no reason why we should not be contented with our lot.

"We miss you all. I shall remember the Birthday of my Bonnie lassie. May it be just as you would have it!"

TO ELIZABETH GAY.

"*Mt. Washington, Berkshire Co., Mass.,*
"*7th mo. 8th, 1888.*

"No words can tell how deep has been my sympathy in your time of trial, and how I have grieved that no rest came to my beloved and honored friend, through his long years of suffering.

"Sydney Howard Gay! I loved and honored him, and shall never forget how much he was to us all when sorrow filled our hearts. What a blessing to my children! Who could wish his life prolonged, with no promise of freedom from pain, and no rest to the dear ones whose loving care was called for by day and night. And what a consolation that your strength held out to the end!

"Sweet, and very precious, are the memories of

such a friend. I have been with pen in hand many times, but alas, I could not give expression to my thoughts and feelings for you all. . . ."

TO LUCY.

"*Mount Washington, Berkshire Co., Mass.,*
"*July 12th, 1888.*

". . . Such a blow as we had last evening! and a pouring rain, with thunder and lightning. This morning cool, and in my room the thermometer 65°. In the parlor they are sitting by the fire, poor souls! Julia walks a great deal—not long walks, but several times a day. . . .

"We eat, sleep, sew, knit, read the *Tribune*, and partake of social life."

TO LUCY, WITH A COPY OF DARWIN'S "LIFE AND LETTERS."

"*August 3d, 1888.*

". . . When I wrote thee of Darwin's book I was enchanted with the history of his family life, which was delightful, and when I came to the letters I was disappointed; and not taking much stock in creeping things and the like of them, came to the conclusion that the boys, with their abundant opportunities, would lay in a fund of information and give the book a running over instead of story books. This is a question for them to decide. . . .

"Thy loving Mother."

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*Mt. Washington, Mass.,*
"*August 29th, 1888.*

"Thanks for the *Irish World.* When I opened it, the picture of Blaine did not satisfy me; but I cut it out carefully and consulted Sally as to best hanging, or rather pinning to the wall paper, which makes a fine affair of it, and my admiration and loyalty to the man is as true as steel. He is doing far more as *Leader*, than it would be proper to do as Candidate for President. My earnest desire is that Republicans may come out in tens of thousands, and the United States move on as never before—that they may profit by their past neglect of duty and loyalty to party, and that they may prove to the world that Americans are worthy of a victory they seem sure to win. . . ."

TO SALLY.

"*Mt. Washington, September 5th, 1888.*

". . . Here is an extract from a letter of thy father's to Uncle Edward:

"'Keep the mind quiet. Exert all thy philosophy. He who bears the greatest ills with most patience, is the quickest healed of wounds. The sentiment is valuable enough to be put into a couplet.

"'Who bears the greatest ills with least complaint,
Unites in one, philosopher and saint.'"

TO BONNIE.

"*New-York, September 20th, 1888.*

". . . I am counting the days when we shall behold each other and we are eager to hear from the boys of all they are doing in the way of bringing out pictures. It seems to me we do not begin life and daily duties until our dear grandchildren appear. Home does not seem home. It is all too quiet and there is little of their belongings scattered round, and I am impatient to see hats on the Hat-rack and the tramping through the marble hall, and I beseech you one and all, to make tracks from the steamer to our breakfast table, which will make us realize that you enter largely into our enjoyment of every day experiences.

"We shall be up and watching on the appointed day, which cannot come too soon. We are well and I am glad to say that Uncle Edward reports himself improved and has hopes of freedom from pain by sure but slow degrees."

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, September 28th, 1888.*

"Thy letter, dated so long ago as September 8th, has been re-read by me to-day with much interest. It brings to mind many incidents of our war experience, and among them, the imprisonment of John Brown, at Harper's Ferry, where I picked up a nail, in memory—and on the way to Winchester, how the soldiers sang in mournful tones—

"'John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave.'

"The pathos was wonderful, and many tears were flowing on that day. And I think of the *Friends*, noble men and women, and of their losses and crosses, death and desolation.

"Yes, dear Anna, I am a fast friend of the Republican party. I do not look for saints in a body anywhere, and while thee tires of James G. Blaine, I cannot get enough of him. Think of the years of evil report of the great statesman and leader, and never a charge sustained!

". . . Read the *Tribune* of to-day, and see what General James B. Fry says. I know him well: he is honest as can be; and his testimony is thoroughly trustworthy. I should *grieve* if I did not think he, Blaine, was needed as a leader more than as President, because it gives him unlimited power."

TO SARAH W. ADAM.

"*New-York, November 1st, 1888.*

"My heart was made joyful by what thee calls *odds* and *ends*. I have not opened the package and shall put it in the barrel just as it has come, knowing by all my experiences, that it will prove a blessing to Indians and contrabands, at Hampton, Va.

"Dr. Angell it is that takes to her heart the unfortunate of any class and clime, and brings them up to such level as their various gifts call for. She writes me that, in a short time, the Hospital and Training School will be in full blast. She has an abiding faith in our brothers and sisters of a darker hue than our own, and will make the most of body

and mind of those entrusted to her care. It has been a work of time to help them up hill, coming to her, as they do, without clothing, so to speak ; and never discouraged, she begins the dressing of body and mind ; until, by slow degrees, they become useful to all about them. She says they make excellent nurses, and that I know ; for, during the war, how they did bring the worth of their earnings to the sick in our hospitals."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1889–1890.

REFORMATORY FOR WOMEN.

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, March 12th, 1889.*

"Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and the Lord will send the flax."—*Spanish Proverb.*

"I TURNED to the above in a little book I have, and it came into my mind that I would not talk, but *do*. I gathered my fragments, secured the necessary material, sent to Hudson for a copy of the Report of the 'Refuge for Women,' and decided to have a Bill ready by the day of our meeting, asking for a Reformatory for Women of New-York and Kings County.

"I added to this some strong points showing the *need*, sent for Wilson, who took the matter up with a will, and the Lord sent the *flax* in the form of the Bill referred to, which the Hudson Report contained.

"We took *it* for our guide. I sent it to Hon. Hamilton Fish to present, secured Crosby's approval and support, wrote to Senator Hendricks, and, to-day, received a very nice letter, with an offer to take it in charge when it reaches the Senate.

"To-morrow, I shall send letters to leaders in both Senate and Assembly, and abide results. Said Bill will have influence in many directions. Our managers approved the course and no stone shall escape a turning to make what a Reformatory for women should be. We asked for an appropriation of $100,000.

"I will keep thee posted."

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, April 26th, 1889.*

". . . In the turmoil of legislative work, I had to pass by many things, but thee will be surprised by my ventures in many directions, of which thee shall know hereafter. Suffice it to say, I have had the support of the *leaders*, and best men in the Senate and Assembly; and judges and lawyers of this city as well; up to this time, no opposition.

"Senator Sloan writes me: 'Soon as the Supply Bill passes, I will take up yours,' and assures me it will pass the Senate.

"Husted writes me April 23: 'I send good news. I have this morning, since receiving your letter, had an interview with Senator Sloan. He promises me that the Committee on Finance of the Senate will act favorably upon the Bill, and that he will attend to it, and secure its successful passage through the Senate.'

"My own audacity is a surprise to me. It passed the Assembly by unanimous vote, proving that the community call loudly for a 'Reformatory for Women.'

"Recorder Smythe said that young girls were brought before him almost every day, and he was obliged to send them to State's Prison, which was sending them to certain ruin."

FROM JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL.

"*New-York, May 17th, 1889.*

"My dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"Thank you for your good news about the Reformatory Bill. I was very glad that the trip to Albany did not do you any harm, and sorry not to see you when I was at your house this week.

"I congratulate you on the great work accomplished this winter, for it will be a blessing to have that Reformatory.

"Sincerely yours,

"J. S. Lowell."

TO RACHEL H. POWELL.

"*June, 1889 (?).*

"Please convey to thy beloved parents the *non*-approval of our Woman's Reformatory Bill. I may quote dear Uncle John, who used to say: 'Hope for little and we shall not be disappointed.' I hoped the Bill would pass, but why I should hope for anything good from David B. Hill, or expect it, I do not know. It was unreasonable. In many ways I am relieved and find enough to fill up all my time. We will talk and read it over at leisure.

"The weather improves and so will my niece, if it will hold on for a few more days.

"We will hold to the 'Home,' come what will."

TO LUCY.

"*New-York, June 21st, 1889.*

"The Governor's veto of our Bill was what we should have expected, though we hoped better things. He sent me his printed copy of *disapproval* which *proves* he did not know what he was talking about. If James would like to have a copy, let him write to the Secretary of State and I think he can get it, provided my name is not used. I wanted an extra copy and wrote for it, but the Executive returned for answer, that he had sent one to my address. Anybody has a right to a copy, free of charge. Try him."

TO SALLY.

"*Mt. Washington, Berkshire Co., July 2d, 1889.*

"We left New-York hot and muggy with rain; stepped out of the car at Copake, into sunshine and delightful breezes. There was Mr. Spurr with a lovely carriage, easy to step into, and we were driven up the mountain, which was decorated with Laurel in bloom all the way, with the same 'Sody and Brandy' (horses) that carried us over hill and dale last year.

"Anna and Emma Clinch gave us a welcome, and so did the Sterrets, who left soon after. Mrs.

Spurr too, and this morning 'Grandma' made me a call. She was delighted with cup and saucer; said it was 'real chiny and a beauty."

"Julia has turned my bedstead round; a great improvement in every way; and has scoured out drawers, washstand, closet, and just finished the general putting to rights: as if she had not had enough of that at home! I never knew her match. Next, she is to arrange the parlor furniture, which does not suit her ideas of tidiness.

"Just as I left New-York, a letter came from Husted. He has not yet learned why the Governor vetoed the Bill for the Reformatory but believes the Prison Authorities were behind it all. He says the Governor gave him a double assurance that he would sign the Bill and accept the names offered as Managers."

TO SALLY.

"*The Mountain in all its beauty,*
"*July 17th, 1889.*

". . . I am impatient to hear that 'our girls' have their Harvard certificates, and what they amount to. If faithful work, industry, and devotion, are to be rewarded or appreciated, it will come in full to each and all."

TO SALLY.

"*New York, August 3d, 1889.*

". . . Julia is proud of her four girls and well she may be. [These girls had just passed their

Harvard Examinations, with four honors each.] Bonnie, bless her now and ever ! deserves her honors. I am very contented over her marks. They have all done splendidly.

"Thy Mother."

Miss Gibbons's school was the first in New-York to prepare girls for the Harvard Examinations, being six years in advance of any other. In the words of Francis Howland, "while other people were talking about higher education, Julia Gibbons was giving it." Her mother had always taken the warmest interest in the affairs of the school, and it was the daily habit of one little girl to go to Mrs. Gibbons's room for a morning greeting or to leave a flower. She entered into the hopes and fears of young people, delighting in their successes and sharing their anxieties. Their friendship was a never-failing source of enjoyment to her in her later years, and they, in turn, took pleasure in her tranquil, motherly ways.

We omit a letter of this date from a young man whom Mrs. Gibbons found in the Tombs, where he was committed for having taken money from his employer. She became interested in his case, interceded with his employer, who agreed not to appear against him, and secured a place for him in Vermont, where he did well, grew to be a respected citizen and married the daughter of a well-to-do fellow-townsman. There were many similar cases which have passed from memory and of which no record was kept.

TO LUCY.

"*Mt. Washington, September 13th, 1889.*

". . . Julia may have told you she went to New-York a week ago to-day. . . . On Second day, she began work at 55—and I dare say the house will tell the much she has done. On Second day, by the *one* train, we shall be found rejoicing, as we roll down the mountain, happy in the thought of supper at home, and hearing from thy James H. of your movements.

"If you read your *Tribune*, it will tell you of floods, and the consequent discomfort of tourists and those who provide for them; many losing far more than the summer yielded. May we all come together contented with our lot, and ready for a winter's campaign in all directions in which we have interests!

"So, with love in quantity, and the best quality,

"I am your mother

"A. H. Gibbons."

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New York, September 28th, 1889.*

". . . It is well, when sorrows accumulate, to preserve a tranquil spirit and to remember how much it helps all about us. I often think of my dear father, who used to say that, whatever his trials, he always thought it right to be cheerful in his family. And truly, his sorrows were many, and his patience and forbearance a marvel to all. . . .

TO MAYOR GRANT.

"*New York, November 8th, 1889.*

"Hon. H. J. Grant,
Mayor of the City of New-York.

"Dear Sir :—

"I will not encroach upon your time by multiplying words, but come at once to the point.

"Mrs. C. R. Agnew and Miss Grace H. Dodge have held the position of School Commissioners for the past three years, and by their experience are duly equipped for better service a second term.

"They are conscientious, excellent women, having the capacity to understand the needs which are continually coming before them, and the sound common-sense to deal intelligently with those of their sex ;—and having a personal knowledge of their way of work, which, in many directions, women comprehend as men never can, I do not hesitate to urge, in strong terms, their reappointment.

"I have been in communication with Mr. Joseph H. Choate, who freely gave his signature and kindly offered to accompany me to your residence, that you might question us and give us an opportunity to show how important it is that women should be actively interested as Commissioners of the Board of Education.

". . . You have done many good things and I earnestly and respectfully entreat you to consider favorably the continued services of Mrs. Agnew and Miss Dodge.

"In behalf of a multitude of both men and women,

"I am very truly yours, &c.

"Abby Hopper Gibbons."

TO MAYOR GRANT.

"*New-York, November 19th, 1889.*

"Hon. Hugh J. Grant,

"Dear Sir :—

"Your kindness and courtesy in calling upon me yesterday with my friend Mr. Joseph H. Choate, is sincerely and gratefully appreciated. I am afraid I did not succeed in impressing you with the importance of continuing women on the Board of School Commissioners. I advocate it on principle. It is not only proper but it is right that they should have a voice where so many of their sex are represented ; and a School Board is incomplete without them.

"The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that the opposition is mainly confined to ignorant and prejudiced minds, and should be disregarded.

"On the part of a large number of men and women, I make this earnest appeal to your head and heart.

"I am glad to lend you the experience of my many years, and believe thoroughly that you will live to take pride in your work.

"Faithfully yours,

"Abby Hopper Gibbons."

TO MAYOR GRANT.

"*New-York, November 22d, 1889.*

"I speak in behalf of many who make their appeal to you for justice to women and thank you sincerely for your wise decision to re-appoint Mrs. Mary Nash Agnew. I am glad the vacancy is filled by a married woman, as it should be.

"I do not hold the opinion that Graduates of the Normal College make the best Commissioners, and I am free to say, that those who advocated such appointments are not well informed or qualified to give judgment.

"The trouble is that they know very little of education outside of their own limits, and when they criticise private schools disparagingly, they do it without knowledge, and are ignorant of the increased advantages and broader opportunities offered by many in this city of New-York. . . ."

TO MRS. RANTOUL, REFERRING TO THE ILLNESS OF HER DAUGHTER JULIA.

"*New-York, December 12th, 1889.*

"Atlantic City was not to be thought of, nor was Salem. She never could have reached either. Perfect rest, quiet, and alone with Sally and Miss Bridges, was the plan she marked out for herself. She announced her wish to be taken to Lakewood —two hours journey—and while it seemed among the impossibilities, it was not opposed. I felt that, at her age, she had a right to control her own movements. Accordingly, trunks were packed and

all the needful provided. The emergency called for it. A carriage came to the door and she walked out and took her seat in it. Sally and James Morse accompanied her. After reaching Jersey City, she was greatly prostrated, but the palace car gave her a lounge to rest upon, and champagne sustained her. When she reached the haven of rest, she went to bed; or rather was taken to it. I hope she will stay there until braced by air and sunshine, and improved condition generally.

". . . . My hope never fails me. Julia is brave. I do not ask how she is, but wait for developments and try to preserve a cheerful mood.

"Tell me of thyself, rejoice in Robert's position (as Mayor of Salem) and believe me, now and always, with love to all,

"A. H. Gibbons."

TO JULIA.

"*New-York, December 18th, 1889.*

"My dear Julia will find a heart's welcome, when she sees it in the light to come home; and yet, if it is for *her* good, let her tarry longer.

"James will return to you on Sixth Day, and I am glad, for he is honest and true, and I believe in him."

This dear daughter did not live to return home, and her mother joined her at Lakewood, N. J., a few days before the end came. A friend wrote of her:

"It is due to the memory of a woman of rare qualities of mind and character that something

more than a passing notice of her death should be given. Like Mrs. Sedgwick, she was never satisfied with instruction only, but aimed to inspire her pupils with a love of knowledge, to strengthen character, to train mind and memory, and to give them such habits of work that they should be able to continue their own education through life. She left upon her pupils the impress of her own lofty nature. . . .

"Few were her equals in earnestness of purpose and devotion to duty. She brought to her work vigor and sense, rare sagacity, and sound judgment. Large-hearted, generous, and entirely forgetful of self, she was always ready with sympathy and help for anyone in need; while her brightness and wit, her constant cheerfulness, her helpful and thoughtful ways, made her a delightful companion in the social circle. None could be with her even for a short time, without feeling her charm and having for her a high regard; while to those who, in a longer acquaintance, had learned her worth, she was, as one has well said, 'a stay, a staff, and a fountain of delight.'

"Her quiet fading from life, so quiet and unexpected that the news came with a shock to many of her nearest friends, seemed a fitting close to years of patient and unobtrusive work. The influence of her sweet and noble character will continue to grow and blossom in many lives. She had done more than her share of life's work, and has fallen by the way in her devotion to it; but she was one to 'prefer a noble life before a long.'"

FROM JAMES C. CARTER.

"*New-York, January 20th, 1890.*

"My dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"I have been away on my winter excursion to Currituck, and returned last Wednesday. It was not until this evening that I learned that during my absence you had lost your dear daughter Julia. . . .

"I can imagine how distressing this loss must be to you and Sallie, and I wish to express my very deep sympathy. I know with what calmness you are accustomed to meet the vicissitudes of life, but the loss of a daughter from whom you have never been separated, and whose character was so sincere and beautiful, and whose devotion was so entire, must be nearly overwhelming to you. I hope the sympathy of friends may afford some comfort to you.

"Very affectionately your friend,

"James C. Carter."

FROM WILLIAM ROBERT WARE TO MRS. EMERSON.

"*Assouan, Egypt, February 2d, 1890.*

"We have just heard of your great loss, and it seems as if I could think of nothing else.

"That is all there is to say, but it is a satisfaction to be able to make even a mute gesture of sympathy, and vain and impotent as they are, messages of sympathy can never be unwelcome. So I send this line for Harriet as well as for myself.

"If in another world the relations of this are to

be taken up and carried out, then these separations and reunions are mere passing incidents, and all is well. If not, and this life and its successes is all there is for us, then too all is still well, at least for those who have succeeded in living. And what is more successful than to make the most and best of one's lot, whatever it is, and make one's self a pleasure to one's own and serviceable to others, as opportunity may be found. This seemed to me just the life your sister lived, and that it was a life in which she found as much pleasure and profit as she gave. What the world, her own world, can be without her, I cannot picture. The chasm will close, doubtless, and life go on. But there will be a desolate spot, where it seems as if nothing will ever grow.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. R. Ware."

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, June 9th, 1890.*

"Ten days in my room with an attack of illness, has prevented the fulfilment of many duties. . . .

"Death and desolation has taken much strength and I am waiting for time, which alone can help me.

"In every relation of life, Julia was pure gold to me, and life can never be the same. It is simply a question of endurance."

TO LUCY.

"*Canaan, July 8th, 1890.*

". . . I pass the mornings in my own room, doing as I please generally, and after dinner stay

in the library with my work. I am making some headway with the worsted work, and have already so arranged my papers as to proceed with the war memories. I give the mornings to it, while my room takes in cool breezes. . . ."

TO MISS THAYER.

"*Canaan, July 12th, 1890.*

"Dear Sary,

"I hear Julia say, and very dear to me thee is now and always has been, and so on to the end. It is beautiful here, and the outlook from my chamber window gives me mountains, valleys, a spring which runs day and night, flowers in variety, and fine old trees; and running up to the lodge is a woodbine, so fragrant, greeting me in the early morning, that one would think I could not ask for more. Add to this such kindness as is shown, and in so many ways; and above all, I am allowed to remain in my room until the dinner hour, when I take my work—knitting, if it is warm, and on cool days my worsted work—and pass the afternoon in the library or piazza with Sally and the 'canarys,' Sarah Adam and Netta.

"And, for all this, the world is filled with loneliness; for Julia, dear Julia, is not here, as in days gone by in our summer wanderings. And so, when the vacation is over, it will be joy to me to be at home, where every crook and cranny, and all the house contains, is sweetly associated with the daughter who was my pride and admiration; with eyes so like my mother's, and so good, true,

and gracious a woman, that mine eyes rested upon her as one whose strength I leaned upon, and never dreamed that she would be taken away.

"I breakfast at a quarter of eight, and then sit down to the letters and memories of our life in the war days. I have already made progress, and hope to accomplish what promises pleasure to my grandchildren, who ought to know of those times and of all the trials and sufferings of both black and white; for my story gives somewhat of a history of each and all, and when we see thee again under our roof I shall submit the manuscript, that I may be assured I am not wasting time in re-producing it. . . ."

TO RACHEL H. POWELL.

"*Canaan, July 21st, 1890.*

"My dear niece Chellie,

"'Patience is a good thing for old and for young—
It keeps the mind quiet, and bridles the tongue.'

Elizabeth Coggeshall, a noted Friend, was making what Friends call 'a religious visit' in Europe. A long time passed, and no letter from home reached her. One day she was standing by a window repeating the above lines, when the long looked for letter was put into her hand to cheer and comfort her. . . .

"Just now, I feel much sympathy for Uncle Edward in the loss of Joseph C. Turnpenny, who came to America when a little boy in company with his excellent father, mother, and brother Fred,

as they called him—all gone now to what is called 'The Life Beyond.' And this takes me to Mr. Hepworth, who presented me with a little book with the above title. It opens beautifully, and I took great pleasure in reading it. Indeed, it took hold of me in such a way that I made two readings only, and found it all of the same interest as in the beginning. It is worth the owning.

"I hope thee can report thyself improving and able to enjoy the garden; and that thee is careful not to go out when the sun is shining, as heat affects the body. When one is upset from any cause, there is nothing that brings so much relief as occupation that one likes, a shady spot, and quiet and agreeable companionship.

"I think of you all oftener than the returning morning, and wish we were nearer each other. But after all we have our pleasures, and among them is the coming together refreshed after a summer outing; the winter gives variety to life, and I hope added pupils will enlarge our school.

"I shall report progress of the Reformatory soon, as a meeting of the Board of Managers will be held to-morrow afternoon. Your letters find a warm welcome, for you are near and dear.

"Thy loving aunt,

"A. H. Gibbons."

TO LUCY.

"*Canaan, August 8th, 1890.*

". . . I have given much time to the war stories, or *history*, it might be called, for I am not

a story writer. I have intended to send a message of love and good-will to Edith Thomas, whom we all like so much. 'Mabel's Birthday' lines were enjoyed last evening by us all, including Mr. Mackintosh, who is here for a few days.

"I was glad to take up my book, as it gives occupation for the mind, which naturally dwells on much of sadness. It could not be otherwise. Within the last two weeks I have written over ninety pages, much of it—*most* of it—copied from letters written home, which brings the freshness of events as they passed in those days of excitement. Bonnie may know that I am doing my best to fulfil the promise made her, in which her dear brothers will share.

"I read the *Tribune* after our 12.30 dinner, and then go to my worsted work, which is coming on as such work does—by slow degrees. We shall want to know how thy story goes, and are wondering now what it is all about.

"I was truly grieved when I saw that Tyler Lincoln had left a desolate home—made so by having him no longer with them. Sorrow comes to all alike, and it is a wise provision that enables us to bear up under it, for the sake of those about us. . . ."

TO HER SISTER SUSAN.

"*Canaan, Sept. 11th, 1890.*

"Thy letter was most welcome, and told just what I wanted to know. The spirit of content-

ment was manifest, and that is much. Mother used to say when I was in my *teens* and we were troubled about small matters: 'My dear, live a day at a time.' I often think of her sayings and doings, for she was a remarkable woman and, as sister Rachel used to say, 'What a good woman our mother was!' . . .

"We have had a quiet, restful summer, and with friends whom we like much."

TO AARON AND ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, Sept. 24th, 1890.*

"Enclosed find copy of Bill * that passed Senate and Assembly and was signed by Governor Hill, whose approval I have, and it was to me addressed.

"That excellent man, Walter Howe, drew up the Bill, which we supposed 'would take effect immediately,' as stated. But alas! it was not made 'mandatory,' as stated in the *Philanthropist.*

"The Police Commissioners are at fault, but I have not antagonized them personally, following Mr. Reid's † advice at the time; because by such a course they become embittered, and are now, I suppose, for there has been no let up to the various parties who have approached them by the score. I was called upon to join, but persistently refused. They are polite to these women, but all the same, are not moved in that way.

* For police matrons.

† Whitelaw Reid.

"And now the Board of Apportionment are at fault. The Commissioners of Charities and Correction asked in their estimate for the coming year for such appropriation; but the return showed the item disregarded. We must wait and *down* Hill [Governor Hill], and see what is the hope for action.

"I told the committee who went to Albany from the Philanthropic Committee of Brooklyn and asked me to be one of them, 'that it would be going on a fool's errand,' and so it was."

TO MISS ADAM.

"*New-York, October 11th, 1890.*

"Sarah W. Adam, my dear, good, generous friend, believe me, I am not ungrateful for such kindness as is rarely vouchsafed to mortal woman, and is appreciated down deep in my heart; and as I take my pen in hand, I cannot understand why words are not at my command to express the half I feel for thy superabounding kindness.

"A summer was given us of quiet, rest, and healthful air, which we were surely in need of. Add to this the companionship of loving friends—for such we found them—within sight and sound of your threshold—blessed privilege. Dear Annetta trained her woodbine to look into my window, and its fragrance came fresh every morning; and now and then a humming-bird lighted on its branches, as if to make brighter my daily life. And with it all I associated the loved and lost, who would be made happy could she know all

the blessings with which I was surrounded. 'Those mourn the dead who live as they desire.'

"The mountains and valleys and well-tilled ground was a daily delight, and I could go on enumerating the sources of enjoyment, feeling that I was living the life which would have given her happiness.

"And I come to the house she did so much to make attractive, and where everything tells that she had left an indelible mark of her love and faithfulness to duty.

"It is much to me that fifty-three years of her beautiful life was given us all, for many shared it; we bear the best we can the desolation which time may remove in a measure, while resignation is not to be hoped for. . . ."

TO SUSAN.

"*New-York, October 11th, 1890.*

". . . Occupation does much for us in dark days, and it is wise and right to put our minds on some special object, and not to live under a cloud, and make ourselves miserable, and those about us.

" 'Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, that time cannot destroy.
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care
To bring back the features that joy *used to wear*.'

"So let us dwell upon the cheerful events of life, and thereby take what comes to us of happiness, and dispense it, as best we can, to all about us. . . ."

TO AARON POWELL.

"*New-York, December 11th, 1890.*

". . . Every day is filled with odds and ends of work in variety. Sally loves her daily work and rejoices that she keeps the school up to dear Julia's standard.

"Oh dear, how much light and life has been taken from us! In the words of one of her friends: 'She leaves a desolate spot, where nothing can ever grow.' My brother John used to say: 'She was not one only, but forty women.' We miss her at every turn."

TO RACHEL H. POWELL.

"*N. Y., Oct. 28, '90.*

"Dear Chellie,

"Yes, come to-morrow. I shall be found at Headquarters, No. 55, Room in the rear.

"A. H. G."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1891–1893.

CLOSING YEARS.

TO MARY H. HOPKINS, ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

"*New-York, Third Mo. 6th, 1891.*

"IT has been on my mind to write a line and I should not have left it so many days, but for words to express what I felt; and now, what can I say? We cannot make death other than death. The light and life goes with those who take their flight, and the home is deserted. . . .

"If it were not for those who are left, we should live under a cloud—for *those*, we lift up our heads, while we feel 'the emptiness of life,' as dear Julia sometimes said, after her illness had made a despondent impression upon her. . . .

"And yet, we cannot allow ourselves to be miserable, and make all about us so,—and I am thankful to find occupation enough to preserve health, and strength to keep up, and alive to what is going on about me.

"Sally says her occupation is a blessing, and surely it is; and as it is a necessity, we must be

ready and willing to lend our energies to daily duties instead of giving up to selfish grief.

"So, my dear sister, let us indulge in human sympathy and be grateful for the blessings that are left us. . . .

"Come, when thee feels like it, and if there is anything we can do to lighten thy burden, say so to thy affectionate and faithful sister,

"A. H. Gibbons."

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, March 25th, 1891.*

"I will take this sheet, which is too much to waste, to tell thee I have had a severe cold and held to my room for the past three weeks, though I *have* used my pen in a very limited way all the time.

. . . . . .

"The Police Matrons' Bill is made mandatory, and the committee gives them three months to put it in practice. I have quite a number of applications, with good recommendations; and seem to have friendly relations with the Police Board. Next week I hope to be equal to doing something."

TO RACHEL H. POWELL.

"*N. Y., Sixth mo. 23rd, '91.*

"Out of sight, dear Chellie, but never out of mind. I think of thee daily, of the garden, the flowers, and the green things that grow for table use; and to-day, the reference to housework was

pleasant to hear. The fact is, these daily duties bring health to body and mind, and such occupation turns to good account.

"I was glad of thy letter, as it gave me a sense of your interests and surroundings, and I can easily imagine the happiness to all in looking forward to the weekly visits from thy father—a sweet reward to *him* after a week of toil in this warm city, to stroll over the grounds and watch the growth and beauty of your lovely hills. Well, blessings on you all! and that includes Willie, who will soon be with you. . . .

"Next week, about the middle, we shall go to Canaan. I must say the repose we find there is very comforting, and we have reason to thank Heaven that we have such friends. How much kindness is vouchsafed to us! Tell Elsie I miss her every day, and shall welcome her when September comes."

TO MISS THAYER.

"*Canaan, Conn., August 4th, 1891.*

"Sally, my dear Sally, does thee remember . . .? The day we left was the day to collect last things and scattered senses. *She* came to help and, verily, she *did* help me to forget many things and to lose my keys as well. I shall know better next time, and, in the freedom, (which is my nature) I shall cause her to leave my domain and settle down in the parlor.

"My pad was forgotten and an endless variety of needful belongings. Not my worsted work,

however, which is as soothing as Jeremiah Curtis' syrup—*Winslow's*, so called. After giving a page to the exasperating subject, I proceed to thee and thine. Dear cousin Mary,* who is everybody's consoler and friend, I imagine at thy side, in composure—blessed state—and you talk over the ups and downs of life. . . ."

TO LUCY.

"*August 6th, 1891.*

"The mystery of long silence is explained—see envelope enclosed. When next thee writes, just think of 'Cany Ann the Happy Land' and Willoughby, the contraband, dear old man—black as the ace of spades. He used to sing it at the Point and then came the prayer for 'ole Missis and young Missis.' I write at once that another letter may not go astray and have to be advertised.

"I am glad you have my nice Chellie with you and that you are having a good time. She made a too short but pleasant visit here, and I hope it may be repeated. I own to being fond of the young folks and their freshness. . . ."

FROM MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON.

"*The Holt,*
"*Convent Station, August 15, '91.*

"Dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"I thank you very much for sending the slip cut from the *Tribune*. It is always gratifying to me when my friends do anything of that sort.

* Mary E. Simmons.

"It may seem strange to you, but I have enjoyed the 'hot wave' more than any other part of this year. Under the trees in front of our house, it was always delightfully cool, and, you know, in order to appreciate cool breezes, one must be a little warm. But it must have been terrible weather in the cities.

"I am very glad that Mrs. Stockton's paper has been so well received. It is, I know, a good paper, and I know, moreover, that she has good friends among those who circulate and speak of it.

"Hoping that we may see you this winter and find you very well, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Frank R. Stockton."

TO EDWARD HOPPER.

"*Canaan, Eighth mo., 22d, 1891.*

". . . Sally is the champion, when it comes to the *accidents* of every-day life, and a letter coming from any direction—North, South, East, or West—shows that the writer is aware that I lost my balance and found myself on my back, in an armchair of the olden time, wanting length of rocker behind.

"Lucy has entertained Joe Jefferson and a host of others with the story, which is considered worth telling because no bones were broken, and I scrambled out of the chair sound in body, and, it is said, in *mind.* Now do it better if you can.

"I read the *Tribune* daily and believe in it, and that is why I am a staunch Republican. The op-

position try to make out that J. G. Blaine has lost his health. He *did* for a time *bodily*, but is now entirely well. So says his daughter Harriet to a friend here. The *Tribune* keeps the eyes of its mind open to the truth. The opposing Journals—the *Post* for instance, 'seek to bewilder and dazzle the blind.' Away with their vagaries! 'The truth is better than fiction.'"

TO MISS ADAM AND MISS DUNNING.

"*New York, December 9th, '91.*

"Dearly beloved *Two*,

"The letter of to-day was lovely; and however much it means, it is not more than comes at this moment from the very depths of my heart. The other day, a card was handed me on which was the name, 'Miss Dunning.' I said, 'Send her right up here,' and before the individual had reached the door, I called out, 'What airs!' when lo! a stranger appeared, and I was all ready to greet her, when she discovered my crest-fallen condition. At the same time I said, 'Oh dear, you are not the friend I was ready to embrace.' She laughed heartily and said she was truly sorry not to be the one I was about to take to my arms.

"So I gathered my scattered senses and gave her a welcome, turning her over to Sally, whom she desired to see; sorry enough it was not the one Netta, I had tried, trusted, and never found wanting.

"Your loving

"A. H. Gibbons."

TO R. S. RANTOUL.

"*New-York, Dec. 11, 1891.*

"'I rejoice and am exceeding glad' at the result of the Election. It was not unexpected, as I knew well thee was the right man in the right place, and believe in the intelligence of Salem, and that they knew what they were about.

"I have lived through a ninetieth birthday, and its distractions, and now feel as if my mind would work a while longer. We were quiet, not even my grandchildren being present; while the parlor was turned into a flower garden, and *blessings* came in a torrent of words. I am truly thankful it came to an end. It was unlooked for but not unappreciated.

"I believe in a Republican Party and a Democratic as well. I loathe Tammany, and look upon Mugwumps as weaklings, and having everything to learn."

FROM FRANK R. STOCKTON.

"*The Holt, Convent Station, New Jersey,*
"*December 12th, 1891.*

"My dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"I was glad to hear, from Mrs. Morse, that you had reached your ninetieth birthday, and that so many good friends had remembered it. Late as it is, I wish to send you the most hearty congratulations from Mrs. Stockton and myself. Nothing in this world is better, I think, than a ripe and vigor-

ous old age, and we send you our most earnest hopes that you may for years enjoy this rare good fortune.

"Sincerely your friend
"Frank R. Stockton.

FROM WILLIAM ROBERT WARE.

"*New-York, January 4th, 1892.*

"My dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"I went to the Missouri River for my Xmas, and have been so busy since I got back, making up for lost time, and answering the letters that accumulated during my absence, that I haven't got a chance to bring you this Christmas benefaction, which my sister Harriet entrusted to me for you. She made it with her own hands, and says that though still a little new and raw, she hopes that when mellowed by age,—which never does any harm to anybody,—it may become worthy of your attention. It is not the 'damnable bounce,' denounced by Goldsmith, but the Cherry variety, or 'Vanity,' as Mr. Weller would say.

"To-day I go to Milton, to see my sister Emma and Jane Winsor who returned from France while I was away.

"You see I was afraid to face Harriet,—who is terrible when she is angry,—without having delivered her gift.

"Yours, always, to command
"William R. Ware."

TO EDWARD HOPPER.

"*New-York, 2 mo. 26th, 1892.*

"Nothing could have been more opportune than thy gift of envelopes—just the variety and quality I like. Several went to Albany direct. One to the Chairman of Ways and Means Committee, explaining the Reformatory Bill, upon hearing he was against it.

"N. L. Davis and Aunt Patty* being the delegation to appear, and the former calling upon and urging me to go too, I was all ready, and we took the best of everything and were seated in a car at 10 A.M., next morning; reached the 'Kenmore' at 1.20, dined, brushed up a trifle and went direct to the Capitol, seating ourselves in the Ways and Means Committee Room. They came straggling in, gave us a cordial greeting, and I enquired if Chairman Bush was present. He came forward and took a chair at my side. Of course, I took him by his *extended* hand, and said: 'Did you receive a letter from me yesterday?' and upon his saying 'yes,' I said: 'You have been against my Bill and I am here to find you converted.' Pleasant words were exchanged and instead of *calling me up*, they surrounded us, and in half an hour, the Chairman said:

"'The Bill will have a unanimous vote and will be reported favorably this afternoon,' &c., &c., &c. We said and did what we thought was the proper thing, and retired. After I went to my room for

* Martha Mott Lord.

the night, a letter was put under my door, which confirmed all he had said. We all felt assured of success, as it has had no opposition and goes to the Senate ; it is said Governor Flower will approve.

"Thy loving sister,

"A. H. Gibbons.

"I took a strong letter from Choate, and Carter assisted me by personal appeal. We got our appropriation of $100,000.00."

TO MISS SANDFORD.

"*New-York, June 8th, 1892.*

"Imagine that *I* was dismayed when I took up a *Tribune* which contained an item showing that *thine* was the only name he accepted in the list I sent the Governor (and at his request) ! I was indignant. Instead of the good men and women I selected, he put three I never saw or heard of. . . .

"I have sent for a certified copy of the Bill and hope to get it. How I have wished thee would happen in ! I could show the Bill as it passed before the Amendments ; but a certified Bill from the Secretary of State is what we must depend upon. If thee is in New York, do come to see me, for it now looks as if the rest of us are to be ignored altogether. I do not know what these men, whom the Governor has made Managers, will do. If thee will take a run down here, we can talk the matter over.

"I have written to the Governor."

TO COTUIT.

"*Sunday, June 12th, 1892.*

"Dear ones all,

"Harrison and Reid! all is as it should be so far as the community is concerned. The *Herald* has been urging Reid for some time, and I hear the Dems talk of a new man, as they feel assured that Cleveland has lost an opportunity and Hill *stock* is unpopular. Well, they may fight it out on their own line.

"I never valued the office of vice-president, and that being so, the *Tribune* will lose nothing and Reid has gained honor, which has no money value. I am glad that the wind took the right direction and let the silly women give vent. Mrs. J. Ellen Foster never makes a fool of herself, and men appreciate her because she knows what she is talking about and takes a sensible side.

"Glad you are at Cotuit. Take life easy and do not undertake too much. So says

"Your loving

"Mother."

TO DAVID N. CARVALHO.

"*New-York, June 19th, 1892.*

"Mr. Carvalho,

"Dear Sir,

"Mr. Sulzer assures me that I take no undue liberty when I ask you to call upon me in reference to the new Reformatory for women, in which I take a deep interest.

"As you are a Manager for New York City, it is

easy for us to exchange views ; and as I have labored diligently for more than three years to accomplish the purpose, in behalf of the Women's Prison Association, you may imagine I have decided opinions.

"You will find Miss Sandford, your associate member, an intelligent woman, with much executive ability.

"I will not multiply words now, but ask if you will kindly call at your convenience, that we may exchange views upon matters in reference to the Reformatory and its management.

"I am indebted to Mr. Sulzer for much kindness and activity in getting the bill through the Legislature, and he will tell you, no doubt, of my persistency and determination—all of which has been productive of good results.

"Respectfully,

"A. H. Gibbons."

TO LUCY.

"*N. Y., June 26, '92.*

"I hear that —— is alarmingly ill of typhoid fever brought on by training for athletics. I hope the day is not distant when nature will be permitted to take care of the body, and attention to the head and heart be administered in the moderation ; and that boys, especially, will be held in check, and have less ambition when it comes to the games and pastimes which sacrifice many a fine fellow and make many a household miserable. James, Jr., is a sensible boy, not easily led, and

will be well content with a sound body and a healthy indifference to the nonsense that prevails in college life. I wish for him much happiness, pleasant walks and talks, and that he will take work and play by turns, make the most of his time, and come home a pride and blessing to the many that care for him."

TO MISS ALICE SANDFORD.

"*Canaan, Conn.,*
July 4th, 1892.

"I should have written before I left home, but for the many bewildering plans that come with a summer's vacation.

"Mr. Carvalho made me a *long* call in the early part of last week. I found him kind, plain-spoken, and ready to concede all things. He is evidently the main spoke in the wheel; has qualified, and is ready to seek and find, a site for Reformatory in Westchester Co.—not too far from the City. Perhaps an old homestead that can be changed to suit our purposes, and when enlargement is needed, to add thereto. He has heard nothing from the other two Managers and feels, as we do, that they are too widely scattered. . . . I told him all about *thee*, and he was well pleased; accepted all I said, and told me he should be guided by *me*, and wished me to understand distinctly that I had all the rights of a Manager, and more of the same kind. I remember I am not a Manager, and wish not to be officious."

TO ANNA R. POWELL.

"*Canaan, July 6th, 1892.*

"*We have the Reformatory.* The Governor sent me what seemed to be a kind letter, saying he 'would be pleased to have me send him names of people, who, in my judgment, were qualified to act as Managers.' I sent five who were unexceptionable. I took up a Sunday *Tribune*, and incidentally my eye lighted upon an item, and there I learned that he had accepted but one. I was not disposed to let him rest and gave him a piece of my mind. I kept a copy and thee shall see it in the future. I cannot write thee in detail my experiences with those he did appoint. One living in Rome, another in Mamaroneck, a third in New-York. The latter is a Mr. Carvalho, who came to me. We exchanged opinions freely, and there was no material difference. He assured me that he should act as my representative, and, in all things, carry out my wishes. He is a Democrat, but not of Tammany and never has been.

"By their first fruits we shall know them in the future, and therefore I shall be cautious—and wait.

"Sulzer called and said: 'Mrs. Gibbons, my services are always at your command. I have the greatest admiration and respect for you; you are such a good fighter.'

"Enough of this long struggle of months."

TO LUCY.

"*Canaan, July 10th, 1892.*

"It was on J. H. Morse, Jr.'s Birthday the news came to us that he had passed his examinations and is now a Freshman. At supper, we drank his health in pure cold water from the spring in front of the dining-room window. And now the summer may be a pleasure to you all. Take heed to the warning that the printed slip gives you and avoid all possibilities of accident. How sad and terrible to the parents of the young man who was Hetty Wharton Smith's son!

"It was a pleasure to read the words of J. Jefferson. When *he* takes the pen, his nature guides him, and he touches the heart.

". . . It is a lovely day; my woodbine under the window is in full bloom and the birds are singing."

TO D. N. CARVALHO.

"*Canaan, August 2d, 1892.*

"Dear Mr. Carvalho,

"I received from Miss Sandford a most satisfactory letter, giving an account of your first meeting; which pleased me.

"There can be but one opinion as to your being *President*, and I am equally pleased to have Miss Sandford *Secretary*. Mr. Johnson, I do not know, but if it is your opinion that he is the right man in the right place, I shall make it mine, of course.

"We will not be in haste to regulate the *manage-*

ment of the Reformatory, but learn what others do, and improve upon their plans if it seems wise.

"The 'Sherburne,' near Boston is a *Woman's Prison, so called;* officered by women, and, I believe, a success. 'Hudson' has a Prison, independent of what they call a 'Reformatory.' I will not criticise either. I will bear in faithful remembrance the 'Elmira Reformatory,' so approvingly referred to by Recorder Smyth.

"I did not incline to press you into any service during the heated term, and therefore was silent; but now that we are having charming weather, I venture to say I am glad an old building is discouraged, and I hope to keep within bounds as regards *land.*

"Here I am with friends, who are to the manner born. They have fruit, vegetables, and flowers, of their own raising, &c.

"Now, let us have land enough to produce something to live upon. We can have flowers in moderation—enough to gratify the taste and please the eye—and I know from personal experience, that the criminal class will do much in the way of tilling the ground.

"But of all this hereafter; I refer to it now in consideration of the *acres;* as we must bear in mind that we are under limitations as to funds.

"A Reformatory pure and simple, is my aim. The word *Prison* pray keep in the background. Criminals are made what they are by association and treatment. Let us turn over a new leaf and remember they are human; and, with tact and ex-

perience, it is possible to 'temper the wind to the shorn lamb,' and soften the heart of the hardest.

"Now I want you to speak your mind as plainly as I do mine; and do not come to the conclusion that I am too ready in giving counsel. I am *as* ready to receive; and I know it is by your courtesy, I speak at all. Consider all I say as to *you*, as I should not be so free in speaking to the Managers, excepting Miss Sandford. *We* understand each other and are in harmony with you.

"Most truly your friend and co-worker by courtesy,

"Abby Hopper Gibbons."

"I have some things to say to you when we come together. I have already burdened you with words, which you will forgive when I say that I have an abiding interest in the Reformatory, which will cease only with my life."

TO D. N. CARVALHO.

"*Canaan, August 5th, 1892.*

"I have read section 5 and am ashamed of my stupidity. I did not take in the idea, (or *fact*, I should say,) that buying land with any sort of building on it, would be a saving of money to the tune of $2500.00.

"*That settles the question.* And here let me remind you that when we had a conference at 55 West 47th Street, I told you there were many things that men knew more about than women. I hold to this with regard to the purchase of land, and whatever you, personally, decide upon, you will find me in full accord with.

"Miss Sandford wrote me a most satisfactory letter, expressing her pleasure at finding the Board of Managers such as it will be easy and agreeable to work with. The 'Women's Prison Association' are a united body who will fall in with your plans and purposes; kindly allowing me the largest liberty in all movements.

"Miss Sandford was much pleased to have you made President, and I am sure it was the proper appointment.

"I hope you will *assert* yourself in all things, as I depend upon you as the friend and *leader* in the entire course of action.

"I am very glad to have Miss Sandford our Secretary—1st, because she is capable and will give her mind and time to it, and 2nd, because she is a woman with a deal of commonsense and ability.

"Do not understand by this that I am a *Woman Suffragist.* No, verily, I have never taken action upon that question, though, if men can give the vote to women while I live, I shall *cast mine.* I have not needed it up to this time, as I always *take* what I want."

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH GAY.

"*West New Brighton, August 12th, 1892.*

"My dear Abby.

. . . . . .

"I rejoice with thee in thy victory in the Reformatory battle—long, but the Lord's side gained the day! . . .

"Affectionately thine

"E. Gay."

TO D. N. CARVALHO.

Canaan, August 28th, 1892.

"The fates surely have been against us. I have been too ill the last week to do more than wonder if you have investigated the lay of the land in Westchester. If there is one new thing let me know it.

"I shall venture out of my room to-morrow and hope you are awake to the fact that time is passing."

The illness referred to was an attack of indigestion caused by cold, brought on by a sudden change in the weather. Although restored to comparative health, those who knew Mrs. Gibbons best, think it was the beginning of the end. She looked very lovely all the Fall, but rather delicate, and this first attack was followed by several others of the same kind, the last developing into congestion of the lungs.

EXTRACTS FROM DIFFERENT LETTERS.

"'Life has passed roughly since I saw thee last.' It has had its pleasures, but thou knowest 'the losses and the crosses be lessons right severe.'

> "But let us cheerfully acquiesce,
> Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
> By pining at our state."

'*Scanty.*' The word was written before I sounded it, and I find myself so ungrateful as to impress

thee with the idea that our blessings are few and far between; which is simply untrue, for we have much to make life worth living."

"If I am wise, the better way will be to observe silence, which is 'the art of conversation,' someone says, I forget who."

"I had persuaded myself that I had *become* measurably subdued; just now, I feel like rising in all my strength and fighting the Devil. Were it not that Life is a long road with many turns, and that the journey is made less trying by an occasional pleasant path to walk in, I believe I might fall by the way. I try to make patience my companion, and jog on *in the faith* that, after struggling through the thicket, we may see our way clear as the sun goes down. (*Jan. 16, 1868.*)"

Her signature was firm and strong and had about it a business air which made it often pass for a man's writing. Answers to her letters addressed "My dear Sir" were not uncommon. Several times she was summoned for jury duty; and, on one occasion, being pursued with the usual circular, asking her to furnish reasons why she should not serve, her sense of humor overcame her reverence for the law, and she replied, "I know of none."

"*Canaan September 4th, 1892.*

"Home is home, with its *grinds* and disappointments, and it is there we must weather the storms and do our part towards making life cheerful and of good report."

TO ELIZABETH GAY.

" *Canaan, Conn. Sept. 6, '92.*

" Elizabeth Gay, my dear friend, thy letter gave me heartfelt pleasure, and its announcement of a little Sydney in the family, was joyful news. A dear name in memory of one I sincerely loved and admired. If I live to be an hundred, I cannot forget the delight I had in his readings—always in such good taste, and read as no other ever did. My children have often referred to the days when he came to pass the night ; and, to me, the smoke of his cigar, which he so gracefully curled, was fragrant and gave a social feeling to the occasion. I am truly glad the name is re-produced, and may the light of his character dawn upon the grandchild. . . .

" And it is much to be a grandmother : I enjoy immensely Lucy's children. All come to us on Sundays, and to breakfast—go to church, if they wish to—Bonnie, regularly, to Mr. Williams'—and Jamie, strange to say, took to the idea of attending Friends' Meeting a year ago. He liked to hear what Aaron Powell had to say : it reached him, so to speak. How long it will go on I cannot say ; but, as he goes to Harvard, he will settle it in his own mind.

" As to Willie Gibbons Morse, he would rather pass the time in my room, with a book, which he is allowed to do, when I do not make it plain that he ought to accompany his sister.

" Bonnie and I are lovers, and very much both

Sally and I enjoy her companionship. She is a sensible girl, not much given to the frivolities, industrious too, fond of reading, care-taking, and devoted to her brothers.

"I think of you and should be pleased if you were Republicans; I could not be anything else, and wonder that you do not see that Single Tax can never have an existence; it has no place. There will always be the rich and the poor; and how liberally the former dispense to the latter!

"I try to make the best of life, but in spite of every effort, clouds often encompass me, and human nature droops—and revives again. I am thankful even for the wear and tear of the Reformatory work, that gives me occupation, and makes me feel that I am not living in vain, and that my dear ones encourage and help me.

"Trusting that we may meet in the future, and with love to Martin, believe me, dear friend,

"Thy truly attached,

"A. H. Gibbons."

TO BONNIE.

"*Canaan, Conn., September 9th, 1892.*

"Bonnie, my dear, I will save the stamps because thee asks it, but when we meet I will give my reasons for thinking it 'Love's labor lost.' I have yet to learn of what manner of use it amounts to.

"We leave our kind friends on the 14th, in the 9.40 train, so all letters will reach us at 55 West 47th Street, after that date. These last days with

Uncle Edward and cousin Maria, we make the best of. They go straight through to Philadelphia. I shall rejoice when we all come together again.

". . . With love to all,

" Grandma."

TO MRS. JOHN P. HALE.

" *Canaan, Conn., September 14th, 1892.*

" Mrs. Emerson and I have had a restful summer here with dear friends, and very much we enjoyed, through Lucy's kind thought, the picture of the memorial and the fine oration in honor of *her* Father, and *our* dear and well remembered friend.

" Thanks from my heart to Senator Chandler for his eloquent words of pure gold, and loving appreciation of a truly good man.

" I was interested in what is said of your dear boy to whom you gave the name of his honored grandfather.

" And I congratulate *thee*, dear Mrs. Hale, upon having a grandchild to love, and cheer advancing years. I have that privilege, and therefore realize the blessing.

" If you pass through New-York, pray look in upon us, with your boy, and believe me, dear friend, I hold near and dear pleasant memories of you all."

TO SARAH H. POWELL.

" *New-York, Sept. 16, 1892.*

" The first thing I believe it my duty to do, is to apologise to you all for making so light of that

narrow escape you had, which resulted in more to Chellie than the rest.

"The fact is, I thought from thy letter, there was fun in it, and I felt mighty mean, when I realised the accident, that I had reflected somewhat on thy husband, who is always careful and *just right.*

"It will never happen again, and the pain that comes to Chellie in the changes of the weather will grow less as time goes on and really *is* a natural effect.

"It seems just an age since I saw Wilson or any of you.

"We returned on the 14th and my *tired* came next day. My second night set me up and I am myself again. Give my love to Wilson, Jr.; I am much disappointed that I shall not see him or J. H. Morse, Jr. before they are practically Freshmen. The city is quiet and there are no fears of incoming steamers, as they are safely guarded. I am truly sorry for the illness of my faithful friend J. W. Husted. I miss him now and I shall always.

"Lovingly,

"Aunt Abby."

TO MISS ALICE SANDFORD.

"*New-York, September 27, 1892.*

"I had a long call yesterday, from Mr. Carvalho, who tells me he has written at length to thee. They have at last found a desirable location and I think he said he had notified thee to meet him tomorrow; and, if you agree it is well to secure it,

he will at once call the Board together to come to a decision.

"Before the Board meets, I want very much to see thee and Miss Huntington, that we may discuss some questions and understand each other. How can we arrange it? I do not claim it as my right, but ask the privilege, as it is important that we act in harmony; and, to this end, I desire to make the acquaintance of Miss Huntington, and to know something of her views and experiences.

. . . . . .

"I shall write to Miss Huntington, hoping she may have a plan of visiting the city. Thee knows well, my dear, that I have opinions and am persistent, and some of my ideas come from experience."

TO ANNA POWELL.

"*New-York, September 30th, 1892.*

"Yes, J. W. Husted was in his 59th year, and too young to leave a place vacant, that no living man can fill. I am thankful for the service he gave me last year, for, without him, I believe the Bill for the Reformatory would not have passed. He was my leader and friend, and, for eighteen years, we have been in communication, personally and by letter, and he never failed me on a single occasion. He was unlike any other man I ever knew.

"His last note is a treasure—it was one of congratulation that the bill had become a law. He will

live in my memory, as a remarkable man, who, to understand, was to honor and believe in.

"The man who comes next is Ex-Senator Francis Hendricks, Port Collector now. Last year, when I wanted help in the Senate, I wrote to him; and the names he sent me, and the advice, led me in the right direction. It was he who was both counsellor and friend when the Police Matrons' bill went through."

On the 17th of October, Mr. Gibbons died. Although, during his closing years, his mind did not retain its early strength and vigor, he never lost those gentle qualities which endeared him to all who came within the sphere of his influence. To the last, he was the same courteous, generous, kindly gentleman, considerate of all about him, and beloved by all who ministered to him.

"Mr. Gibbons' tastes were literary and he was a recognised financial authority. Among the books written by him were *The Banks of New-York; Their Dealers, The Clearing-House, and the Panic of 1857*, and also *The Public Debt of the United States; Its Organization, Its Liquidation, and the Financial System.* He was a constant contributor to the *Bankers' Gazette*, and frequently wrote on financial topics for the *Tribune*, the *Evening Post*, and other New-York papers. He was the author of the poem, 'We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more,' and other verses. Mr. Gibbons was also the first to start the movement for preserving the forests, and his weather

record, continued through many years, was regarded the most accurate and valuable of the time.

From his earliest years Mr. Gibbons was interested in all charitable and philanthropic movements. It was he to whom Mrs. Lydia Maria Child refers in her *Letters from New-York*, when she tells of a certain kind man who was in the practice of carrying a basket of stores to distribute among the poor of the Five Points.

FROM ELIZABETH HUNT.

"*Concord, October 22d, 1892.*

"I congratulate you and I congratulate *him*, that a tried and noble soul has gone forth into freedom!" . . .

FROM MRS. A. A. HEPWORTH.

"*Lakewood, October 18th, 1892.*

". . . As my thoughts turn to the past, I recall so many brilliant criticisms of books and men and affairs, such stirring words, always for the right, and in defense of the poor and oppressed. These precious memories make me realize the influence he has had on my life, and all my indebtedness to him.

"And since he has been so much to me who saw him so little, I appreciate how much he must have been to thee and all those nearest and dearest to him.

"George unites with me in love and sympathy to thee and thy mother, and I am always

"Most affectionately thine

"Adaline A. Hepworth."

FROM JAMES B. THAYER.

"*Cambridge, November 13th, 1892.*

"Dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"Your beautiful stool is a constant reminder of you—a 'Stool of repentance,' you called it, for my political heresies. The trouble with it is that it is so pretty and it is so pleasant to use it, that I don't want to *finish* my repentance.

"We have thought much of you since hearing of Mr. Gibbons' death. It seemed a good and blessed release, and yet it is easy to think how very, very much such an event must be to you. It was good to read the accounts of his life that were in the papers, and to recall his disinterested devotion to high ideals and his affectionate regard for his friends. How many kind thoughts and affectionate wishes have centered upon you within these last weeks!"

TO J. B. THAYER.

"*New-York, November 16th, 1892.*

"My dear friend James,

"I was glad of thy letter and to know thy standing in *Politics*. Step outside of little Cambridge, with its Greek and Latin, which thee understands so well, and enter the wide, wide world, and light will dawn upon thy benighted mind. If you like Cleveland, pray keep him. I would much rather hear of the defeat of the Republican party, than success by the means used by Tammany, the *Evening Post*, and New-York *Times*.

"Compare the men and manners of the two parties. I have reason to know much of both—and very much more of Blaine and Whitelaw Reid, who are men I delight to honor.

"I congratulate President Harrison upon his return to private life; he is good and great.

"I freely admit that the Republican Party needs to be regenerated and born again. It will live and thrive, and have a being in the good time coming. When sons are left to think and act in their own light, and with better opportunities, they will be found in advance of their fathers.

"Hold on to that stool of repentance, dear James, —at the end of the next four years, it will come in play. We are looking forward to the visit of 'darling Sally,' in which we take great pleasure."

TO MR. D. N. CARVALHO.

"*New-York, November 16th, 1892.*

"Mr. D. N. Carvalho,

"Dear sir:

"Some weeks since I wrote you—I think it was early in October—referring to the Butler property; since which, no word has reached me from your pen.

"I am glad it was not secured, as we do not think it wise to assume such a responsibility.

"Whatever is done, let it have completeness—heating in the best way &c. &c. &c., so that no tearing away may be called for.

"I hope the Mt. Kisco land will be chosen and

that fifty acres, or thereabouts, will be considered ample for all we shall accomplish.

"'A little farm well tilled,' and those who work it, well-willed, is far more desirable than double the number of acres rough and scraggy.

"More hereafter, and believe me

"Very truly yours

"A. H. Gibbons."

"I hope you will be ready to call a meeting any day after Monday next. I wish to hear that spade and pickaxe are at work."

TO MISS SANDFORD.

"*New-York, December 1st, 1892.*

"It is very hard for me to reconcile the delay in securing land and having a *show* of a Reformatory, and I beg thee will tell me how thee feels about it. Womankind is accustomed to go ahead; but to move *man*kind up to the mark, is beyond my control of language to set forth.

"Election is disastrous, and what comes after, worse still. Now I feel better. If I had not so many years on my side, I would seek and find fifty acres of good productive ground, and surprise the natives. And thee would lend a hand and help.

"Do send me a line of encouragement and hope.

TO R. S. RANTOUL.

"*New-York, December 15th, 1892.*

"Just as I expected! The people of Salem, wishing for the best, give thee a fourth term, and,

by so doing, are entitled to high praise for their sagacity.

"When they get a good thing, they are bound to *keep* it.

"I congratulate the entire household, beginning with the honored wife, and the children all—those in hand, and the prospective daughters-in-law. We enjoyed your late visit, and I am glad we found ever the same loving friends, dear to us from many associations, which will continue to the end of our pilgrimage.

"Blessings for you all!"

TO MISS SANDFORD.

"*New-York, December 15th, 1892.*

"Politics should not interfere with important promises to fulfil the letter of the law.

"I wrote to Mr. —— a week ago, and not a word of response have I had. I have no right to complain of *that*. But the women managers have full right to 'cry aloud and spare not,' and I entreat both thee and Miss Huntington to attend every appointment of the Board.

"It is a mistake not to meet Mr. —— and General ——, in order that you may fulfil your share of responsibility. I write for thy serious consideration."

TO DAVID N. CARVALHO.

"*New-York, December 20th, 1892.*

"Mr. Carvalho,

"Dear Sir,

"I am delighted with your marked success, and

if you of the Committee can 'read the title clear,' every member of the Board will fall into line.

"I shall welcome the presence of the Board on Thursday, at 11 A.M., and thank you for the privilege of holding the first meeting in which decided action is taken, at 55 West 47th St., a courtesy unexpected and fully appreciated.

"Sincerely yours,

"A. H. Gibbons."

TO MISS SANDFORD.

New-York, December 20th, 1892.

"At *last!* Let us be thankful and rejoice that the good time has come!

"I received a letter from Mr. Carvalho last evening, and this morning thine came, to make assurance doubly sure.

"Come early, that we may hold counsel together.

"I have seen Miss Huntington and am ready to take her, heart and hand. You are just the women for the service."

These letters were written after Mrs. Gibbons was ninety-one years of age. Note the enthusiasm and spirit of youth which pervades them.

TO LUCY.

"*December, 1892.*

"The much thee did for Father during his long and trying illness, entitles thee to become the pos-

sessor of 'Jenny Lind,' who was our next door neighbor when Father and Willie brought me on St. Valentine's Day the lovely likeness of her. [February 14th was the anniversary of their marriage.]

"We listened with delight to the 'Last Rose of Summer' and 'Coming through the Rye,' and she was often seen at the back parlor window smiling upon your antics, which she thoroughly appreciated.

"Days long ago!"

TO MRS. GEORGE F. BAKER.

(Last letter written by Mrs. Gibbons.)

"*N. Y., Jan. 9, '93.*

"Florence, my dear friend, I have just received a postal from our Secretary, announcing the Annual Meeting of the 'Diet Kitchen,' to be held at your *Palace*, for which I 'm sincerely thankful.

"It is due to thee that I say there is doubt about my being present. I have had a severe cold; and, while it is improving, I dare not expose myself to wind and weather. A snowstorm is coming, I think, in which case my going would be out of the question.

"Take my chair, my dear friend. There will be little to do aside from reading the Report and accompanying papers, by Mrs. White, and I am very sure of thee, and of all, going on full as well as if I were with you.

"Consider it *my* loss and the gain of the Board of Managers, and believe me,

"Thy loving

"A. H. Gibbons."

FROM MRS. JOSEPHINE B. WHITE.

"*20 Fifth Avenue,*
"*Wednesday even'g, January 11th, '93.*

"My dear Mrs. Gibbons,

"I was so surprised and sorry that you were not able to come to the meeting to-day. The regret of the members present was put into a personal expression, which I take pleasure in sending you.

"I needed you *so much.* I will tell you how when I see you. As soon as you are quite well and strong enough to see me, will you please let me know? I have much to say to you.

"Very sincerely,

"Josephine B. White."

(With flowers for Willie's birthday.)

"*January 16th, 1893.*

"For dear Mrs. Gibbons, with love, and hoping soon to hear of her entire recovery.

"From her loving

"Adaline A. Hepworth."

The trials which overshadowed her later years were borne with a "sweet inward patience" which left its impress on her face. The death of her dear daughter Julia was one of the hard experiences of her life. A few months before her own departure

her husband died, after sixty years of married life. He had been her sympathizing helper until failing health obliged him to give up work. During the war he did faithful service in many ways. He was an ardent patriot and the inspirer of patriotism in others. The war-song "We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more," written by Mr. Gibbons in response to President Lincoln's call for more troops, was well known at the time. It was published without name, and attributed to Mr. Bryant.

Mrs. Gibbons' illness was not of long duration. A cold contracted early in the year, developed into congestion of the lungs. There was no suffering, just a quiet passing away. She was confined to her room but six days, and to her bed but three. Twice on the last day of her stay here, on observing a movement in the room, she asked, "Is that Father?" meaning her husband. She was conscious and sensible to the last, and after she was gone, her family found that she "had put her house in order," and was only waiting for her Master's call. Every piece of work begun was finished, and there was nothing left to do but to lay her away with her dear ones.

Hers was the life of a "woman so strong, so faithful, so lovely, so abounding all her long life, and up to the very end of it, in far-reaching works of beneficence, that she is worthy to be remembered among the choicest spirits of our age."

She lies in Greenwood Cemetery, and the simple stone which marks her grave bears the words spoken

by her when her father died, "She has finished her work, and it was meet she should have rest."

CONCLUSION.

FROM MRS. JAMES M. BARNARD.

"*Boston, Jan. 23, 1893.*

"Dear Sally Emerson,

"I want to stretch out my hand in love and sympathy. With all the pain and sense of loss and loneliness, how good it is to think of the great life so rich and full, with love and service and blessing and blessedness! I am deeply thankful to have known it, and to have been allowed to come near to that great heart. We treasure the precious words of love and greeting that came to us so recently, that it almost seems out of the silence of the new high birth.

FROM MRS. CHARLES B. SEDGWICK TO MRS. MORSE.

"*Syracuse, Mar. 9, 93.*

"My dear Lucy,

"May I dare to write to you with a pencil? I feel so moved to talk about your dear mother today. . . .

"I wish that I could see you and Sally, and talk to you about your mother, who has fascinated me so much ever since I first knew her, and helped to lead me on to be interested in God's works, and to lend a helping hand. I owe *very* much to her. Her serenity, her cheerfulness, and the great power she possessed of 'going on her way serenely in

storm and in sunshine alike,' as Mrs. A. B. Blackwell says of her, has been a blessed example to me; and I think I am a little stronger, and a better woman for having had the inestimable privilege of being allowed to call her my friend.

"I like to think of her as I used to see her up in her room, embroidering and talking in her quiet, even voice. When I told her a Senator asked, 'Why don't they send the old Quaker lady to Albany? She can make us do everything she wants,' she laughed, as if she knew how she did it, but would n't tell.

"The last time I saw her, she was in the midst of changing her papers into a new desk—her ninetieth birthday-present. Charles was just as fond of her as I was. We have had such good times at her home, and such good talks about her afterwards.

"Arria Huntington has told me how many arrangements she was able to make in connection with her Woman's Reformatory, and how wonderfully she did her work to the last. I think she is probably now going on with all her good works, with, perhaps, renewed power and intelligence. What do we know of all this?

"She never seemed old."

FROM DR. STEPHEN SMITH.

"*New-York Nov. 18, 1893.*

"My dear Mrs. Emerson.

"Your very kind note is and ever will be a source of genuine happiness. My grief at the loss

of your mother differs from yours only in kind. I did not feel that I could give her up—indeed it did not seem to me that her great personality could yield to the fate of common mortals. Truly, she is not dead, in the sense that others die, but lives, and will live, to those who knew her, while they live.

"I came to fully appreciate and reverence her, when, in my distraction and almost hopeless misery at the loss of Stephen, she consoled and comforted me with the narration of her experience on the loss of her son at about the same age. I was falling into the same state of mental imbecility which she described, and but for her timely counsel, might not have recovered. She said she discovered after three or four months, that she was losing her mind, and immediately determined to rescue herself from this peril, by setting herself resolutely to work in the performance of pressing duties. She at once dressed and called upon the Mayor, to obtain pecuniary aid for the 'Home,' and was surprisingly successful. 'From that hour to this,' she said, 'I have looked forward, not backward, believing that I had a work to do that should not be interfered with by grief at the loss of those most dear to me.' She said, 'You must not yield to your sorrow, but engage vigorously in the duties that daily arise, and you will recover from your depression.' Though I had not that native indomitable will with which she could control herself under the most trying afflictions, yet her advice and kindly sympathy saved me from months of the most intense depression,

"Scarcely less than my love and veneration for my own mother in her old age was that which I held towards yours. From boyhood, I had a great affection for old people. They impressed me with a sense of awe and reverence. But I never saw one that compared with your mother in dignity and sublimity of character. There was a divinity in her elevation of soul, above the level which even the greatest in my acquaintance ever reach. No, we shall not see her like again. Much as I shall miss her, I cannot forget the lesson which her life and her spoken counsel have taught of devotion to the right and to daily duties. I know what she would say if she could speak to us. She would urge her friends not to falter because she has retired from the field; but rather strive more earnestly to make our remaining lives as memorable as hers, with good works.

"Your mother's copy of Blaine's great work will ever find a place among my choicest treasures. Its very presence will prove a constant benediction. It reminds me of the many occasions when I have visited her, depressed by the unfavorable outlook of the political contest, and listened with admiration to her vigorous defence of Mr. Blaine and the Republican party. Her faith in him, like that of my own mother, grew stronger as the assaults upon his character increased in vindictiveness. Her stalwart courage in his defence was always to me a most powerful political tonic.

"I do not doubt that, in my personal perusal of these volumes, I shall have imparted much of that

inspiration which I formerly received from personal interviews.

"I fully realise the grateful feelings, and yet tender solicitude with which you commit these volumes to my keeping; and I wish to assure you, that the same sentiments influence me in receiving and preserving these precious memorials of one whose memory I shall always revere.

"Excuse this long letter. I could say much more and I could not say less.

"Most sincerely thy friend,
"Stephen Smith."

FROM MRS. MARGARET B. DAVIS.

"*Wildmont, January 13th, 1894.*

"In Miss Alcott's *Life and Letters*, I found one descriptive of a Christmas visit to Randall's Island, with thy mother. What would she say now? A fine, large, well-appointed school-house, a nice greenhouse filled with plants, the old engine-house turned into three workshops where boys are taught shoemaking, tailoring, and—most interesting of all—to make tinware of all kinds, for the use of every department, on all the Islands.

"For some three or four years back, the feeble-minded boys have had a workshop for making mats of old worn-out rope, for all departments, especially the boats. Instead of the miserable old three-story hospitals, many one-story pavilions, with fewer children in each, a well-lighted, clean, cheerful house, and all under the charge of one woman, Mrs. Dunphy, whose executive ability is wonderful;

and whose grand idea seems to be to improve the children in her care. . . .

"While the children needed the friends that rallied round thy mother, to carry light and joy into their darkened lives, it was a great pleasure to go; but now the old depression does not exist, and many have come forward to fill our places. Our work is done."

FROM HON. ROBERT S. RANTOUL.

"*Beverly Farms, August 25th, 1896.*

"My dear Sally:

"I thank you for submitting for my perusal these letters of your mother. I am glad they are to see the light. Most of us are content enough to skim over the surface of things. Here is a life that goes away down into the depths. It deserves to be written. I mean to say more than that. It demands to be written.

"May I applaud your method of letting your mother tell the noble story for herself? You use comment and illustration very sparingly. They are not needed. Wherever your mother stands forth in her own words, it is impossible not to recognise at once a grand, striking and engaging personality—the figure of a great-hearted, healthy-minded, high-toned woman—a being as womanly and tender as she was brave and true.

"I make no attempt at characterization. These letters, warm from the heart, seem to admit one, whilst reading them, to her own home-circle, to see her as she lived. I knew her too well to be

able to stand apart and look at her in an objective way. Our attachment, as you know, was the outcome of that desolating stroke—the loss of your brother. I was at the Law School, and was interested in him, as were all who knew him, and when the terrible announcement came there that he was gone, I hurried from Dane Hall to his room in Stoughton, where I had passed an hour with him the day before, to find it all too true. I was a stranger to your household, but it seemed to be my duty, as it was my impulse, to forward such a statement as could be made, and no time was lost in doing so.

"From that hour your mother took me to her heart. On her summons I hastened to New-York. Brought together in this strange and painful way, our feelings seemed to mingle as naturally as our tears. There is no confidence that should exist between a mother and a son which it has not been my privilege to share with her. Her welcome seemed like the glow of embers on a hospitable hearth. Its genial flame was fed from its own fires—an emanation from her own good heart—and all it asked of me was that I would linger and be warmed.

"Our attachment was subjected to a very trying test. Towards Mr. Blaine, your mother, as you know, felt that ardent enthusiasm common amongst the old-time Anti-Slavery leaders, and when he was put forward as a presidential candidate in 1884, regarded the event as of the brightest presage. In this view I could not share, and when the time

came for me to separate myself from the political associates of thirty years, and I found myself in touch with the men who had urged on the Rebellion—the monumental blunder of our day—not the least of my forebodings was the uncertainty of its effect on her. I knew your mother would allow no change of feeling to appear. But would there be no change? Could it be possible for the old affection to subsist, with one great natural channel of sympathy choked up? I had no time for doubt. The initiative came from her. He could be no friend of hers to whom it was possible to palter with his honest faith.

"Would that the fury of the mob had spent itself on any house but that,—so consecrated to the holiest love,—so crowded with relics and treasures we cannot afford to miss. The great gaps in your mother's correspondence and papers, disclosed by these extracts, show what a book might have been written, but for that shameful day. When I recall the lovers of their kind that roof has sheltered,—Fredrika Bremer, Margaret Fuller,* Ida Pfeiffer, Garibaldi, Emmett, Garrison, Phillips, Greeley, John Brown, Albinola, Douglass,—I almost smile at the irony of fate that made it fall by the rage of those who should have been its best defenders.

"But the marble bust that made the parlor

*Margaret Fuller sailed for Italy in August, 1846, and perished by shipwreck on her homeward voyage when in sight of her native land. Her last night in New-York was passed at the Gibbons house, and it was there that her egotism expressed itself in this much quoted phrase, "I accept the Universe!"

sacred was saved by Julia's hands. Was it something more than chance that January 16th—the day of that great joy, on which your mother's first-born saw the light—should have been also the day of all the year when that great, yearning, expectant soul of hers was at last released?

"These letters will make a great addition to the wholesome reading for the coming year. I thank you for letting me see them. I am glad they are to be published, and am

"As ever yours,

"Robert S. Rantoul."

FROM PROF. JAMES B. THAYER.

"*Bar Harbor, August 31st, 1896.*

"Dear Sally.

"There are many different kinds of saints, and lovely and admirable women, and extraordinary benefactors of mankind in their day and generation. I have known, thank Heaven, several such persons, and now know several, but never one with so remarkable a combination of qualities as your mother. The simple enumeration of the public benefactions that she was engaged in throughout her long life, is something wonderful; and when one adds to this, a recollection of the energy, the devotion, the vigilance, the foresight, the persistency, and the power of personal influence and command which she brought to these enterprises, it is far more wonderful. And then comes the remembrance of her constant private beneficence, thoughtful and discriminating, and so much the

more exacting of her time and labor; of her sweetness, the warmth of her personal affection, her astonishing hospitality, her delightful little acts of kindness, her cheerfulness, her wit, her saving common sense.

"She must have inherited from her father much of that warm heart and happy physical constitution, that largeness of nature and that health and soundness, outward and inward, that wore so well, away up to the end, and so thoroughly impressed all who knew her. A good share of these things I remember in her two delightful brothers, John and Edward Hopper, with their quaint, sudden, exuberant expressions and manifestations of good-will. There was no such cure for gloom and low spirits as meeting them.

"My personal recollections of your mother and father run back to their kind welcome of William, my brother, when he first went to New-York, more than forty years ago. That kindness, or rather that lavish affection, as of parents to a son, lasted all through his life, as you will well remember. It was through him that all the rest of our household came to know and love yours. At no hour of the day or night did the welcome ever fail: the door was always open.

"My own coming was always for short scraps of time; and only once or twice did I see your father and mother elsewhere than at their own house in New-York. But the picture of them remains permanently in my mind,—your father's ever-cordial welcome; his serious, eager, high conversation on

public affairs; his lively, interesting narratives out of his own long experience; his hot condemnation of some political recreant; his withdrawal by and by to his den in an attic room, where he did his writing and where he had gathered his stores of books and pamphlets and political records; your mother's quiet presiding over her table, dignified, lovely, ready for talk or ready for silence,—always a heart-warming presence. In recent years, when I saw her, she seemed very much interested in public affairs. She remained faithful to the Republican party and to those old leaders who adhered to it. Her whole soul had been given to the things which the great party stood for in its early days, and in her eyes the glory of that time covered it still. She used to grieve over some of her best-loved friends who found their line of duty elsewhere in these later times, and humorously chid and remonstrated with them. But she never gave them up; her heart was too wide and too sound for that."

BY JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

"By my marriage with the youngest daughter, Lucy, in the year 1870, it became my privilege to enter more and more closely into relations of intimacy with the high mental and sweet moral and social life of the father and mother. They had both reached the beginning of the period of old age, an old age destined to be long, comparatively serene, and full of charm to me. The active cares of home life were soon to be assumed by the

younger members of the family. The lines of interest were well established, various, and strongly individual; such variety in harmony I had never seen before.

"The intellectual play of the father was in poetry, politics, and public affairs, and how diversified these interests were, those may see who will pass from the books on *The Banks of New York* and *The Public Debt of the United States*, to that intense and profoundly sympathetic War lyric 'We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more.'

"An alert imagination played among all the mental activities of Mr. Gibbons and flashed the statistician and the poet in him into harmonious connection. There was no dull, commonplace, level ground in his nature. His response was immediate to each phase of feeling in his companion. Keen humor, love, fierce wrath for wrong, trust, often to excess, in a sympathetic spirit; and indignation, often unwise, when the trust was for any reason disappointed. Where feeling was not enlisted, he was a philosopher, and being companions often in long walks, in a mood for theorizing, we would adjust the affairs of this world and the next with entire satisfaction to ourselves. But where feeling was touched—or was it prejudice, the long, back record of feeling?—then philosophy went to the winds. His mood was that of the inventor. Problems engaged his mind which, never less than active, was often creative. No man could be more systematic than he,—absorbing, recording, accumu-

lating facts with such niceness and accuracy that science could use them with confidence. His meteorological record, reported annually for a long series of years to the Smithsonian Institute, was a model of painstaking accumulation of facts, and served, in one instance at least, as a basis for judicial decision in a case at law. But he would have upset the Smithsonian Institute if a child across the street was—perhaps judiciously—chastised with blows.

"Without technical cultivation in the poetic art, he was by intensity of feeling a poet. By virtue of this feeling, he could touch into blaze an inert mass of prosaic human action, as when, accompanying the motley crowd and the tired Massachusetts regiment in its march up Broadway one day in July, 1862, the rhythmic movement of feet became in his thought the impetuous march of the hosts of Freedom with the light of sunrise on their foreheads. Not with a year's study, could a greater poet have hit upon so happy a combination of words and ideas to interpret the wild enthusiasm then sweeping through the country. The lines, thrown off with carelessness and published anonymously in the *Evening Post*, became a nation's song, leading the fight on many a hot day of battle. Though a Friend all his days, he sent no Quaker guns to the intrenchments. Yet the true spirit of the poet, the *vates*, the Sybil in her cave at Cumæ, who left her leaves ungathered, to be blown about by the winds, was evidenced in Mr. Gibbons' indifference to this one wild and sacred child of his genius.

The song was sung under Bryant's name, and when, at the end of many days, Bryant set the matter straight in the *Evening Post*, the note of authorship travelled no farther than a single day's edition of the paper would carry it, and there perished for all the world of letters, and for all that Mr. Gibbons seemed to care. It was thirty-four years later when, at the suggestion of Mr. Frank R. Stockton and through the courtesy of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder and Professor Brander Matthews, the complete evidence of the authorship was made public in the *Century Magazine* for August, 1887. The war was then passed more than thirty years. Lincoln, in whose presence the song was sung by the Hutchinson family, had been gone almost a generation. The wearers of the Blue and the Gray were fading into old men. Mr. Gibbons, gray-bearded, but not yet white-haired, still showed the old fire in his eyes as he told over the circumstances of the composition.

"This, then, was one of the strong individualities which it was my good fortune to learn to know. It was a character of rare beauty in various ways, of much variety and interest, of sharp fiercenesses, like those low-lying thunderheads one may see in the West, of an afternoon in Summer. One could draw the lightning, but it was better not.

"Mr. Gibbons could not be without opinions, some fixed by habit, and some waiting to be fixed, on old lines. But in conversation, he was courteous to new ideas. A scholar, careful in phrase, a good story-teller, and quite ready for the intellectual

give-and-take of good comradeship ; a gentleman of what we like to call 'the old school.'

"The contrast was great and interesting between his impressionable, imaginative, poetical nature, and the nature of the mother, who was born almost far enough back to have been the inspiration of Wordsworth's exquisite lines. She was no poet, but

> ' "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

Although sixty-nine when I first saw her, the hair no longer brown, the step not quick and elastic, there was no diminution of mental vigor. She had left in the background of her life the immense movement of the emancipation and war period, in which her part was no small or mean one. Nothing but the fact that she was a woman, left her name without a significant and historic title. Quiet reigned in her life. She was methodical. The duties of the household, so far as they devolved on her, were done with punctuality, but there was a large power left which she could not waste. She was born to inspire and organize. Being a woman, she let suggestion take the place of command. With her clear foresight, fertility of resource, persistent energy of preparation, her suggestion soon became resolution and action. It mattered little who rode at the head of her squadrons : the battle when fought, was easily seen to be her battle. Sitting with her, as I often did, in her back room upstairs, where her desk was always a working bench, and

her correspondence filled every niche in it, it was to me a lesson in generalship to hear her state the steps preliminary to some rich and useful achievement. She was a woman of words few and well chosen; of profound reticence. Even in extreme old age, no name escaped her lips that had better not be spoken, and the secrets of hundreds of forlorn fellow-creatures lay in her memory and died with her. Her tact, perhaps her Quaker bringing-up, certainly her judgment, kept her, like the great strategist Von Moltke, free from the vanity which breaks over the dam of the lips. For easy accomplishment of difficult tasks which she had set herself in the interests of humanity, she surpassed all women I have known, for she was trusted, and had access to the sources of influence. Her credentials were her character. The simplicity of her life, the purity of her purpose, and its 'sweet reasonableness,'—these made for her friends at court, and she was rarely kept waiting at great men's doors. As her years advanced and her nineties were in sight, it became a joy to yield her that courtesy which is given to pure, serene, and admirable old age.

"'Send up the little Quaker lady; the rest may stay at home,' said the leaders at Albany on one occasion when an important bill affecting city charities had reached a crisis. Two Democratic governors in succession, presumably under orders, stood in the way of a later bill which had passed both Houses unanimously. It was my privilege to see the missives fly from that work-desk in the

corner of that room upstairs ; and the Capitol was stormed by influences which the Governor could not resist. To that splendid energy and activity will be due the chances of reformation possible for a long line of young women whom the streets of New York would see put to shame.

"She was shy of newspaper fame ; while she had her idols among editors, and found them faithful to her work, as she was to theirs, there was no talismanic charm for her in the 'personal paragraph' column. She was iron, not ice, to the warm breath of flattery. Help her *work* forward, not herself. Every energy was bent on the performance of the task which her earnest mind had set : I could never associate benevolence with her charity. The word savors of easy good nature. She was always righting a wrong, readjusting the machinery of a world badly out of order. Beneficence to her put on the frank features of justice. She thought of her power to help others as a privilege, and of their attitude of appeal as a just call. She answered the call, and was too sensible of the justice of it to expect even grateful thanks. Yet she was pleased to note a feeling of gratitude because it was an evidence of some means still left in the character of the one assisted—a bit of credit, as it were, in the bank of moral resources which might be useful at a later time.

"Her day, and her days, were ordered. There was no folding of hands until nature required it.

"She believed in women, that is in *some* women, and had no misgivings as to their equality with

men in mental and moral possibilities. But she liked the plain straight road of men of affairs, and they liked her and her ways. There was no mistake about it. For fifty years, the best of them put money, time, intellect, power, and social force at her command, knowing that all would be used with economy and judgment for beneficent ends. She was a strong partisan in politics, casting more votes by proxy than are usually allowed to men. Her persuasion, however, was gentle and effective, but never insistent. It ceased in the presence of any decided turn of mind. I don't know if this power of voting by proxy reconciled her to the slow movement of reform in the ballot for women. At any rate, she took but slight part publicly in the pressure for recognition. She was sure all that was good would come in time, and was not at all anxious. The sense of a perfect equality of privilege as due to woman, was born in her, and she could not have adjusted her thoughts to any other view of the matter. She was too busy in exercising all the power she personally cared for to be otherwise than tranquil as to matters which made some others fume. Surely, her tranquillity never meant acquiescence in the status of inequality. Perhaps it meant a sublime confidence in the resistless eloquence of woman's increasing achievement, of which her own record was a part. This confident expectation of good was a characteristic of her mind to the last. She was always cheerful, hopeful, reassuring, and it was rest and recovery to be in her presence.

"In her ninety-first year, she received a call one day from the Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia.

"'I will go down to see him,' she quietly said, 'he shall not climb up these stairs.'

"'Is your hearing good?' was the first question of the venerable preacher.

"'Yes,' was the answer.

"'Then let us sit right down and chat. I want to talk with some one older than myself. I am four months your junior.'

"For some months after that, the Doctor continued on occasion to mount the pulpit, and she stood to her post of presiding officer for three societies.

"Truly, not all whom the gods love, die young."

FROM MRS. FREDERICK BILLINGS.

"In all household arts she was proficient and her home was indeed a model. Once, when a servant objected to whitewashing the cellar, saying with asperity that she knew nothing about such work, Mrs. Gibbons rejoined,

"'Thee is fortunate, then, to be with me, for I will show thee how,' and the work began forthwith.

"The memory of her mother never ceased to be an inspiration. Once, she repeated a prayer offered by her a little while before she left them and when she knew the end was near.

"'Oh Lord, permit me to ask thy blessing for this family. Thy favor is better than all the world can give. Bless the children. Visit and revisit their

tender minds. I ask not riches nor honor for them, but an inheritance in thy ever blessed Truth.'

"Not far from 1845, Mrs. Gibbons' father and mine, Eleazer Parmley, began to work together for Prison Reform. Indeed, the New-York Prison Association held its first meeting at our house; and from that time we often saw Friend Isaac T. Hopper and his daughter, who shared his labors for the improvement of Almshouses and prisons.

"It was my privilege, about 1860, to accompany Mrs. Gibbons and her party on a Christmas visit to Randall's Island, and see her distribute dolls and toys among the many homeless children sheltered there. Their delight, and her joy in their happiness, were beautiful to see. When I called upon her the last time, on her ninety-first anniversary, Dec. 7, 1892, I noticed a large basket on the sofa where she sat, full of pretty dolls, which she told me were for Randall's Island, and she went on to say: 'I have kept on sending them for forty years, and always have enough dolls dressed for all the children on the Island, for they love to be remembered at Christmas.'

"In one corner of her room, stood a barrel which she had begun to pack for Hampton Institute. That, too, was to make many hearts glad at Christmas.

"Nothing about her suggested infirmity. She had wasted no energy over trifles. A simple, earnest, godly life found her at ninety-one, with eyes undimmed and natural force hardly abated. Hence, her death, six weeks later, was to many of her friends

as great a surprise as if she had been suddenly stricken down in middle life. Indeed, few women in middle life have such a fresh complexion, such soft and pretty hair, such a compact figure and such shapely hands. The law of kindness was written in every line of her fine face. She always wore the Quaker dress with a little frill at her neck and wrists, and a sheer muslin cap. To look at her was to be convinced that there is a charm in saintly age which surpasses the beauty of youth. Had she striven only to raise the fallen, spurred on by her father's example as a Prison Reformer, she would be entitled to deep gratitude ; but when we consider her diverse labors, we shall see that there have been few women in any age to whom the world owes so much."

FROM REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL.

" During several months of the year 1855, it was my privilege to be Mrs. Gibbons' pupil in charitable work. It became our custom to spend one day in the week together, seeking out the most pitiable and forsaken, often the most guilty—generally women—in the slums and institutions of New-York and vicinity. This was before the days of many organized charities. We went wherever the way seemed prepared for rescue work, in any direction. Now, it was down into the heart of darkest New-York, in search of some suffering family or a stray girl ; then to the forbidding Tombs—perhaps to find a child of less than a dozen years, arrested for no crime in particular, but shut into the common room with old and hardened women who yet pleaded

earnestly for her speedy release. Again, over to Randall's Island with some mission to strangers in a strange land, or to a little child—divine in its innocent suffering—both of whose feet had been amputated a few days before; or perhaps to the Hospital, the Workhouse, the Insane Asylum, or the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island with some message of good will or moral tonic.

"This was nearly forty years ago, when Mrs. Gibbons was in the prime of her strong womanhood. To me, she was the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. All doors, all hearts flew open at her approach. She rebuked and comforted by turns, going on her way serenely in storm and in sunshine alike. If her heart fainted a little when she remembered the seventy times seven which it was sometimes necessary to forgive, her daughterly loyalty to her father was the magnet which held her strongly to the class for which the 'Isaac T. Hopper Home' had been, and was still, so well builded; but her woman's love and hope turned especially toward the children whose young feet might be planted in safe places by timely effort.

"After such a day spent in the shadow of a blackness of darkness, often with grimy accompaniments, I was usually taken up to the orderly Quaker home for dinner. There are few days in a checkered life which would offer a wider contrast. This is the evening picture.

"A simple home-mother, dispensing restfulness as she distributed the hospitable viands; her face as free from reminiscence as the white neckerchief

beneath, beating its placid rhythm of contentment. A home-father adding touches of the bracing energy a few years later embodied in the slogan : 'We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more.' The sunny faces of three young daughters, who seemed never to have heard of suffering or of crime. Their fresh voices linger yet in memory, one of them, often piquantly and amusingly positive and disputacious, now silent here, but doubtless twice lifted in eager, glad welcome to the coming parent. These long-past, eventide, humanizing incidents helped to banish the nightmare which else might reasonably have haunted an unquiet pillow.

"A heavy written volume of Isaac T. Hopper's Minutes was committed to my keeping, with a view to my gaining a knowledge of certain items. Later it was forgotten and buried for years under a pile of miscellaneous papers in my own house. Meantime, the pro-slavery mob had sacked the Gibbons' homestead, destroying many valuable relics of a similar kind. When this one rescued manuscript reappeared, I carried it home to Mrs. Gibbons, to whom it was a precious memento. It was good to witness the unexpected pleasure with which she received it, to hear the pleased words, 'How fortunate thee had it ! it would have gone like the rest !'

"There is no death ; she has only slipped through into the other side beyond a closed curtain."

APPENDIX.

The letter printed below came to light too late to be placed according to date. See page 108.

"*Near Cortsville, Clarke Co., Ohio.*
"*5 mo. 8th, 1841.*

"Esteemed Friend

"Isaac T. Hopper.

"We were appointed by the Friends who signed the enclosed disclaimer to open a correspondence with thee & others, who, we learn, are under censure by your fellow members, for assisting in the publication of the *Anti-Slavery Standard.* If reports that we have heard be true, such procedure, we think, savors too much of the spirit that characterised the dark ages. What! the Society of Friends in the 19th Century treating with its members for aiding in the dissemination of periodicals whose avowed purposes are to plead for the oppressed? *Can it be possible?* We want information. Shall feel gratified to receive intelligence of the whole merits of the difficulty, as early as convenient. Be assured of our *sympathy* & *regard.*

"Elizabeth L. Borton.
"Thomas Swayne.
"Joseph A. Dugdale.
"Ruth Dugdale."

"For the *A. S. Standard,* with a request that papers Friendly to moral reform will copy it."

A DISCLAIMER.

"We, the undersigned members of the Society of Friends, within the compass of Green Plain Quarterly Meeting, in the State of Ohio, being now here for the purpose of attending said Meeting, and having read with *mortification* and astonishment a narrative by Oliver Johnson, of Boston, purporting to be a synopsis of a discourse delivered in Rose Street Meeting, in the City of New-York, by George F. White, an individual who stands as a minister among Friends, wherein he, the said G. F. White, denounced Temperance, Non-Resistance, and Anti-Slavery Societies, in the most opprobrious terms, and charged the latter Association with maintaining the doctrine that the only hope of the slave was not in God, nor in truth, but in themselves; and then proceeded to speak of them (making no exception) as hypocrites and blasphemers etc.—In view of such *high handed* misrepresentation, and the unchristian treatment which is represented to have been offered to Oliver Johnson, who called in accordance with a public invitation of G. F. White, to examine the vouchers for the assertions made at said Meeting,—We feel bound as Friends, and some of us standing in the same relation to the Society as G. F. White, to utter *publicly* our *solemn protests* against such charges and deportment, in accordance with the apostolic injunction 'Them that sin, *rebuke before all*, that others also may fear.' 1st Timothy, 5 chap. 20 v.

"In the above emphatic condemnation, we are

actuated by no invidious feeling towards the erring individual, but speak the truth *in love*, for we know that the expression of such sentiments as are attributed to our Friend George F. White, will *pain* the hearts of many who *love* and cherish the principles professed by our religious Society.

" Convened in Friends' Meetinghouse at the close of the Quarterly Meeting, 5th mo. 3rd, 1841.

" Joseph A. Dugdale,	Thomas Swayne,
Benjamin Michenor,	George Hayward,
Richard Wright,	Charles R. Dugdale,
James Anderson,	Sarah B. Dugdale,
Asa Mosher,	Elizabeth L. Borton,
David Kester,	Celia Anderson,
Robert Ingram,	Sarah Michenor,
Thomas Borton,	Sarah Ann Engle,
Isaac Richardson,	Mary Ann Hayward,
William D. Pierce,	Hannah Ingram,
Aaron Borton,	Ruth Dugdale,
Thomas Shaw,	Mary Ingram,
Nathan Engle,	Elizabeth A. Borton, Sr.
John Shaw,	Martha Michenor,
James Frame,	Elizabeth Shaw,
Joseph Mormon,	Rachel Wright,
William Gummere,	Ann Richardson,
William Thorn,	Rebecca L. Shaw,
Levi Townsend,	Peace Mosher,
Ellwood S. Borton,	Mary Jane Wright
William Hayward,	Aseneth Frame,
Joshua W. Engle,	Phebe Gummere,

Ann Kester.

"We, whose names follow, were not able to be present at said Meeting, and subsequently desired the privalege of apending our Signatures.

John Dugdale,	Hannah P. Wilson,
Edwin Peirce,	Eliza Swayne,
James Anderson, Sr.	Ruth Anderson.

"Our Dear Mother, S. B. Dugdale and our esteemed frd, Hannah P. Wilson, had obtained certificates to visit the East, but H. was suddenly taken ill with paralasys and her life despaired of for several days. She is extensively known as a powerful minister. She was not able to be at the Meeting, and the disclaimer was read to her under solemn circumstances. It gives her signature the more force.

"With love to all thy family,
"Thy attached frd.
"S. Dugdale."

"I had well nigh opened a concern to attend *your Y. M., but Peterlike, I doubted.*"

INDEX.

Adam, S. W., Vol. II., 243, 244, 268, 284, 289, 297.
Agnew, Mrs., Vol. II., 277, 279.
Albany, Trip to, 180, 181.
Albinola, Vol. II., 152, 334.
Alcott, L. W., 187, 191 ; Vol. II., 187, 191, 331.
Alexandria, Vol. II., 91.
Allison, Dr., 378.
Ally, Rep., Vol. II., 83.
Amberly, Lord and Lady, 149.
Ames, Fanny W., 179.
Anderson, N. L., 207.
Andresen, J., 276.
Andrews, Miss, 388.
Angell, Dr., Vol. II., 202.
Anthony, S. B., Vol. II., 151, 152, 158.
Anti-Slavery Standard, 85 *et seq.*, 91, 113, 290, 351.
Aquia Creek, Vol. II., 91.
Atwater, Dr., 250.
Atwoods, Emily, 394.
Augur, Gen., Vol. II., 88.

Bailey, Com., 187.
Bailey, Dr., 267.
Baker, Geo. E., 294, 386, 388 ; Vol. II., 43, 53, 82, 146.
Baker, Geo. F., Vol. II., 324.
Banks, Gen. N. P., 304, 310, 324, 329, 331, 365 ; Vol. II., 184.
Barlow, Mrs. Gen., Vol. II., 98.
Barlow, Richard, Vol. II., 98.

Barnard, Mr. and Mrs., Vol. II., 72, 78, 147, 173, 327.
Barnes, Surg.-Gen., Vol. II., 95.
Barrett, Jenny, 145.
Beale Sisters, 245.
Beales, Dr., 131, 159.
Beckwith, Capt., 304, 308.
Beecher, Cath. E., 188.
Belle Plain, Vol. II., 88 *et seq.*
Bellows, Dr., Vol. II., 196.
Bennett, Charlotte, Vol. II., 1, 21, 28.
Bennett, Rachel, 128.
Benson, G. W., 201.
Beverly Hospital, Vol. II., 105, 108 *et seq.*
Biddle, Mary, 64, 128.
Bigelow, Mrs. Jacob, 299, 300.
Bigelow, John and Mrs., 185, 300; Vol. II., 185, 188, 192.
Billings, Mr. and Mrs., Vol. II., 249, 345.
Bisco, Perry, Vol. II., 10, 32.
Blackwell, A. B., Vol. II., 328, 347.
Blackwell, Eliz., Vol. II., 254.
Blaine, Jas. G., Vol. II., 234 *et seq.*, 247, 266, 297, 320, 333.
Blair, F. P., 267.
Blake, Dr., 332 *et seq.*
Blakiston, Col., Vol. II., 15.
Blatchford, J. M., Vol. II., 174.
Blenker, Gen., 308, 311, 324.
Bloor, A. J., Vol. II., 89.
Blunt, Sarah, Vol. II., 11.
Blye, Serg., Vol. II., 32.
Bowen, Gen., Vol. II., 177.
Bowles, Samuel, Vol. II., 84.
Boyd, Gen. and Mrs., Vol. II., 113.
Brace, C. L., 217.
Breed, Dr., 297.
Bremer, Fredrika, 198, 230 *et seq.*; Vol. II., 334.
Brick, R. A., 207.
Bridges, Fidelia, Vol. II., 279.
Bright, John, Vol. II., 251.

Brooks, Phillips, Vol. II., 204, 205.
Brown, Col., Vol. II., 2.
Brown, John, 261, 262, 281, 304 ; Vol. II., 22, 226, 334.
Brown, Maj., 393 ; Vol. II., 1, 36.
Brown, Mary, 168.
Brown, Margaret, 67.
Brown, R. H., 191 ; Vol. II., 259.
Brown, Samuel, 40, 70, 79.
Brown, W., 100.
Bowen, Gen., Vol. II., 177.
Bryant, Dr., 314, 324.
Bryant, W. C., Vol. II., 326, 340.
Bunting, Eliz., 92.
Burke, Marg., 133.
Burleigh, Chas. 110, 247.
Burnside, Gen., Vol. II., 12, 16.
Butler, Gen., Vol. II., 82, 96.

Capper, Mr., Vol. II., 255.
Carroll, Amy, 118.
Carter, J. C., 178, 218, 240, 284, 293, 368 ; Vol. II., 44, 66, 78, 164, 182, 238, 282, 293, 301.
Carvalho, D. N., Vol. II., 302 *et seq.*
Cary, Alice and Phœbe, Vol. II., 163.
Chance, Lieut., Vol. II., 22 *et seq.*
Chandler, W. E., 218, 314.
Chaney, G. L., Vol. II., 152.
Channing, Rev. W. H., 388 ; Vol. II., 89.
Chapman, M. W., 384.
Chase, S. P., Vol. II., 42, 82, 267.
Cheeseman, Dr., 69.
Cherry St. Meeting, 35, 64, 100 *et seq.*
Child, D. L. and L. M., 2, 93 *et seq.*, 95, 109, 112, 124, 133, 161, 174, 216, 274, 278.
Child, F. J., Vol. II., 138, 139.
Children, Loss of, 124.
Chipman, Judge and Mrs., 344, 388.

Choate, J. H., 218, 240, 368 ; Vol. II., 43 *et seq.*, 62, 180 *et seq.*, 236, 278, 301.
Choate, Rufus, 153.
Choate, W. G., Vol. II., 134, 158, 171.
Cholera, 68.
Christian, Com., Vol. II., 92, 93.
Clark, Jane, 40, 87.
Clark, J. G., Vol. II., 95.
Clement, Samuel, and sisters, 140 ; Vol. II., 168, 172.
Cleveland, Grover, Vol. II., 302, 319.
Clinch, Anna and Emma, Vol. II., 273.
Cobb, F. D., Vol. II., 200.
Cock, Andrew, 68.
Coggeshall, Eliz., Vol. II., 285.
Colbert, Vol. II., 112.
Colfax, Schuyler, 387.
Collins, Capt., Vol. II., 17.
Comegys, Dr., 379.
Conway, M. D., 226.
Cook, Maj., Vol. II., 12.
Cook, Mrs. Edw., 245 ; Vol. II., 122.
Cotton, Andrew, 81.
Cox, Com., 187.
Cox, Susan, 63.
Craven, Mrs., 303, 305, 311, 313 *et seq.*, 328.
Cromwell, Mary, 165.
Cromwell, R., 70, 91, 105.
Curtis, G. W., Vol. II., 84.
Cuyler, Col., Vol. II., 89.

Dana, Gen. and Mrs. J. J., Vol. II., 81, 143.
Darlington, Dr., 47.
Davidson, Sheriff, Vol. II., 227.
Davis, M. B., 245 ; Vol. II., 331.
Davis, N. L., Vol. II., 252, 300.
Dennison, C. W., 313 *et seq.*
Dewey, Miss, Vol. II., 149.
Dewey, Rev. Orville, Vol. II., 149.

Dickinson, Anna, Vol. II., 81.
Dickinson, Miss, Vol. II., 164.
Diet Kitchen, Vol. II., 82, 140, 171 *et seq.*, 196, 244, 250, 324.
Disclaimer, Vol. II., 350 *et seq.*
Disownment, 90, 114 *et seq.*; Vol. II., 222, 223, 350.
Dix, Dorothea L., 266, 340, 344 *et seq.*, 355, 381, 392; Vol. II., 20.
Dodge, Miss G., Vol. II., 278.
Doherty, Frank, Vol. II., 92.
Donaldson, Rebecca, 47.
Donnelly, Sutler, Vol. II., 70.
Dooley, Mr. and Mrs., 305, 336.
Doremus, Mrs., Vol. II., 76.
Dorsey, Sandy, Vol. II., 28, 74.
Dorsey, Wm., 102.
Douglas, Fred., Vol. II., 334.
Douglas, Dr., 299, 300, 375, 391; Vol. II., 100.
Drury, A. A., 194.
Dugdale, Jos. A., and others, Vol. II., 350 *et seq.*
Dumacher, Dr., 362, 363, 369.
Dunn, Pat and Jane, 141, 201.
Dunning, A. O'B., Vol. II., 284, 289, 297.
Dwight, Wilder, Vol. II., 27, 47.

Edmonds, Judge, Vol. II., 79, 146, 251.
Edwards, Capt., 366, 376, 393; Vol. II., 17, 23 *et seq.*, 42.
Eliot, C. W., 241.
Eliot, W. G., Vol. II., 234.
Ellis, Dr., Vol. II., 184.
Emancipation Proclamation, 248, 387.
Emerson, E. T., 184.
Emerson, R. W. and Mrs., 178, 288.
Emerson, W., Jr., 223, 232, 269, 275; Vol. II., 78.
Endicott, W., Jr., Vol. II., 82, 83.

Fales, Mrs., 296.
Falls Church, 294, 300 *et seq.*, 311, 312.

Fessenden, W. P., 344, 345, 357, 387, 389.
Field, R. and D., 28, 65, 103.
Finlay, Surg.-Gen., 343.
Finley, J. J., Vol. II., 255.
Fish, Hamilton, Vol. II., 270.
Fisher, Saml., 6, 311.
Fisher, Thos., 7, 169.
Flower, Gov., Vol. II., 301.
Folsom, Col., Vol. II., 142.
Foote, Rev. H. W., 213 ; Vol. II., 124, 186.
Fort, D. G., Vol. II., 179.
Forten, Jas., 84.
Foster, Flora, 245 ; Vol. II., 189.
Foster, J. Ellen, Vol. II., 302.
Foulke, Hannah, 101.
Francis, Dr., 329.
Franks, Marg., Vol. II., 128, 129.
Fredericksburg, Vol. II., 88 *et seq.*
Freedman's Ass., Nat., 328 ; Vol. II., 14.
Fremont, Gen., 339, 340.
Friends, 23 *et seq.* ; Vol. II., 156, 100 *et seq.*, 328, 351, 352.
Fry, Gen., Vol. II., 199, 268.
Fry, Eliz., 266.
Fuller, Marg., Vol. II., 334.
Furness, Rev. and Mrs. W. H., 203 ; Vol. II., 345.

Gall, Dr., 305 *et seq.*
Gannett, Mrs., Vol. II., 199.
Garfield, Pres., Vol. II., 212 *et seq.*, 234.
Garibaldi, Vol. II., 334.
Garretson, Jesse, 110.
Garrison, W. L. and Mrs., 201, 214, 248, 270, 290, 334.
Garrison, W. P., 270.
Gay, S. H. and Eliz., Vol. II., 58, 80, 93, 103, 185, 264, 309, 312.
Gibbons, Dr., 49, 77, 96, 129.
Gibbons, Henry, 74, 107 *et seq.*

Gibbons, J. S., 30, 40 *et seq.*, 53, 54, 71, 90, 114; Vol. II., 223, 256, 317, 338.
Gibbons, Julia, Vol. II., 275, 281.
Gibbons, Reb. D., 77, 384.
Gibbons, William, 176, 205.
Gibbons, W. P., 6, 73.
Gilbert, Dr., 309, 324, 382.
Gilder, R. W., Vol. II., 340.
Gillmore, Gen., Vol. II., 79, 113.
Gilpin, Lucy, 118.
Gladstone, Hon. W., Vol. II., 1, 251.
Gore, Col., 302.
Gould, Marcus, 104.
Grant, Ex-Mayor, Vol. II., 277 *et seq.*
Grant, Gen., Vol. II., 89, 97, 99.
Greeley, Horace, 248; Vol. II., 44, 47, 79, 133, 146, 151, 154, 157 *et seq.*, 166 *et seq.*, 334.
Greeley, Ida, Vol. II., 172.
Greeley, Gen., Vol. II., 241.
Griffin, Mrs. C. K., Vol. II., 122, 140.
Grimes, Sen. and Mrs., 344, 390, 391; Vol. II., 82.
Grimké, S. M., 227, 264, 274, 277, 278; Vol. II., 174.
Griswold, Lieut.-Col., 302.

Haines, Miss, 171.
Haines, Mr., 256; Vol. II., 256.
Hale, John P. and Mrs., 180, 219, 290; Vol. II., 55, 73, 133, 137, 314.
Hall, Geo. and Grace, Vol. II., 14, 16, 19, 32.
Halleck, Gen., Vol. II., 42.
Hallett, Mary, 62, 76, 107, 112, 118.
Hallowell, Anna, Vol. II., 113.
Hamlin, Hannibal, Vol. II., 81, 113.
Hammond, Surg.-Gen., 343, 344, 346, 356, 357, 388 *et seq.*
Hampton, Vol. II., 346.
Hancock, Gen., Vol. II., 206.
Harpers Ferry, 304, 339.
Harris, Dr., Vol. II., 93.

Harrison, Ex-Pres., Vol. II., 320.
Harrison, Thos., 229.
Hartwell, A. S., 223, 241, 270; Vol. II., 12, 122, 139.
Harvard Memorial, Vol. II., 138, 139.
Hatch, Mrs., 132.
Havens, R. N., 133.
Haydock, G. G., 327, 358.
Haydock, R. and H. W., 102, 327, 374.
Hayes and Wheeler, Vol. II., 191.
Heald, Miss, 393.
Heger, Dr., Vol. II., 7 *et seq.*, 21, 25.
Hendricks, Sen., Vol. II., 270, 317.
Hepworth, G. H. & Mrs., 281; Vol. II., 281, 318, 325.
Hewlett, Robt., Vol. II., 144.
Hicks, Elias, 24, 35.
Hicks, Elias, 2d, 105.
Hicks, Eliz., 5, 72.
Hicks, Mary W., 62, 76, 117.
Hicks, Sally, 117.
Hill, A. S., 294, 387; Vol. II., 21, 82.
Hill, D. B., Vol. II., 254, 262, 288.
Hinks, Gen., Vol. II., 98.
Hitchcock, Gen., Vol. II., 42.
Hoe, Robt. and Mrs., Vol. II., 177.
Holmes, O. W., Vol. II., 243.
Home, I. T. H., Vol. II., 79, 177, 181 *et seq.*, 229, 244, 252 *et seq.*, 348.
Hooker, Gen., Vol. II., 12, 29.
Hopper, Anna M., 98.
Hopper, Edward, 40, 95.
Hopper, Hannah, 9, 10, 72, 165.
Hopper, I. T., 2, 12 *et seq.*, 31, 36, 53, 90, 101, 109, 114, 119, 120, 161; Vol. II., 223, 229, 233, 250, 253, 346.
Hopper, John, 32; Vol. II., 102 *et seq.*, 106, 121.
Hopper, Josiah, 32, 191, 193.
Hopper, Levi and Rachel, 2, 18.
Hopper, Maria, 172; Vol. II.
Hopper, Sarah, 2, 9.

House blacked, 384.
Howard, Gen., 214.
Howard, Sen., 387.
Howe, Dr. Estes and Mrs., 179, 279.
Howe, Walter, Vol. II., 288.
Howland, Francis and Mrs., 178, 204; Vol. II., 275.
Hunt, Dr., Vol. II., 113 *et seq.*
Hunt, Eliz., Vol. II., 318.
Hunter, Gen., Vol. II., 88.
Huntington, Arria, Vol. II., 316, 322, 328.
Huntington, Rev. F. D., 208.
Husted, J. M., Vol. II., 271, 315, 316.
Hutchinsons, Vol. II., 340.

Indian Com., 114, 257.
Industrial School, 275.
Infant Asylum, 250; Vol. II., 177, 181 *et seq.*, 202.

Jackson, Anna, 306.
Jackson, Isaac, 106.
Jackson, Francis, 95.
Jackson, Jos., 311.
Jacobi, M. Putnam, Vol. II., 242.
Jacobs, Marie, 394.
Janney, S. M., 329.
Jefferson, Jos., Vol. II., 257, 296, 306.
Johnson, Andrew, Vol. II., 139.
Johnson, Capt., 371.
Johnson, Oliver, 100 *et seq.*; Vol. II., 250.
Johnson, W. H., Vol. II., 34.
Jones, ——, Vol. II., 1.
Justice, Geo., 101, 106.

Kansas, 196, 261; Vol. II., 226.
Keese, C. R., 266.
Kelly, Abby, 97.
Kimber, Teresa, 92.
King, Med. Dir., 330.

King, W. L., Vol. II., 86, 125.
Kinney, Filibuster, 196.
Kirkland, C. M., 146, 225, 229.
Kissell, G., 276.
Kossuth, L., 276.

Labor and Aid, 249; Vol. II., 141.
Lander, Mrs. Gen., Vol. II., 13, 74.
Langdell, C. C., 177, 185, 202, 215, 240, 380; Vol. II., 156.
Larcom, Lucy, 153.
Lawrence, Col., Vol. II., 199.
Learoyd, Chas. H., 207.
Lee, Dr. David, 353; Vol. II., 78.
Lee, Gen. R. E., 12.
Leggett, S. F., Vol. II., 180.
Leggett, W. H., Vol. II., 263.
Leonard, M. G., 134, 148.
Leroy, Mrs., 294.
Lesley, Mrs. Susan, 278.
Liberator, 290.
Liebold, Dr., Vol. II., 34.
Lincoln, Abraham, 340, 343, 348, 371, 377, 378, 386; Vol. II., 81, 85, 135, 139, 340.
Lincoln, Tyler, Vol. II., 287.
Lippincott, J., 106.
Lockwood, Gen., Vol. II., 5 *et seq.*, 31, 33, 38, 41.
Loker, Thos., 380.
Long, Maj., Vol. II., 143.
Lord, M. M., Vol. II., 300.
Loring, Ellis Gray, 95.
Lovejoy, 87.
Lovejoy, Owen P., 386.
Lowell, Mrs. Anna, 278; Vol. II., 47.
Lowell, Chas. R., Vol. II., 9.
Lowell, J. J., 241, 340.
Lowell, J. R., 359.
Lowell, J. S., Vol. II., 262, 272.
Lowell, Maria, 278; Vol. II., 182.

Lucas, Capt., 365, 370 ; Vol. II., 77.
Lucas, Mrs., Vol. II., 252.
Luis, F., 275.
Luther, Susan, 104.
Lyman, Mr. and Mrs., 168.

McAdam, Misses, 89.
McClellan, Gen., Vol. II., 19, 40, 116.
McCoun, Capt., 392.
McKeever, Maj., Vol. II., 143, 199.
McKim, Miller, 100, 101.
Mackintosh, Newton, Vol. II., 287.
Manhattan, A. S. Socy., 99.
Mann, Maria, Vol. II., 74.
Manning, Mr. and Mrs. R. H.
Manning, Sutler, 335, 336, 356.
Maroni, John, 311.
Marriage, 71.
Marriott, Chas., 90, 103, 114, 119 ; Vol. II., 223, 250, 350.
Marsh, Luther R., 285.
Marston, Gen., Vol. II., 71 *et seq.*, 96, 99.
Martin, James, 81.
Martinsburg, 334.
Mason, Joe, Vol. II., 5.
Matthews, Brander, Vol. II., 340.
May, Jesse, 303.
May, Jos., 237.
May, S. J., 237.
Meigs, Gen., Vol. II., 42.
Michener, Dr., 103.
Miles, Col., 339.
Minot, Mrs., Vol. II., 112.
Missouri Compromise, Vol. II., 196.
Moore, Dr. John, 79.
Moore, Dr. Robt., 300.
Moore, Dr. Wilson, 79.
Morrill, Rev. F., Vol. II., 94, 95.
Morse, J. H., Vol. II., 169, 219, 256, 337.

Morse, Maj., 339.
Mott, James and Lucretia, 22, 36, 81, 91, 92, 97 *et seq.*, 106, 128 *et seq.*, 202, 224.
Mott, Lydia P., 67.
Mudd & Co., Vol. II., 144.

Napier, Catherine, Vol. II., 156.
Neall, Daniel, 98.
New Organization, 94.
Nicaragua, 196.
Nichols, Frank, Vol. II., 17, 37, 77.
Nicholson, Mr., 268.
Niebrick, 369.
Norris, Mrs., Vol. II., 11, 12.

Ogden, Jos., 26.
Orrick, Robt., 342, 343.
Osgood, F. S., 198.
Osgood, Rev. and Mrs., 229; Vol. II., 162.
Otto, Henry, 379.

Page, C. A., Vol. II., 99.
Palmer, J. and S. H., 21, 30, 34, 80 *et seq.*, 292; Vol. II., 244.
Parker, Theo., 192, 219.
Parkman, Mrs., Vol. II., 61, 124.
Parmley, E., Vol. II., 346.
Parrish, Dr., 112.
Parsons, Dr. and Mrs., 117, 215; Vol. II., 78, 173, 208, 209.
Parsons, M. L., 348, 349, 353, 381, 389.
Parsons, Prof., 177, 215.
Patten, Maj., 338; Vol. II., 113 *et seq.*, 139.
Peale, Dr., 308.
Peaslee, Amos, 128.
Perlee, Mrs., Vol. II., 135.
Pfeiffer, Ida, Vol. II., 334.
Phillips, Wendell, 387; Vol. II., 209, 334.
Pierce, Moses, Vol. II., 222.

Pierce, Prof., Vol. II., 149, 173, 208.
Pilsbury, Parker, Vol. II., 157.
Plater, Tom, Vol. II., 5.
Point Lookout, 346 *et seq.* ; Vol. II., 1 *et seq.*, 70, 116, 142.
Police Matrons, Vol. II., 228, 253, 262, 288, 293.
Pomroy, Anne, 79, 279.
Pond, Geo. E., 210.
Pope, Gen., 372.
Post, Dr. Alf., 298.
Powell, A. M. and A. R., Vol. II., 220, 223, 225, 228, 233, 244 *et seq.*, 267, 270 *et seq.*, 284, 291 *et seq.*
Powell, H. J., Vol. II., 172.
Powell, W. M., 203.
Pratt, Ellen, Vol. II., 31.
Price, R., 100 *et seq.*
Prince, Eliz., Vol. II., 164.
Prison Assoc., Women's, 119, 149; Vol. II., 245, 251 *et seq.*, 340.
Purvis, Robt., 84, 109.
Pusey, Susan, 64.
Putnam, Lizzie, Vol. II., 176.
Putnam, Mrs., 288 ; Vol. II., 47.

Queries, 23, 25.
Quincy, Edmund, 125, 247.
Quint, Chaplain, 308.

Rackemann, Mrs., Vol. II., 51, 112.
Rakestraw, John, 64.
Randall's Island, 134, 192, 204, 244 ; Vol. II., 138, 148, 157, 174, 177, 187, 331, 346, 348.
Rantoul, Hannah, Vol. II., 153, 233, 241.
Rantoul, R. S. and Mrs., Vol. II., 54, 82, 148, 159, 209, 234, 279, 298, 321, 332.
Rantoul, W. G., Vol. II., 148.
Rebellion, War of, 248, 290 *et seq.*
Reformatory for Women, Vol. II., 254, 270, 286, 302 *et seq.*
Reid, Whitelaw, Vol. II., 288, 302, 320.

Removal to New York, 85.
Resignation from meeting, 116.
Richardson, Vol. II., 183.
Rights, Women's, Vol. II., 290 *et seq.*
Riots, Vol. II., 43 *et seq.*, 120, 226.
Robinson, Judge, Vol. II., 49.
Robinson, Post-Surgeon, 308, 310, 316, 333; Vol. II., 134.
Robinson Sisters, 6.
Rockwell, Mr., 379.
Rodney, C. A., 183.
Rogers, Col. and Mrs., 368; Vol. II., 2, 22 *et seq.*
Rowland, Mary, 93, 128.
Rucker, Col., 392.
Rusch, A., Vol. II., 186.
Russ, John D., 164, 229.
Russell, Col., Vol. II., 96, 119.
Russel, W. C., 133.
Rust, H. N., Vol. II., 99.
Rythers, Capt., Vol. II., 143.

Salter, Dr., 333.
Sandford, Alice, Vol. II., 303 *et seq.*, 321 *et seq.*
Sanitary Com., 287, 300, 370; Vol. II., 90, 92, 94, 101.
Schell, Atwell, 340 *et seq.*
Schenck, Gen., Vol. II., 11, 15, 21.
Schlesinger, A., 276.
School, Abby's, 8.
Schuyler, Mrs. E. H., 217, 285; Vol. II., 82.
Schuyler, L. L., Vol. II., 255.
Seaman, Emma, 393; Vol. II., 4.
Sedgwick, C. B., Mrs., 294; Vol. II., 327.
Sedgwick, C. M., 108, 134, 139, 143 *et seq.*, 170, 174, 189, 221, 228, 244, 269, 276; Vol. II., 75, 76, 102, 112, 198, 243.
Sedgwick, E. B., 154 *et seq.*, 221, 247, 265, 269, 271, 274, 276, 280, 286, 358, 359, 383; Vol. II., 52, 112, 119, 130, 281.
Sedgwick, Gen., 358, 360.

Sedgwick, Grace, 274, 393 ; Vol. II., 4, 6, 17, 20, 116, 134.
Sedgwick, Maj., 359, 383 ; Vol. II., 47.
Sever, A. D. and Martha, Vol. II., 115, 119.
Seward, W. H. and Mrs., 294, 303, 340, 377, 378, 387, 392 ; Vol. II., 28, 81, 82, 84, 190.
Sewall, Dr. and Mrs., 166, 199, 299 ; Vol. II., 177.
Seymour, Gov., Vol. II., 51, 52.
Shattuck, Geo. O., 240 ; Vol. II., 247.
Shaw, Col., Vol. II., 12.
Shaw, F. G. and Mrs., Vol. II., 12, 14, 93.
Sherman, Gen., Vol. II., 123.
Sherman, Isaac, 370.
Shields, Gen., 308 *et seq.*
Shoemaker, Dr., 79.
Shoemaker, Friend, 87.
Sidwell, H., 310.
Simmons, M. E., Vol. II., 295.
Sinclair, Samuel and Mrs., Vol. II., 52.
Sloan, Sen., Vol. II., 271.
Smith, Aloysius, Vol. II., 20.
Smith, Anne, 35.
Smith, Esther W., Vol. II., 306.
Smith, Milo, 271.
Smith, Dr. Stephen, Vol. II., 173, 181, 328 *et seq.*
Smyth, Recorder, Vol. II., 307.
Snyder, Capt., 370.
Sonnet, Vol. II., 219.
Sorosis, Vol. II., 220.
Spooner, Chaplain, 376 *et seq.* ; Vol. II., 2, 7, 9.
Stanton, E. Cady, Vol. II., 152.
Stanton, Secy., 387 *et seq.* ; Vol. II., 42.
State Regulation of Vice, 251.
Staubb, Mrs., 334.
Stearns, Dr., 378, 379 ; Vol. II., 3, 4, 17, 20, 29, 38, 116.
Stearns, G. L. and Mrs., 261, 278, 287 ; Vol. II., 116, 120, 226.
Stewart, Clerk, 350 *et seq.*
Stockton, F. R., Vol. II., 295, 298, 340.

Stone, Dr. Lincoln, 331, 343 ; Vol. II., 177.
Stone's School, Miss, 394, 395.
Stonelake, Dr., 378.
Story, Judge, Vol. II., 162.
Strange, Mary, 310 *et seq.*
Strasburg, 310 *et seq.*, 330.
Sulzer, Wm., Vol. II., 303 *et seq.*
Sumner, Chas., 235–267 ; Vol. II., 83, 84, 196, 235.
Surratt, Mrs., Vol. II., 135, 144.

Tatum, John and Sarah, 2, 3, 9, 18.
Tatum, Josiah, 17.
Tebbets, T., 176, 209, 211, 218.
Temperance Socy., Del., 129.
Tenth Maine, 308.
Thaxter, L. L., Vol. II., 92, 95.
Thayer, Mrs. A. W., Vol. II., 240.
Thayer, Jas. B. and S. B., Vol. II., 85, 140, 217, 219, 319, 335.
Thayer, S. S., 243, 282, 311 ; Vol. II., 154, 158, 163, 184, 261, 268, 284, 294.
Thayer, W. S., 178, 183, 196, 235, 240, 265, 267, 283, 292 ; Vol. II., 64, 83 *et seq.*, 336.
Thomas, Clara, 368.
Thomas, Edith M., Vol. II., 287.
Thomas, M. B., 27.
Throckmorton, Job, 325.
Tilden, Gov., 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 206.
Titus, Jas. H., 162 ; Vol. II., 166.
Tom, Death of little, 59.
Tombs, 245, 257.
Townsend, Chas., 103.
Townsend, E. G., Vol. II., 153.
Townsend, Lydia, 64.
Treadwell, Stephen, 97.
Troubles in Meeting, 103 *et seq.*
Turnpenny, Joseph, Vol. II., 285.
Tweed, William Marcy, 267

Upham, Miss, 226.

Villard, Mrs., Vol. II., 233.

Wadsworth, Gen., Vol. II., 89.
Wagner, Dr., 350 *et seq.*; Vol. II., 2, 7, 108, 111.
Walker, Dr. and Mrs. James, 199, 207, 211, 237, 241, 270, 277, 278, 294, 385; Vol. II., 57, 65, 68, 106, 118, 129, 147, 162, 167, 172, 175, 183, 184, 248.
Walker, Dr. Mary, 299.
Ware, William, Vol. II., 150.
Ware, W. R., Vol. II., 282, 299.
Warner, Jos., 106.
War-song, 195, 295; Vol. II., 326, 338.
Washington, 294 *et seq.*; Vol. II., 91.
Watson, Asst.-Secy., 344 *et seq.* 386, 391; Vol. II., 21.
Watson, Mrs. R. L., Vol. II., 123.
Webster, Danl., 178, 183.
Webster, Dr. and Mrs., Vol. II., 74.
Webster, Sidney, 268.
Weld, T. D., 222, 224, 264.
Weston Sisters, 99, 113, 119, 133, 149; Vol. II., 155.
Wharton, Wm. and Deborah, 38, 57, 66, 102, 112, 169.
Wheeler, Zenophon, 328.
Wheelwright, Jerry, Vol. II., 11.
Whitall, Mary, 109.
White, G. F., 91, 100 *et seq.*; 128 *et seq.*; Vol. II., 250, 352.
White, J. B., Vol. II., 324, 325.
Whittier, J. G., 94, 128, 210, 211, 233, 325.
Wickliffe, Sen., 386.
Wilberforce, W., 90.
Willard, Frances E., Vol. II., 253.
Willets, Samuel, Vol. II., 224.
Willetts, Mary, 87.
Williams, Paul, Vol. II., 20.
Williams, Rev. Theo., Vol. II., 233, 312.
William, Shiny, Vol. II., 4, 12, 16, 144.
Willoughby, Uncle, 368; Vol. II., 13.

Wilson's, Billy, men, 291.
Wilson, Sen., 387.
Winchester, 303, 304 *et seq.*, 340.
Woman's Rights, 256, 264 ; Vol. II., 151, 152, 153, 158, 309, 344.
Wood, Capt., 350, 365 *et seq.*
Woolsey, Misses, Vol. II., 70 *et seq.*
Worcester, 321.
Wright, Elizur, 94.
Wyman, Harriet, 370.
Wyman, Dr. Jeffries, 206.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE OF MARYLAND LIBRARY
3 3127 00167 4862

MARYLAND CT 275 .G37 A3 v. 2
c. 2
Gibbons, Abby (Hopper) 1801-
1893.
Life of Abby Hopper Gibbons

DATE DUE